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THE
DRAMATIC WORKS

OF
DAVID GARRICK, Esq.

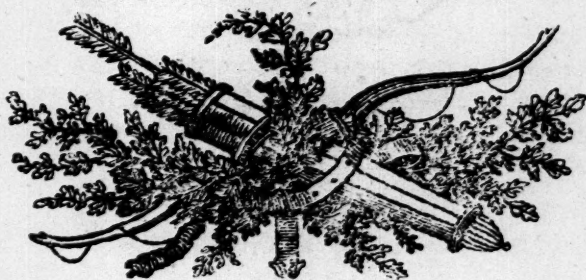
TO WHICH IS PREFIXED
A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.
IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

CONTAINING

LILIPUT. +
The MALE-COQUETTE. +
The GAMESTERS. +
ISABELLA: OR, THE FATAL MAR-
RIAGE.
The GUARDIAN. —

The ENCHANTER: or, LOVE and +
MAGIC.
CYMBELINE, +
The FARMER'S RETURN FROM —
LONDON.



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L I L L I P U T*.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Lord Flimnap, Master Ca-
therly.

Bolgolam, Master Simpson.

Fripperel, Master Largeau.

Lalcon, Miss Pope.

Gulliver, Master Bransby.

A number of Lilliputian
Citizens, etc. }

Messrs. Pope, Hurst,
Martin, etc.

Lady Flimnap, Miss Simp-
son,

Toadel, Miss Matthews.

S C E N E I.

Lord F L I M N A P's Apartment.

Enter FLIMNAP.

THIS marriage is the devil—I have sold my liberty, ease and pleasure; and in exchange have got a wife, a very wife!—Ambition began my misery, and matrimony has completed it—But have not other men of quality wives, nay, fashionable wives, and yet are happy?—Then why am not I?—Because I am a fool, a singular fool, who am troubled with vulgar feelings, and awkward delicacies, though I was born a nobleman, know the world, and keep the best company.

Enter BOLGOLAM.

Bol. What, in the dumps, brother *Flimnap*;

Flim. Aye, brother, deeply so.

Bol. Why, what's the matter?

Flim. I am married.

Bol. And to my sister—If she wrongs you, I'll do you justice; and if you wrong her, I'll cut your throat—that's all.

Flim. My dear admiral, I know your friendship, and your honour, and can trust both; I have sent for you and your
Vol II. A brother

* This piece was acted all by children.

brother *Fripperel*, as my wife's nearest relations, to open my heart to you, and to beg your advice and assistance.

Bol. He advice you! what can he advice you about! he was bred to nothing but to pick his teeth, and dangle after a court; so, unless you have a coat to lace, a feather to choose, or a monkey to buy, *Fripperel* can't assist you.

Flim. But he is the brother of my wife, admiral.

Bol. So much the worse for her and you too, perhaps—If she has listened to him, I shan't be surprized that you have a bad time of it! such fellows as he, who call themselves fine gentlemen, forsooth, corrupt the morals of a whole nation.

Flim. Indeed, admiral, you are too severe.

Bol. Indeed, my lord *Flimnap*, I speak the truth——Time was when we had as little vice here in Lilliput as any where; but since we imported politeness and fashions from *Blefuscu*, we have thought of nothing but being fine gentlemen; and a fine gentleman in my dictionary, stands for nothing but impertinence and affectation, without any one virtue, sincerity, or real civility.

Flim. But, dear brother, contain yourself.

Bol. 'Zounds! I can't—We shall be undone by our politeness—Those cursed *Blefuscudians* have been polishing us to destroy us.——While we kept our own rough manners, we were more then a match for 'em; but since they have made us fine gentlemen——we don't fight the better for't I can assure you.

Enter FRIPPEREL.

Frip. What, is my dear brother and magnanimous admiral firing a broadside against those wretches who wear clean shirts and wash their faces? eh!

Bol. I wou'd always fire upon those, good brother, who dare not *shew* their faces, when their king and country want 'em.

Flim. My dear brothers, let us not wander from the subject of our meeting—I have sent to you for your advice and assistance in an affair that nearly concerns me as a man, a nobleman, and the father of a family.

Frip. What can possibly, my dear lord, disturb your tranquility, while you have fortune to purchase pleasures, and health to enjoy 'em?

Bol. Well said, *Fripperel*!——There spoke the genius of
a fine

a fine gentleman——Give him but dainties to tickle his palate, women to flatter his vanity, and money to keep the dice agoing, and you may purchase his soul, and have his honour and virtue thrown into the bargain.

Frip. Well said, admiral; I would as soon undertake to steer thy ship, as teach thee manners.

Bol. And I would sooner sink my ship, than suffer such fellows as thee to come on board her.

Flim. I find, gentlemen, you had rather indulge your own spleen, than assist your friend.

Bol. I have done.

Frip. Come, come, let us hear your grievances.

Flim. Your sister has dishonour'd me.

Bol. I'll cut her to pieces.

Flim. She is a fine woman, and a woman of quality, and therefore ought not to be cut to pieces for trifles.

Bol. Thou art a fine gentleman, and ought to be hang'd: but what has she done?

Flim. Hurt me, injur'd me, beyond reparation.

Bol. The devil!—what——

Glim. I am ashamed to tell you.

Bol. Out with it.

Flim. Fall'n in love with a monster.

Bol. A monster!—land or sea monster?

Flim. The new prodigy—this *Quinbus Flestrin*—The man-mountain—Gulliver—the *English* giant.

Frip. Ha! ha! what, and are you afraid, brother, he should swallow her? for you cannot possibly be afraid of anything else.

Bol. I don't know what to think of this—In love with a monster! my sister has a great soul, to be sure—But all the women in Lilliput are in love with him, I think---The devil is in 'em—And now they have seen the *English* giant, they'll turn up their noses at such a lusty fellow as I am—But how do you know this? have you intercepted her love-letters?

Frip. Or have you ever caught her in his sleeve, or coat pocket? or has she been locked up in his snuff-box?—Ha? ha! ha!

Flim. I cannot bear to jest, when the honour of myself and family is at stake—I have witnesses that she visits him every day, and allows, and takes great familiarities.

Frip. She's a woman of quality you know—and therefore

I cannot possibly agree to abridge my sister of her natural rights and privileges.

Bol. What! is cuckolding her husband a natural right?

Frip. Lord, brother, how coarsely you talk—Besides, you know it can't be, it can't be; for did not Gulliver tell us, when we talk'd to him about the customs of his country, that it was a maxim with the *English*, never to lie with another man's wife.

Bol. No matter for that—Though he's a monster among us, he may be as fine a gentleman as you are in his own country; and then I wou'd not take his word for a farthing.

Frip. Brother, I have no time to quarrel with you now; for Gulliver, you know, is to make his entrance immediately he is to be created a *Nardac* of this kingdom, and we have all orders from the king to assist at the ceremony.—So, brother Flimnap, better spirits to you; and better manners to you, my dear bully broadside, Ha! ha! ha!

Exit.

Bol. A pretty counsellor, truly, to consult with in cases of honour.—What is the meaning of bringing this man-mountain into the metropolis, and setting him at liberty?—zounds, if the whim should take him to be frolicsome, he'd make as much mischief in the city, as a monkey among China.

Flim. He has sign'd the treaty of alliance with us, and is brought here to receive honours, and be ready to assist us.

Bol. I wish he was out of the kingdom; for should he prove an ungrateful monster, like some other of our allies, and join our enemies, we shall consume our meat, and drain our drink to a fine purpose!

Flim. 'Tis my interest in particular to get him hence, If I can; and therefore I will join you most cordially, in any scheme to send him out of the kingdom.

Bol. We'l think of it—(*Trumpets sound.*) What's that noise for?

Flim. To ca'll the guards together, to attend the procession: I will put on my robes, and call upon you to attend the ceremony.

Bol. I'l wait for you—(*going.*)—But do you hear, Brother, talk to your wife roundly; don't fight her at a distance

ance

tance, but grapple with her; and if she won't strike, sink her. *Exit Bolgolam.*

Flim. Grapple with her, if she won't strike, sink her!—'Tis easily said, but not so easily done—These batchelors are always great heroes 'till they marry—and then—they meet with their match—Let me see—why shou'd I disturb myself about my lady's conduct, when I have not the least regard for my lady herself?—However, by discovering her indiscretions, I shall have an excuse for mine; and people of quality shou'd purchase their ease at any rate.

*Let jealousy torment the lower life,
Where the fond husband loves the fonder wife:
Ladies and lords should their affections smother,
Be always easy and despise each other:
With us no vulgar passions should abide;
For none become a nobleman but—Pride.* *[Exit.]*

Enter Lady FLIMNAP and FRIPPEREL, (peeping and laughing.)

L. Flim. Come, brother, the owls are flown. Ha! ha! ha! This is the most lucky accident!—but how came the letter into your hands?

Frip. The moment I left your poor husband and my wise brother, consulting how to punish you for your unnatural love of this Gulliver——

Both. Ha! ha! ha!

Frip. And was hast'ning to the place, to prepare for the procession, an elderly lady (who tho' past love-matters herself, seemed willing to forward 'em) pulls me gently by the sleeve, and with an insinuating curtesy, and an eye that spoke as wantonly as it cou'd, whispered me—My Lord—my lord Flimnap—I am commissioned to deliver this into your hands, and hope to have the honour of being better known to you—then curtesying again, mumbled something, look'd roguishly, and left me.

L. Flim. Ha! ha! ha! I am glad I have caught at last my most virtuous lord and master—O these modest men—they are very devils—however I can ballance accounts with him—but pray read the billet-doux to me. I am impatient to hear what his slut says.

Frip. 'Tis a most exquisite composition, and a discharge
in

in full to you for all kinds of inclinations that you may have now, or conceive hereafter either for man or monster. Ha! ha! ha!

L. Flim. Thou art the best of brothers, positively.

Frip. There's a bob for your ladyship too, I can tell you that.

L. Flim. O! pray let me have it.

Frip. Reads on, *Why did not I see my dearest lord Flimnap last night? did public affairs, or your lady, keep you from my wishes?*

L. Flim. Not his lady, I can assure her. Ha! ha!

Frip. Reads on, *Time was when affairs of state could be postpon'd for my company.*——

L. Flim. Cou'd they so? then the nation had a fine time of it!

Frip. Reads on. *And if yon sacrific'd the last night to your lady, which by all the bonds of love shou'd have been mine, you injur'd both of us; for I was panting for you, while she was wishing herself with her adorable Man-mountain—let me conjure you to leave her to her giants, and fly this evening to the arms of your ever tender languishing*

MORETTA.

L. Flim. Upon my word, the languishing *Moretta* makes very free with me—but this is a precious letter, and will settle all our family-quarrels for the future.

Frip. But come, let us to a little consultation of mischief—shall we send for the admiral and shew it him?—We shall have fine bouncing.——

L. Flim. No, no, let us make the most of it—I'll fit him for calling in relations to assist him—If this hubbub is to be made every time I follow my inclinations, one might as well have married a tradesman as a man of quality.

Frip. I wonder that he does not insist upon your looking after his family, and paying his bills.——

L. Flim. And taking care of my children. Ha! ha! ha! poor wretch.

Frip. Poor devil! but what shall we do with the letter?

L. Flim. Send it directly to my good lord—but first copy it, lest he should forswear it at the proper time.

Frip. Or suppose, when at our next consultation upon your indiscretions, that we send the letter to him before us all, to see how he will behave upon it—let me alone for that.

L. Flim.

L I L L I P U T.

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L. Flim. Thou genius of mischief, and best of brothers ! what can I do to thank you for your goodness to your poor Sissy ?

Frip. I'll tell you what you shall do——Confess to me sincerely whether you really like this Gulliver.

L. Flim. Why then sincerely, I do think him a prodigious fine animal—And when he is dress'd in his *Nardac's* robes, I am sure there will not be a female heart, but will pit-a-pat as he passes by.

Frip. Egad, he ought to make a fine figure I'm sure ; for a hundred and fifty taylor's have been working night and day these six weeks to adorn this pretty creature of yours—But, my dear sister, do you like him as a fine man, or a fine monster.

L. Flim. Partly one, partly t' other.

Frip. Well, you have certainly a great soul, sister.—I don't quite understand your taste ; but so much the better, for I would have a woman of quality always a little incomprehensible.

Frip. For heaven's sake, let us make haste to join the ceremony ; and be sure, brother, to prevent all conspiracies against my dear Gulliver—great men will always be envied—What an honour will he be to Lilliput !—had we but a few more such lords, how happy it would be for the nation, as well as the ladies !

Frip. You are certainly mad.

L. Flim. Or I should not be thy sister.

Frip. Farewel, giddy-head.

L. Flim. Brother, I am yours. [*Exeunt severally.*]

Enter a Mob of LILLIPUTIANS, buzzing.

1st *Mob.* What is the man mountain to be made a lord ?

2d *Mob.* To be sure, neighbour, he is.

1st *Mob.* I suppose he is to be made a lord, because he is of so much *service* to the nation.

2d *Mob.* We shall pay dear for it tho' ! for he eats more, and drinks more at a male, than would serve my wife and nine children for a month —I wish his lordship was out of the kingdom, for he'll certainly make free with us, should there be a scarcity of beef and mutton.

3d *Mob.* What countryman is this Gulliver, pray ?

1st *Mob.* Why, they say he comes from a strange country !

try! the women there are very near as tall as the men, aye, and as bold too, and the children are as big as we are—All the people, they say, are brave, free, and happy; and for fear of being too happy, they are always quarrelling one among another.

2d *Mob.* Quarrel! what do they quarrel for?

1st *Mob.* Because they are brave and free; and if you are brave and free, why you may quarrel whenever, or with whom ever you please.

2d *Mob.* What! have they no laws to keep them quiet?

1st *Mob.* Laws! ay, laws enough; but they never mind laws, if they are brave and free.

2d *Mob.* La! what a slaughter an army of such men-mountains wou'd make?

1st *Mob.* And so they wou'd, whilst they are brave and free, to be sure, or else they run away as well as lesser people. (*Trumpets sound.*) Hark! Neighbours, they are coming; now for a sight you never saw before, nor may-hap will ever see again.

S C E N E, *changes to MILDENDO, the Capital City of LILLIPUT.*

Then follows

The P R O C E S S I O N.

S C E N E, GULLIVER'S ROOM.

Lalcon, the Keeper, speaks without,

Clear the way there for the Nardac Gulliver.

Enter LALCON and GULLIVER.

LALCON.

P LEASE your lordship to stoop a little—Most noble and tremendous Nardac, behold the place allotted by his majesty for thy residence—It has employed all the workmen belonging to the public works, these three months; and the bed here is the joint labours of all the upholsterers in this great metropolis.

Gul. I am bound to his majesty, for the honours he has done me; and to you, Sir, for your friendship and attention to me.

Lal.

Lal. When your lordship pleases to take the air, you will find a large back door in your bed-chamber, thro' which your lordship may creep into the palace gardens. I shall now leave you to repose after your fatigue—should any company desire to see your lordship may they be permitted to enter?

Gul. Without doubt, Sir—But intreat 'em, if I should be asleep, not to run over my face, nor put their lances into my nose, or shoot their arrows into my eyes; for since the last time they did me that honour, I have been much afflicted with a violent sneezing and head-ach.

Lal. It wou'd be death to disturb you now—by our laws nobody can make free with a lord, but your lordship may make free with any body.

Gul. I shall not exert my priveleges.

Lal. Will your lordship be pleased to lie down as gently, and to turn in your bed as easily as possible, lest the moving of your lordship's body shou'd bring the palace about your ears.

Gul. I thank you, Sir, for your caution—I am a little dry with my fatigue to-day, shali beg something to moisten my mouth.

Lal. I shall order a hog'shead of wine, to quench your lordship's thirst, immediately. [Exit.

Gul. Notwithstanding the figure I make here, the honour I have received, and the greater things intended me, I grow sick of my situation—I shall either starve, or be sacrificed to the envy and malice of my brother peers—They'll never forgive the service I have done their country—I wish myself at home again, and plain Gulliver—Every thing is in miniature here but vice, and that is so disproportioned, that I'll match our little rakes at Lilliput, with any of our finest gentlemen in England.

Enter LALCON.

Lal. A hundred and fifty taylors are without to pay their duty to your lordship, and have brought their bills——

Gul. Their bills !—they are very pressing sure——

Lal. They have done nothing but work at your lordship's robes these six weeks—and therefore hope your indulgence, for the sake of their wives and families.

Gul. I am so much fatigu'd, that I must desire 'em to give me till to-morrow, and assure them, that notwithstanding—

ing my titles and priveleges, I shall give 'em very little trouble. [Exit LALCON.]

My greatness begins to be troublesome to me now,

Enter LALCON.

Lal. Two ladies of the court to wait on your lordship. [Exit.]

Enter Lady FLIMNAP and TOADEL.

Gul. Lady Flimnap again! what can this mean?

Toad. Wou'd your ladyship have me retire?

L. Flim. Out of hearing only—should you leave us quite to ourselves, people might be censorious.

Toad. I will walk into that gallery, and amuse myself with the pictures.

L. Flim. Do so, Toadel, but be within call.

Toad. Upon my word, the monster is a noble creature! [Exit.]

L. Flim. I cou'd not defer any longer wishing you joy of the honours which you have deservedly received this day—I take a particular interest in your welfare, I assure you.

Gul. And I a particular pride in your ladyship's good opinion.

L. Flim. I hope you don't think me imprudent, in thus laying aside the formality of my sex, to make you thus frequent visits—Do the ladies of your country ever take these liberties?

Gul. O! yes, madam; our *English* ladies are allowed some liberties, and take a great many more.

L. Flim. What, the married ladies?

Gul. Our married ladies, indeed, are so much employ'd with the care of their children, and attention to their families, that they would take no liberties at all, did not their husband's oblige 'em to play at cards now and then, lest their great attachment to domestic affairs should throw 'em into fits of the vapours.

L. Flim. Bless me! how different people are in different nations! I must confess to your lordship, tho' I have some children, I have not seen one of them these six months; and tho' I am married to one of the greatest men in the kingdom, and, as they say, one of the handsomest, yet I don't imagine that I shall ever throw myself into a fit of sickness,

sickness, by too severe an attention to him or his family.

Gul. What a profligate morsel of nobility this is!—
(*Aside.*) I must own your ladyship surprizes me greatly for in *England* I have been so used to see the ladies employ'd in matters of affection and œconomy; that I cannot conceive, without these, how you can possibly pass your time, or amuse yourself.

L. Flim. What! are not tormenting one's husband, and running him in debt, tolerable amusements!—It is below a woman of quality to have either affection or œconomy; the first is vulgar, and the last is mechanic—And yet had I been an *English* lady, perhaps I might have seen an object that might have raised my affection, and even persuaded me to live at home.

[*Looking at him and sighing.*]

Gul. In the name of queen *Mab*, what is coming now! Sure I have not made a conquest of this fairy! [*Aside.*]

L. Flim. What a prodigious fine hand your lordship has!

Gul. Mine, madam! 'tis brown sure, and somewhat of the largest.

L. Flim. O! my lord, 'tis the nobler for that—I assure you that it was the first thing about your lordship that struck me—But, to return—I say, my lord, had I been happy enough to have been born—bred—and married in *England*, I might then have been as fond as now I am Sick of matrimony.

[*Approaching tenderly.*]

Gul. (*retreating.*) Perhaps your ladyship has taken some just aversion to our sex.

L. Flim. To one of it I have—my husband—but to the sex—oh no! I protest I have not—far from it—I honour and adore your sex, when it is capable of creating tenderness and esteem—Have my visits to your lordship denoted any such aversion? My present visit, which I have imprudently made, rather indicates, that to one of your sex at least, I have not taken so just an aversion as perhaps I ought.

Gul. (*Aside.*) That is home, indeed—What can I possibly say to her, or do with her!

L. Flim. A married woman, to be sure, ought not to visit a gentleman; she ought not to despise her husband; she ought to prefer no company to him—and yet, such is my weakness, I have visited a gentleman; I do despise my husband, heartily despise him;—and I am afraid I might

be tempted even to quit Lilliput, were the proposal made to me by one whose honour, bravery, and affection might make the loss of my own country less greivous to me.

Gul. I am certainly in a fine situation—She certainly wants to elope with me.

L. Flim. Why won't your lordship converse with me upon these topics?

Gul. Upon my word, madam, I have been much at a loss to comprehend you; and now I do comprehend you, I am still at a loss how to answer you—But madam—look upon your delicate self and me—Supposing there were no other objections, surely this disproportion—

L. Flim. I despise it, my lord—Love is a great leveler, and I have ambition—and I think, if I make no objections, your lordship need not.

Gul. To pretend now not to understand you, would be affectation, and not to speak my mind to you wou'd be insincerity—I am most particularly sorry, madam, that I cannot offer you my services; but, to speak the truth, I am unfortunately engaged.

L. Flim. Engaged, my lord! to whom, pray?

Gul. To a wife and six children.

L. Flim. Is that all! have not I, my, lord, the same plea? and does it weigh any thing against my affection? have not I a husband and as many children?

Gul. I allow that; but your ladyship is, most luckily and politely, regardless of 'em—I, madam, not having the good fortune to be born and bred in high life, am a slave to vulgar passions; and to expose at once my want of birth and education—with confusion I speak it—I really love my wife and children.

L. Flim. Is it possible!

Gul. I am ashamed of my weakness, but it is too true, madam.

L. Flim. I am ashamed of mine, I must confess—What! have I really cast my affections upon a monster, a married monster, and who, still more monstrous, confesses a passion for his wife and children?

Gul. Guilty, madam.

L. Flim. Guilty indeed! thou art ten-fold guilty to me—but I am cur'd of one passion—and shall now give way to another—As for your lordship's virtue—I leave

and

and bequeath it, with all its purity, to your fair lady and her numerous offspring—Don't imagine that I'm quite unhappy at your coolness to me—I now as heartily despise you as before I lov'd you—and so, my dear Gully—yours—yours—yours—Here, Toadel—

Enter TOADEL.

Let us be gone—I am finely punish'd for my folly.

Toad. For heaven's sake, madam, be compos'd, and don't exasperate him; should he grow outrageous, he might commit violence upon us.

L. Flim. He commit violence! he is a poor, tame spiritless creature—His great mountainous body promises wonders indeed; and when your expectations are raised, instead of the roaring dragon, out creeps the pusillanimous mouse.

Toad. Dear my lady, be pacified: here comes my lord and your ladyship's brothers—How will this end?

L. Flim. To my honour, assure yourself—Be sure do you second, me, when I want you.

Toad. Play what tune your ladyship pleases, I am always ready with the second part.

Enter FLIMNAP, BOLGOLAM, and FRIPPEREL.

Flim. Now, brother, am I unreasonably jealous, or not? See and judge yourselves.

Bol. I have judg'd, and now I'll execute.

[Draws his sword.]

Frip. What, without a trial? fye, for shame, admiral; that may be sea law, but it is not land law.

Gul. What means this insult, admiral, in my apartments?—If you have no dread of a man who could puff you away with his breath, at least reverence whom your king has honoured.

Bol. No place shall protect a dishonourable sister.

Flim. And no strength shall protect him, who has dishonour'd Flimnap. *[Lays his hand upon his sword.]*

Frip. I say, hear the parties first—If then matters are not cleared, you shall draw your swords, and I'll—withdraw into the next room.

L. Flim. Hear me, my lord and brother, and then determine—I confess appearances are against me; an imprudent

dent curiosity urged me to see this monster, and hear him talk of his country and its customs.—

Flim. The infection, madam, that is taken in at the eyes and ears, will make a quick progress through the rest of the body.

L. Flim. Jealousy, my lord, will make a quicker—but I defy it—My friend, Toadel, here, can witness that curiosity was merely my motive.

Toad. O yes, my lord, I swear that.

Frip. And so will I too—Toadel is a woman of immense honour.

L. Flim. Having no harm myself, I suspected none—The monster has always behaved mild, tame, and gentle to me—but just now—his eyes flashing with desire—he own'd a violent passion for me; nay, proposed even taking me away with him into his own country—

Frip. In his great-coat pocket, I suppose!—And he would have made money of you too, if his countrymen love rarities!

Bol. How can you jest at a such a time as this?

Flim. Fire and vengeance!

L. Flim. Pray, my dear, contain yourself—Then this wicked monster—Ay, you may well turn up your eyes—upon my being shock'd at his proposal, and declaring my unalterable love to you—began to grind his teeth and bite his knuckles—I trembled, and begg'd for mercy—At last, gathering strength, from fear I fell into rage; and being strong in virtue, and warm with my conjugal affections, I broke out into a bitterness against the villain who would have been my undoer.

[Bursts into tears.

Toad. Which certainly hinder'd him from committing violence.

Frip. Poor soul!—by all that's mischievous she's a genius.

[Aside.

Flim. You have eas'd my heart, madam, of its suspicions; but my honour must have satisfaction here.

[Draws his sword.

Gul. Pray, my lord, sheath your anger; the odds are rather against you—I wave this private trial, and insist upon a public one; and till then, I beg to retire from the jealousy of a husband, the partiality of brothers, and the irresistible eloquence of so fine a lady.

Flim.

Flim. To-morrow the grand court of justice sits, and I summon thee, nardac Gulliver, before the king and peers, to answer to the wrongs thou hast done me.

Gul. Clumglum Flimnap—I'll meet thee there.

[*Goes into the inner room.*]

L. Flim. For heaven's sake, my lord, let us leave this den of wickedness.

[*Going.*]

Enter KEEPER.

A letter to my lord Flimnap.

Frip. Now for it, sister,—have at the other monster.

[*Aside.*]

[*Flimnap reads, and seems disorder'd.*]

L. Flim. No bad news, I hope, my dear?

Bol. Speak it out, brother—Your keeping it to yourself won't make it better.

Flim. Nothing at all—a private business.

Frip. What, a petticoat business, brother?

L. Flim. I shall grow uneasy, my lord—I must know.

[*Soothing him.*]

Flim. You can't, my dear—It is a state affair—

L. Flim. State affairs have been often postpon'd for a mistress; why may they not for once be intrusted to a wife.

Frip. That's a choaken. [*Aside.*]

Bol. Zounds! what's all this mystery about?

L. Flim. If you don't communicate, my lord, I will.

Flim. What will you communicate?

L. Flim. Your state secret—the contents of that letter—What, confounded, my sweet husband!—the paragon of chastity out of countenance!—ha! ha!

Bol. Expound this riddle, or I'll march off.

L. Flim. There, brother, is a true copy of the negotiation that great statesman is carrying on for the good of the nation.

[*Gives a paper.*]

Flim. Then I'm discover'd.

Bol. Hum—hum—hum—the tender languishing Moretta!—Is this true? my lord.

Flim. I confess it.

Bol. So, so—here are fine doings! what, do you keep a whore, and are jealous of your wife too?

Frip. That's damn'd unreasonable indeed!

Bol. Look e, my lord, I promised you justice, if she had

injured you ; and, moreover, I promised to cut your throat if you should injure her—Therefore, if you'll walk with me into the burying-ground, brother, I'll be as good as my word.

Flim. I should ill deserve the name of gentleman, if I was not as ready to defend my follies, as commit them—I'll attend you. [Exit *Flim* and *Bolgolam*.

Toad. Won't you prevent mischief, my Lady ?

L. Flim. No, no ; the losing a little blood will do 'em both service ; it will cool the wantonness of one, and the choler of the other.

Frip. Let the worst happen—I shall only be an elder brother, and you a husband, out of pocket.

L. Flim. O no ! there will be no mischief ; I am confident the admiral will bring him to—If my lord did not suffer himself to be bullied now and then, there would be no living with him. But what noise is that ?—Ho, here he heroes come—

Enter BOLGOLAM and FLIMNAP.

Frip. Well, gentlemen, do either of you want a surgeon ?

Bol. Why here's the devil to do !—the whole city's in an uproar—the man-mountain has made his escape out of his chamber—he has straddled over the walls of the palace-garden, made the best of his way to the sea-side, seized upon my ship, a first rate, put his cloaths on board her, weighed her anchor, and is now towing her over an arm of the sea, towards Blefescu.

Frip. Then you have lost your commission, admiral ; and you your lover, sister.

L. Flim. A good voyage to him—I was sure he would run away—You see, my lord, that he durst not stand the trial ; for all his mightiness, he could not bear the consciousness of his guilt, nor the force of my virtue.

Flim. I see it, madam, and acknowledge my mistake.

L. Flim. Is that a satisfaction, my lord, adequate to the injury ?—My innocence, my lord, is not to be wounded, without having other remedies to heal it.

Bol. If you dont apply one, my Lord, instantly ; I shall. [Claps his hand to his sword.

Flim. I am ready, Madam, this moment to make you easy and happy for the future.

L. Flim. And how will your lordship bring it about ?

Flim.

Flim. By permitting you, Madam, to follow your inclinations.

L. Flim. Now your lordship really behaves like a nobleman; and to convince you that I am not unworthy of my rank and quality too, here I solemnly promise never to disturb your lordship in the pursuit of yours.

Frip. Perfectly polite on both sides.

Flim. From this moment you have my full and free consent to spend what money you please, see what company you please, lie in bed, and get up when you please, be abroad or at home when you please, be in and out of humour when you please; and, in short, to take every liberty of a woman of quality, as you please; and, for the future, fall in love when you please with either man or monster.

L. Flim. To shew your lordship that I will not be behind hand with you in nobleness of sentiment, I most sincerely grant you a free access to the languishing *Moreta* whenever you please, and intreat you, for the future, that you will have as little regard for me, as you have for the business of the nation.

Flim. Let us seal and ratify the treaty in each other's arms—my dearest lady.

L. Flim. My beloved lord. [They embrace.

Bol. I am astonished!—From this moment I disown you all!—I'll out to sea as fast as I can; should these politenesses reach us, woe be to poor Lilliput! when they do, I'll let the sea into my great cabin, and sink to the bottom with the honour, virtue, and liberty of my country. [Exit Bol.

Frip. A queer dog my brother is, that's positive—But come—let me once again join your hands upon this your second happier union—

Let love be banish'd—We of rank and fashion,
Shoud ne'er in marriage mix one grain of passion.

Lady FLIMNAP.

To care and broils we now may bid defiance;
Give me my will, and I am all compliance. [Curtesies.

Lord FLIMNAP.

Let low-bred minds be curb'd by laws and rules,
Our higher spirits leaps the bounds of fools;
No law or custom shall to us say nay;
We scorn restriction—*Viva la liberte!*

T H E
M A L E - C O Q U E T T E.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

Daffodil Mr. Woodward.
Tukely Mr. Palmer.
Lord Racket Mr. Blakes.
Sir William Whister Mr.
Burton.
Sir Tan-Tivy Mr. Jefferson.
Spinner Mr. Walker.
Dizzy Mr. Yates.
Ruffle Mr. Usher.

First waiter Mr. Ackman.
Second Waiter Mr. Atkins.
Harry Mr. Clough.

W O M E N.

Sophia Miss Macklin.
Arabella Miss Minors.
Mrs. Dotterel Miss Barton.
Widow Damply Mrs. Cross.
Lady Fanny Pewit Mrs.
Bradshaw.

A C T I.

Enter ARABELLA, and SOPHIA in Men's Clothes.

A R A B E L L A.

I N D E E D, my dear, you'll repent this frolic.

Soph. Indeed, my dear, then it will be the first frolic I ever repented in all my life. Lookee, *Bell*, 'tis in vain to oppose me, for I am resolv'd — the only way to find out his character, is to see him thus, and converse freely with him. If he is the wretch he is reported to be, I shall away with him at once; if he is not, he will thank me for the trial, and our union will be the stronger.

Arab. I never knew a woman yet, who had prudence enough to turn off a pretty fellow, because he had a little more wickedness than the rest of his neighbours.

Soph. Then I will be the first to set a better example. — If I did not think a man's character was of some consequence, I should not now run such risques, and encounter such difficulties, to be better acquainted with it.

Arab. Ha, *Sophy*! if you had love enough to be jealous, and jealousy enough to try these experiments — don't imagine

gine, tho' you should make terrible discoveries, that you can immediately quit your inclinations, with your breeches; and return so very philosophically to your petticoats again, ha, ha! —

Soph. You may be as merry with my weaknesses, as you please, madam; but I know my own heart, and can rely upon it.

Arab. We are great bullies by nature; but courage and swaggering, are two things, cousin.

Soph. Since you are as little to be convinc'd; as I am to be persuaded—your servant—— [Going.]

Arab. Nay, *Sophy*—this is unfriendly—if you are resolv'd upon your scheme, open to me without reserve, and I'll assist you.

Soph. *Imprimis*, then; I confess to you, that I have a kind of whimsical attachment to *Daffodil*; not but I can see his vanities, and laugh at 'em.

Arab. And like him the better for 'em——

Soph. I shaw! don't plague me, *Bell*—my other lover, the jealous Mr. *Tukely*——

Arab. Who loves you too well to be successful——

Soph. And whom I really esteem——

Arab. As a good sort of man, ha, ha, ha.

Soph. Nay, shou'd have lov'd him——

Arab. Had not a prettier fellow stept in between, who perhaps does not care a farthing for you——

Soph. That's the question, my dear—*Tukely*, I say, either stung by jealousy, or unwilling to lose me, without a struggle, has intreated me to know more of his rival, before I engage too far with him—Many strange things he has told me, which have piqu'd me: I must confess, and I am now prepar'd for the proof.

Arab. You'll certainly be discover'd, and put to shame.

Soph. I have secur'd my success already.

Arab. What do you mean?

Soph. I have seen him, convers'd with him, and am to meet him again to-day, by his own appointment.

Arab. Madness!—It can't be.

Soph. But it has been, I tell you——

Arab. How? how?—Quickly, quickly, dear *Sophy*?

Soph. When you went to lady *Fanny's* last night, and left me, as you thought, little dispos'd for a frolic, I dress'd me as you see, call'd a chair, and went to the *King's-Arms's*

THE MALE-COQUETTE.

—ask'd for my gentleman, and was shewn into a room—he immediately left his company, and came to me.

Arab. I tremble for you.

Soph. I introduc'd myself as an *Italian* nobleman, just arriv'd: *Il Marchese di Macaroni*——

Arab. Ridiculous!—ha, ha.

Soph. An intimate of Sir *Charles Vainlove's*, who is now at *Rome*——I told him my letters were with my baggage, at the *Custom-house*——He receiv'd me with all the openness imaginable, and wou'd have introduc'd me to his friends; I beg'd to be excus'd, but promis'd to attend him to-day, and am now ready, as you see, to keep my word.

Arab. Astonishing!—And what did you talk about?

Soph. Of various things——women among the rest; and tho' I have not absolutely any open acts of rebellion against him, yet, I fear he is a traitor at heart—and then such vanity!——but I had not time to make great discoveries——It was merely the prologue—The play is to come.

Arab. Act your part well, or we shall hiss you—

Soph. Never fear me; you don't know what a mad, raking, wild, young devil I can be, if I set my mind to it, *Bell*
[*Laying bold of her.*]

Arab. You fright me!—you shall possibly be no bed-fellow of mine any longer.

Soph. I am resolv'd to ruin my woman, and kill my man, before I get into petticoats again.

Arab. Take care of a quarrel tho'—a rival may be too rough with you.

Soph. No, no, fighting is not the vice of these times; and as for a little swaggering—damn it, I can do it as well as the best of 'em.

Arab. Hush, hush! Mr. *Tukely* is here.

Soph. Now for a trial of skill; if I deceive him, you'll allow that half my business is done.

[*She walks aside, takes out her glass, and looks at the pictures*]

Enter *TUKELY*.

Tuke. Your servant, miss *Bell*—I need not ask if miss *Sophy* be at home, for I believe I have seen her since you did.

Arab.

Arab. Have you, Sir? You seem disconcerted, Mr. *Tukely*; has any thing happen'd?

Tuke. A trifle, madam—but I was born to be trifled with, and to be made uneasy at trifles.

Arab. Pray, what trifling affair has disturb'd you thus?

Soph. What's the matter now? [Aside.

Tuke. I met miss *Sophy* this moment in a hackney chair, at the end of the street; I knew her by the Pink Negligee; but upon my crossing the way to speak to her, she turn'd her head away, laugh'd violently, and drew the curtain in my face.

Soph. So, so; well said, jealousy. [Aside.

Arab. She was in haste, I suppose, to get to her engagement.

Tuke. Yes, yes, madam; I imagine she had some engagement upon her hands—But sure, madam, her great desire to see her more agreeable friends, need not be attended with contempt and disregard to the rest of her acquaintance.

Arab. Indeed, Mr. *Tukely*, I have so many caprices, and follies of my own, that I can't possibly answer for my cousin's too.

Soph. Well said, *Bell*. [Aside.

Tuke. Answer, miss!—No, heav'n forbid you should—for my part, I have given up all my hopes as a lover, and only, now, feel for her as a friend—and indeed as a friend, a sincere friend—I can't but say, that going out in a hackney chair, without a servant, and endeavouring to conceal herself, is somewhat incompatible with miss *Sophy*'s rank and reputation—this I speak as a friend—not as a lover, miss *Bell*—pray mind that.

Arab. I see it very plainly, Mr. *Tukely*—And it gives me great pleasure, that you can be so indifferent in your love, and yet so jealous in your friendship.

Tuke. You do me honour, miss, by your good opinion.
[Walks about, and sees *Sophy*.

Who's that, pray?

Arab. A gentleman who is waiting for *Sophy*.

Tuke. I think she has gentlemen waiting for her every where.

Soph. I am afraid, Sir, [coming up to him with her glass] you'll excuse me, that notwithstanding your declaration,
and

and this lady's compliments, there is a little of the devil, call'd jealousy, at the bottom of all this uneasiness.

Tuke. Sir!—

Sopb. I say, Sir, wear your cloak as long as you please the hoof will peep out, take my word for it.

Tuke. Upon my word, Sir, you are pleas'd to honour me, with a familiarity which I neither expected, or indeed desired, upon so slight an acquaintance.

Sopb. I dare swear you did not.

[Turns off and bums a tune.

Tuke. I dont understand this!

Arab. This is beyond expectation—

[Aside.

Sopb. I presume, Sir, you never was out of England—

[Picking her teeth.

Tuke. I presume, Sir, that you are mistaken— I never was so foolishly fond of my own country, to think that nothing good was to be had out of it; nor so shamefully ungrateful to it, to prefer the vices and fopperies of every other nation, to the peculiar advantages of my own.

Sopb. Ha, ha: well said, old England, i'faith—Now madam, if this gentleman would put his speech into a farce, and properly lard it with roast beef, and liberty, I wou'd engage the galleries wou'd roar and halloo at it for half an hour together—Ha, ha, ha.

Arab. Now the storm's coming,

[Aside.

Tuke. If you are not engag'd, Sir, we'll adjourn to the next tavern, and write this farce between us.

Sopb. I fancy, Sir, by the information of your face, that you are more inclin'd to tragedy than comedy—

Tuke. I shall be inclin'd to treat you very ill, if you don't walk out with me.

Sopb. I have been treated so very ill already, in the little conversation I have had with you, that you must excuse my walking out for more of it; but if you'll persuade the lady to leave the room, I'll put you to death—damme—

Going up to him.

Arab. For heaven's sake! what's the matter, gentlemen?

Tuke. What can I do with this fellow?

Sopb. Madam, don't be alarm'd—this affair will be very short—I am always expeditious; and will cut his throat, without shocking you in the least:—Come, Sir, (*draws*) if you won't defend yourself, I must kick you about the room.

Advancing.

Tuke.

Tuke. Respect for this lady, and this house, has curb'd my resentment hitherto: but as your insolence wou'd take advantage of my forbearance, I must correct it at all events——

[*Draws.*

Soph and Arabella. Ha, ha, ha!

Tuke. What is all this?

Soph. What, would you set your courage to a poor, weak woman? You are a bold *Briton*, indeed!—Ha, ha, ha,

Tuke. What *Sophia*?

Arab. *Sophia*! no, no; she is in a hackney-chair, you know, without a servant, in her Pink Negligee—Ha, ha, ha.——

Tuke. I am astonish'd! and can scarce believe my own eyes—What means this metamorphosis?

Soph. 'Tis in obedience to your commands—Thus equip'd, I have got access to *Daffodil*, and shall know whether your picture of him is drawn by your regard for me, or resentment to him——*I will sound him, from his lowest note, to the top of his compass.*

Tuke. Your spirit transports me—This will be a busy, and, I hope, a happy day for me. I have appointed no less than five ladies to meet me at the widow *Damply's*; to each of whom, as well as yourself, the accomplish'd Mr. *Daffodil* has presented his heart; the value of which I am resolved to convince them of this night, for the sake of the whole sex.

Soph. Pooh, pooh! that's the old story—You are prejudic'd——

Tuke. I am afraid 'tis you who are prejudic'd, madam; for if you will believe your own eyes and ears——

Soph. That I will, I assure you—I shall visit him immediately—He thinks me in the country, and to confirm it, I'll write to him as from thence——But ask me no more questions about what I have done, and what is to be done; for I have not a moment to lose; and so, my good friend *Tukely*, yours——My dear *Bell* I kiss your hand—[*kisses her hand*] You are a fine woman, by heav'n's! here *Joseph Beunello, Francesi*,——where are my fellows there? Call me a chair——*Viva l' Amor, & Liberta.*——

[*Exit singing.*

Arab. Ha, ha there's a spirit for you!—Well now, what do you stare at?—you cou'd not desire more—O, fie, fie—don't

gh, and bite your fingers; rouze yourself, man; set all your wits to work; bring this faithless *Corydon* to shame, and I'll be hang'd if the prize is not yours—If she returns in time, I'll bring her to the widow *Dumpley's*——

Take. Dear Miss *Arabella*——

Arab. Well, well: make me a fine speech another time. About your business now——

Take. I fly——

[*Exit.* *Tukely.*

Arab. What a couple of blind fools has love made of this poor fellow, and my dear cousin *Sophy*! Little do they imagine, with all their wise discoveries, that *Daffodil* is as faithful a lover, as he is an accomplish'd gentleman—I pity these poor deceiv'd women, with all my heart——But how will they stare when they find that he has artfully pretended a regard for them, the better to conceal his real passion for me—They will certainly tear my eyes out; and what will cousin *Sophy* say to me, when we are oblig'd to declare our passion? No matter what—'Tis the fortune of war—And I shall only serve her, as she and every other friend wou'd serve me in the same situation——

A little cheating never is a sin,

✓ *At love or cards—provided that you win.*

[*Exit* *Arabella.*

DAFFODIL'S Lodgings.

Enter *DAFFODIL* and *RUFFLE*.

Daf. But are you sure, *Ruffle*, that you deliver'd the letter last night, in the manner I order'd you?

Ruf. Exactly, sir.

Daf. And you are sure that, *Mr. Dotterel* saw you slip the note into his wife's hand?

Ruf. I have alarm'd him, and you may be assur'd, that he is as uneasy as you wou'd wish to have him——But I shou'd be glad, with your honour's leave to have a little serious conversation with you; for my mind forbodes much peril to the bones of your humble servant, and very little satisfaction to your honour.

Daf. Thou art a most incomprehensible blockhead——

Ruf. No great scholar, or wit, indeed——but I can feel an oak suppling, as well as another——Ay, and I shou'd have

have felt one last night, if I had not had the heels of all Mr. Dotterel's family—I had the whole pack after me——

Daf. And did not they catch you?

Ruf. No, thank heav'n——

Daf. You was not kick'd then?

Ruf. No, Sir.

Daf. Nor can'd?

Ruf. No, Sir.

Daf. Nor dragg'd thro' a horse-pond?

Ruf. O, Lord! no, Sir.

Daf. That's unlucky——

Ruf. Sir!

Daf. You must go again, *Ruffe*, to night, perhaps you may be in better luck.

Ruf. If I go again, Sir, may I be can'd, kick'd, and horse-ponded for my pains—I believe I have been lucky enough to bring an old house over your head.

Daf. What d'ye mean?

Ruf. Mr. *Dotterel* only hobbled after me, to pay me for the postage of your letter; but being a little out of wind, he soon stopt, to curse and swear at me——I cou'd hear him utter something of scoundrel, and pimp, and my master, and villain—and blunderbuss, and sawpit; and he shook his stick, and look'd like the devil!

Daf. Blunderbuss, and saw-pit! this business grows a little serious, and so we will drop it—The husband is so old and peevish, and she is so young and pressing, that I'll give it up, *Ruffe*——The town talks of us, and I am satisfied.

Ruf. Pray, Sir, with submission, for what end do you write to so many ladies, and make such a rout about 'em; there are now upon the list half a dozen maids, a leash of wives, and the widow *Damply*. I know your honour don't intend mischief; but what pleasure can you have in deceiving them, and the world? for you are thought a terrible young gentleman.

Daf. Why that pleasure, boobv.

Ruf. I don't understand it—What do you intend to do with 'em all! Ruin 'em?

Daf. Not I faith.

Ruf. But you'll ruin their reputations.

Daf. That's their business—not mine.

Ruf. Will you marry any one of 'em?

Daf. O no; that wou'd be finishing the game at once.

—If

—If I preferr'd one, the rest wou'd take it ill; so because I wont be particular, I give 'em all hopes, without going a step further.

Ruf. Widows can't live upon such slender diet.

✓ *Daf.* A true sportsman has no pleasure but in the chase; the game is always given to those who have less taste, and better stomachs.

Ruf. I love to pick a bit, I must confess—really, Sir, I shou'd not care what became of half the women you are pleas'd to be merry with—But miss *Sophy*, sure, is a heavenly creature, and deserves better treatment; and to make love to her cousin too, in the same house—that is very cruel.

Daf. But it amuses one—besides they are both fine creatures. And how do I know, if I lov'd only one, but the other might poison herself?

Ruf. There is no mending him.

[*Exit Ruffe.*]

Daf. (*Opens Letters.*) This is from widow *Dumphy*—I know her scrawl at a mile's distance—she pretends that the fright of her husband's death hurt her nerves so, that her hand has shook ever since—ha, ha, ha—It has hurt her spelling to, for here is joy with G; ha! ha! poor creature. (*Reads*) Hum—hum—hum—Well said, widow; she speaks plain, faith, and grows urgent—I must get quit of her—she desires a tete a tete; which, with widows who have suffered much for the loss of their husbands, is, as capt. *Bobadil* says a service, of danger. So I am off—(*Opens another*) What the devil have we her? A bill in chancery: oh, no! my taylor's bill—Sum total 374l. 11s. 5d.—Iudeed, monsieur *Cbicanau*, this is a damn'd bill, and you will be dam'd for making it—therefore, for the good of your soul, mons. *Cbicanau*, you must make another, (*tears it*) The *French* know their consequence, and use us accordingly (*Opens another.*) This is from *Newma ket*—[*Reads.*]—

' May it please your honour,

' I Wou'd not have you think of matching *Cherry-derry* with *Gingerbreed*; he is a terrible horse, and very covetuous of his ground—I have chopt *Hurlotbrumbo* for the *Roan Mare*, and fifty pounds. Sir *Roger* has taken the match off your hands, which is a good thing; for the mare has the distemper, and must have forfeited—I flung his

'his honour's groom, though he was above an hour in the stable. The nutmeg grey, *Cuistard*, is match'd with *Alderman*. *Alderman* has a good wind, and will be too hard for *Custard*.——

' *I am, your honours'*
' *Most obedient Servant,*
ROGER WHIP.'

——*Whip's* a genius, and a good servant. I have not as yet lost above a thousand pounds by my horses—But such luck can't always last.

Enter RUFFLE with Cards.

There's the morning's cargo, Sir.

[*Throws 'em down upon the table.*

Daf. Heigh day! I can't read 'em in a month; prithee *Ruffle*, set down my invitations from the cards, according to their date, and let me see 'em to-morrow morning—So much reading would distract me.

Ruffle. And yet these are the only books gentlemen read now-a-days. [*Aside.*

Enter a SERVANT.

Serv. And please your honour, I forgot to tell you that there was a gentlemen here last night—I've forget his name.

Ruf. Old Mr. *Dotterel*, perhaps.

Serv. Old; no, no, he looks younger than his honour—I believe he's mad, he can't stand still a moment; he first caper'd out of the chair, and when I told him your honour was not at home, he caper'd into it again—said he wou'd call again, jabber'd something, and away he went singing

Daf. 'Tis the marquis of *Macaroni*, I saw him at the *King's Arms* yesterday; admit him when he comes, *Harry*.

Serv. I shall, your honour—I can neither write or remember these outlandish names. [*Exit Servant.*

Daf. where is my list of women, *Ruffle*, and the places of their abode, that we may strike off some, and add the new acquisitions?

Ruf. What, alter again! I wrote it out fair but this morning—There are quicker successions in your honour's list than the court-calendar.

Daf. Strike off Mrs. *Dotterel*, and the widow *Damply*.

Ruf.

Ruf. They are undone.

[*Strikes 'em out.*

Enter SERVANT.

Serv. A lady, Mr. *Ruffle*; in a chair, must speak with you.

Daf. Did she ask for me?—See *Ruffle*, who it is.

[*Exit Ruffle.*

Serv. No, your honour; but she look'd quite *frustrated*:

Daf. Well go below, and be careful not to let any old gentleman in this morning—and d'ye hear, if any of the neighbours shou'd enquire who the lady is, you may say it is a relation; and be sure smile, do you hear? when you tell 'em so,

Serv. I shall, your honour—He, he, he, I am never melancholy.

[*Exit Servant.*

Daf. That fellow's a character.

Enter RUFFLE.

Ruf. Sir, it is Mrs *Dotterel*; she has had a terrible quarrel with her husband about your letter, and has something to say of consequence to you both—she must see you, she says.

Daf. I won't see her—Why won'd you say that I was at home—You know I hate to be alone with 'em, and she's so violent too—Well, well, shew her up—This is so unlucky—

Ruf. He hates to see duns he never intends to pay.

[*Exit Ruffle.*

Daf. What shall I do with her? This is worse than meeting her husband with a blunderbuss in a saw pit.

Enter MRS. DOTTEREL, and RUFFLE.

Daf. Dear Mrs. *Dotterel*, this is so obliging—*Ruffle*, don't let a soul come near me, (*Aloud*)—And hark, don't leave us long together, and let every body up that comes.

[*Aside.*

Ruf. What a deal of trouble here is about nothing.

[*Exit Ruffle.*

Mrs. Dot. In the name of virtue, Mr. *Daffodil*, I hope you have not given any private orders, that may in the least derogate from that absolute confidence which I place in your honour.

Daf. You may be perfectly easy under his roof, madam. I hope

I hope, I am polite enough not to let my passions, of any kind, run too great lengths in my own house.

Mrs. Dot. Nothing but absolute necessity cou'd have made me take this imprudent step—I am ready to faint with my apprehensions—Heigh ho!—

Daf. Heaven forbid! I'll call for some assistance.

[Going to ring.

Mrs. Dot. Let your bell alone (*Stopping him.*) You're always calling for assistance, I think—you never give one time to come to one's self—Mr. Dotterel has seen your letter, and vows vengeance and destruction—Why would you be so violent and imprudent?

Daf. The devil was in me, madam; but I repent it from my soul; it has cur'd me of being violent.

Mrs. Dot. Come, come, don't take it too deeply neither; I thought it proper, at all hazards, to let you know what had happen'd, and to intreat you, by that affection you have sworn to me, to be careful of my reputation.

Daf. That I will indeed, madam; we can't be too careful.

Mrs. Dot. Well, Mr. Daffodil, I am an unhappy woman—married to one I cannot love; and loving one I ought to shun—It is a terrible situation, Mr. Daffodil—

Daf. It is indeed, madam,—I am in a terrible one too—wou'd I was well out of it.

[Aside.

Mrs. Dot. Do you know, Mr. Daffodil, that if I had not been very religious, my passions would have undone me—But you must give me time, for nothing but that, and keeping the best company, will ever conquer my prejudices.

Daf. I should be very ungenerous not to allow you time, madam—three weeks or a month, I hope, will do the business, Though, by my honour, I got the better of mine in half the time—What is Ruffle doing?

[Aside.

Mrs. Dot. He's very cold, methinks; but I'll try him further—Looke, Mr. Daffodil, you must curb your passions, and keep your distance—Fire is catching; and one does not know the consequences when once it begins to spread.

Daf. As you say, madam, fire is catching; 'tis dangerous to play with it; and as I am of the tinder-kind,—as one may say,—we had better,—as you say—madam,—change the subject—Pray did you ever hear of the Pugdog that

you advertis'd? it was a very pretty creature—what was his name, madam?

Mrs. Dot. Daffodil, Sir!

[Stifling her passion.]

Daf. Madam.

Mrs. Dot. Could I love and esteem any thing, and not call it Daffodil?—What a wretch!

[Aside.]

Daf. You do me honour, madam—I don't like her looks, I must change the discourse (Aside.) Upon my soul, Mrs. Dotterel, this struggle is too much for man; my passions are now tearing me to pieces, and if you will stay, by heav'n I will not answer for the consequences.

Mrs. Dot. Consequences! what consequences! thou wretched, base, false, worthless animal!

Daf. You do me honour.

[Bowing.]

Mrs. Dot. Canst thou think that I am so blinded by my passion, not to see thy treacherous, mean, unmanly evasions?—I have long suspected your infamy, and having this proof of it, I cou'd stab your treacherous heart, and my own weak one—Don't offer to stir, or ring your bell, for, by heaven's, I'll—

[Catches bold of him.]

Daf. I stir, I am never so happy, as when I am in your company.

Mrs. Dot. Thou liest; thou art never so happy as when thou art deceiving, and betraying our foolish sex—and all for what? why, for the poor reputation of having that, which thou hast neither power nor spirit to enjoy.

Daf. Ha! I hear somebody coming—Now for a rapture (Aside.) Talk not of power or spirit—Heav'n that has made you fair, has made me strong—O! forgive the madness which your beauty has occasion'd.

[Throws himself upon his knees.]

Exit SERVANT.

Serv. The marquis of Macaroons—

[Exit Servant.]

Enter SOPHIA.

Mrs. Dot. Ha! (Screams.) I am betray'd—

[They all stare, and Daffodil seemingly astonished.]

Soph. Mrs. Dotterel, by all that's virtuous—(Aside) Signor Daffodillo—resto confuso, tat I am com si mal-a proposito.

Daf. Dear marquis, no excuse I beg—nothing at all—a relation of mine—My sister only—miss Daffodil, this is il Merches

mercèse de Macaroni, an intimate of Sir Charles Vainlove's. This was lucky (*Aside.*)—Well, then, my dear sister, I will wait upon you to-morrow, and settle the whole affair (*Aloud*) I am the most miserable of mortals, and have lost the most precious moments of my life.

[*Aside to Mrs. Dotterel.*
Mrs. Dot. You are a villain—I despise you, and detest you—and will never see you more.

[*Exit Mrs. Dotterel.*

Daf. Ha, ha, ha!—My sister has a noble spirit, my lord.
Sopb. *Midispiace infinamente*—it tisplis, me, tat I haf *interrumpato, gli affari* of you famili.

Daf. It is the old family-business, my lord! and so old, that, by my honour, I am quite tir'd of it.

Sopb. I hate him already. (*Aside*)—Signior *Daffodillo*, she is *una bellissima Sorella in Verita*, a very prit, Sliss' intit.

Daf. I must confess to you, my lord, that my sister is a young distress'd damsel, married to an old gentleman of the neighbourhood, ha, ha, ha.

Sopb. *O caro Inghilterra!* vat a fortunata contree is tis! te olt men mari de young fine girl, and te young fine girl visite te young signors—*O preciosa liberta!*—

Daf. Indeed, my lord, men of fashion here have some small privileges; we gather our roses without fear of thorns—husband's and brother's don't deal in poison and stilletos, as they do with you.

Sopb. *Il nostro amico*, Signor Carlo has tol me a tousant *Volti*, dat you vas de *Orlando Innamorato* himself.

Daf. But not *Furioso*, I can assure you, my lord, Ha, ha, ha! I am for variety, and badinage, without affection—Reputation is the great ornament, and ease the great happiness of life—To ruin women wou'd be troublesome; to trifle and make love to 'em amuses one—I use my women as daintily as my tokay; I merely sip of both, but more than half a glass palls me.

Sopb. *Il mio proprio gusto*—*Tukely* is right; he's a villain. (*Aside.*)—Signor *Daffodillo*; vil you do me de favour to give me stranger, *una introduzione* to some of your *Signorine*, let *vostro amico* taste a littel, un *Poco* of your *dulcey* tokay.

Daf. O, *Certamente!*—I have half a hundred *Signorine* at you service.

Sopb. *Multo obligato*, Signor *Daffodillo*.

Enter

THE MALE COQUETTE,

Enter SERVANT.

Serv. Here is a letter for your honour. [Surlily.

Daf. What is the matter with the fellow?

Serv. Matter, your honour!—the lady that went out just now, gave me such a souse on the ear, as I made my bow to her, that I could scarce tell, for a minute, whether I had a head or no.

Daf. Ha! ha!—Poor fellow!—there's smart money for you. (*Gives bi mone y.*)—(*Exit Servant.*)—Will your lordship give me leave?—

Soph. *Senza ceremonie*—now for it. [Aside.

Daf. Reads. 'Sir,

'I shall now return from the country next week, and shall hope to meet you at lady Fanny Percit's assembly next Wednesday.

'I am very much your bumble Servant.

'SOPHIA SPRIGETLY.

—My lord marquis, here is a letter has started game for you already—the most lucky thought imaginable.

Soph. *Cosa e questa—Cosa, e—vat is?*

Daf. There are too fine girls you must know, cousins, who live together; this is a letter from one of 'em, Sophia is her name—I have address'd em both, but as matters become a little serious on their side, I must raise a jealousy between the friends: discover to one the treachery of the other; and so in the bustle steal off as quietly as I can.

Soph. O! *Spiritoso amico*—I can scarce contain myself.

[Aside.

Daf. Before the mine is sprung, I will introduce you into the town.

Soph. You are great *Generalissimo in verita ma*. I feel in mio core vat de poor *infelice* Sophia vil feel for de loss of Signor Daffodillo.

Daf. Yes, poor creature; I believe she'll have a pang or two—tender indeed! and I believe will be unhappy for some time.

Soph. What a monster!

[Aside.

Daf. You must dine with our club to-day, where I will introduce you to more of Sir Charles's friends, all men of figure and fashion.

Soph. I must promio half my lettere, dat your amici may be *assicurati* dat I am no *impostore*.

Daf

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Daf. In the name of politeness, my lord marquis, don't mention your letters again; none but a justice of peace, or a constable would ever ask for a certificate of a man's birth, parentage, and education, ha, ha, ha!

Soph. Viva, viva il Signor *Daffodillo*! You shall be il mio *Conduttore* in tutte le partite of love and pleasure.

Daf. With all my heart.—You must give me leave now, my lord, to put on my cloaths.—In the mean time, if your lordship will step into my study there, if you chuse music, there is a guitar, and some *Venetian* ballads; or, if you like reading, there's infidelity, and bawdy novels for you—*Cal Ruffile* there.

[*Exit Daffodil.*]

Soph. (*Looking after him.*) I am shock'd at him—He is really more abandon'd than *Tukely's* jealousy describ'd him—I have got my proofs, and will not venture any further; I am vex'd that I shou'd be angry at him, when I should only despise him—But I am so angry, that I cou'd almost wish myself a man that my breeches might demand satisfaction for the injury he has done my petticoats.

[*Exit.*]

ACT II.

SCENE, Mrs. DAMPLY's Lodgings.

Enter ARABELLA and SOPHIA.

SOPHIA.

IN short, his own declarations, the unexpected meeting of Mrs. *Dotterel*, his usage of my letter, and twenty things beside, determin'd me not to go among the set of 'em—So making the best excuse I cou'd, I got quit of him and his companions.

Arab. All this may be true, *Sophy*—Every young fellow has his vanities; fashion has made such irregularities accomplishments, and the man may be worth having, for all your discoveries.

Soph. What! an abandon'd, rash, profligate male-coquette; a wretch, who can assume passions he never feels, and sport with our sex's frailties—Fie, fie, *Bell*.

Arab. Well, well, you are too angry to be merciful—If he is such a monster, I am glad you are out of his clutches, and that you can so easily resign him to another.

Soph. To another! there is not that women, be she ever

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so handsome, that I hate enough, to wish her so much evil; and happy it is for you, *Bell*, that you have a heart to resist his allurements.

Arab. Yes, I thank my stars—I am not so susceptible of impressions of that kind—and yet—I won't swear—if an agreeable man—I—I—

Soph. No, no, *Bell*, you are not absolute stone—you may be mollified—She is confounded— [Aside.

Arab. Surely he has not betray'd me—'Tis impossible, I cannot be deceiv'd. [Aside.

Soph. Well, shall we go in to the ladies and Mr. *Tukely*? were they not surpriz'd when he open'd the business to 'em.

Arab. 'Twas the finest scene imaginable—You cou'd see, tho' they all endeavour'd to hide their liking to *Daffodil*, all were uneasy at *Tukely*'s discovery. At first, they objected to his scheme; but they began to listen to his proposal the moment I was call'd out to you; what farther he intends, is a secret to us all; but here he comes, and without the ladies.

Enter *TUKELY*.

Tuke. Pray, miss *Bell*—Bless me! miss *Sophy* return'd! I dare not ask—and yet if my eyes do not flatter my heart—your looks—

Soph. Don't rely too much upon looks, Mr. *Tukely*.

Tuke. Madam—why sure—

Soph. Don't imagine, I say, that you can always see the mind in the face.

Tuke. I can see, madam that your mind is not dispos'd to wish or make me happy.

Soph. Did not I bid you not rely upon looks; for do you know now that my mind is at this time most absolutely dispos'd—to do every thing that you wou'd have me.

[Curtsy.

Tuke. Then I have nothing more to wish or ask of fortune.

[Kneels, and kisses her hand.

Arab. Come, come, this is no time to attend to one, when you have so many ladies to take care of.

Tuke. I will not yet enquire into your adventures, 'till I have accomplish'd my own. The ladies within have at last agreed, to attend me this evening; where, if you have a mind

mind to finish the picture you have begun this morning an opportunity may offer.

Soph. I am contented with my sketch—However I'll make one; and if you have an occasion for a second in any thing—I am your man—command me.

Take. A match—from this moment I take you as my second; nay, my first in every circumstance of our future lives.

Arab. Mighty pretty, truly!—and so I am to stand cooling my heels here, while you are making yourselves ridiculous.

Soph. *Bell's* in the right—to business, to business—Mr. *Tukely*, you must introduce me to the ladies; I can at least make as good a figure as Mr. *Daffodil* among 'em.

[*Exit Sophia and Tukely.*]

Arab. When *Daffodil's* real inclinations are known, how these poor wretches will be disappointed!

[*Exit Arabella.*]

SCENE, *The Club-Room.*

LORD RACKET, SIR TAN-TIVY, WILLIAM WHISTER, SPINNER writing, and DAFFODIL.

[*Water behind.*]

Daf. What do you say, my lord, that I don't do it in an hour?

Lord Rack. Not in an hour and half, *George*.

Daf. Done with you, my lord—I'll take you seven to five—seventy pound to fifty.

Lord Rack. Done—I'll lay the odds again, with you, Sir *William*—and done with you, Sir *Tivy*.

Sir Wil. Not I faith—*Daffodil* has two many fine women—he'll never do it.

Daf. I'll go into the country for a week, and not a petticoat shall come near me—I'll take the odds again.

Sir Tan-Tivy. Done, *Daffodil*.

Lord Rack. You are to hop upon one leg, without changing, mind that—Set it down, *Spinner*.

Spin. I have—Shall I read it?

Lord Rack. Silence in the court.

Spin. (*Reads*) 'Lord *Racket* has betted 70 pounds to 50 with the honourable *George Daffodil*—that the latter does not walk from *Buckingham-Gate* to the *Bun-bonse*, at *Chelsea*—eat a *Bun* there, run back

THE MALE-COQUETTE.

' to the turnpike, and from thence hop upon one
' leg, with the other tied to the cue of his wig, to
' *Buckingham-Gate* again, in an hour and half.

Daf. I say, done.

Lord Rack. And done.

Sir Wil. Consider your women—you'll never do it,
George.

Daf. Not do it! (*baps*) Why, I'll get a *Chelsea* pensioner will do it in an hour, with his wooden leg—What day shall we fix for it?

Sir Wil. The first of *April*, to be sure.

All. Ha, ha, ha. —

Lord Rack. Come, *Daffodil*, read the betts and matches of to day—then let us finish our *campaigne*. and go to the opera.

Daf. (*Reads*) ' *March 24, 1756, Sir Tan-Tivy, has pit-*
' *ted lady Pettitoe, against dowager lady Periwinkle,*
' *with Sir William Whister, for 500l.— I'll pit my*
' *uncle, lord Chalkstone, against 'em both.*'

Sir Tan. Done.

Lord Rack. The odds are against you, *Daffodil*—my lord has got to plain *Nantz* now every morning.

Daf. And the ladies have been at it to my knowledge, this half year.

Sir Wil. Good, again, *George.*

' The honourable *George Daffodil* has betted one
' hundred pound. with *Sir William Whister*, that he
' produces a gentleman, before the 5th of *June* next,
' that shall live for five days successively; without
' eating, drinking or sleeping.—

Sir Wil. He must have no books, *George,*

Daf. No, no; the gentleman I mean can't read.

Sir Wil. 'Tis not yourself, *George!*

Omnes. Ha ha, ha! 'tis impossible, it must kill him.

Daf. Why, then I lose my bet.

Reads.) ' *Lord Racket* has match'd *Sir Foslin Jolly* against
' *major Calipash*, with *Sir Tan-Tivy*, to run fifty
' yards upon the *Mall* after dinner, if either tum-
' bles, the wager is lost—for fifty pounds.

Spin. I'll lay fifty more, neither of 'em run the ground in half an hour.

Daf. Not in an hour.

Sir Tan. Done, *Daffodil*—I'll bet you a hundred to that.
Daf.

Daf. Done, baronet; I'll double it, if you will.

Sir Tan. With all my heart—Book it, *Spinner*.

[*Spinner writes.*]

Lord Rack. You'll certainly lose, *George*.

Daf. Impossible, my lord; *Sir Jaslin* is damnably out of wind.

Lord Rack. What, asthmatic?

Daf. No, quite cur'd of his asthma—he dy'd yesterday morning—Bite.

Omnes. Bravo, *George*.

Lord Rack. Now you talk of dying—how does your cousin *Dizzy*?

Daf. Lingers on—better and worse—Lives upon asses milk, panada, and eringo root.

Lord Rack. You'll have a fine wind-fall there, *George*—a good two thousand a year.

Daf. 'Tis better, my lord; but I love *Dick* so well, and have had so many obligations to him—he sav'd my life once—that I cou'd wish him better health.

Sir Wil. Or in a better place——there's develish fine timber in *Staunton* woods.

Sir Tan. Down with 'em, *Daffodil*.

Lord Rack. But let *Dizzy* drop first—a little blast will fell him.

Enter *Dizzy*.

Diz. Not so little as you may imagine, my lord—
hugh, hugh— [Coughs.]

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha.

Daf. Angels and ministers! what cousin! we were got among your trees.

Diz. you are heartily welcome to any one of 'em gentlemen, for a proper purpose—Hugh, hugh.

Lord Racket. Well said, *Dick*. How quick his wit, and how youthful the rogue looks!

Daf. Bloomy and plump—the country air is a fine thing, my lord——

Diz. Well, well, be as jocular as you please; I am not so ill, as you may wish or imagine;—I can walk to *Knightsbridge* in an hour, for an hundred pound.

Lord Rack. I bet you an hundred of that, *Dizzy*.

Daf. I'll lay you a hundred, *Dick*, that I drive a sow and pigs to your lodgings, before you can get there.

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Diz. Done, I say; (*Draws bis purse.*) Done—two hundred—done—three.

Lord Rack. I'll take *Dizzy*, against your sow and pigs,

Sir Wil. I take the field against *Dizzy*.

Lord Rack. Done.

Spin. Done.

Diz. Damn your sow and pigs; I am so sick with the thoughts of running with 'em, that I shall certainly faint.—*Smells to a bottle.*—hugh, hugh—

Daf. Cousin *Dizzy* can't bear the mention of pork—he hates it—I knew it would work. [*Aside to the rest.*]

Diz. I wish you had not mention'd it—I can't stay—Damn your sow and pigs—Here, waiter, call a chair—Damn your sow and pigs!—hugh, hugh. [*Exit Dizzy.*]

Daf. Poor *Dizzy*—what a passion he is in!—Ha, ha, ha.

Lord Rack. The woods are yours, *George*, you may whet the axe—*Dizzy* won't live a month.

Daf. Pooh, this is nothing—he was always weakly—

Sir Wil. 'Tis a family misfortune, *Daffodil*.

Enter WAITER.

Wait. Mr. *Dizzy*, gentlemen, dropp'd down at the stair foot, and the cook has carried him behind the bar.

Daf. Lay him upon a bed, and he'll come to himself.

[*Exit Waiter.*]

Lord Rack. I'll bet fifty pound, that he don't live till morning.

Sir Wil. I'll lay six to four, he don't live a week.

Daf. I'll take your fifty pound.

Spin. I'll take your lordship again.

Lord Rack. Done, with you both.

Sir Tan. I'll take it again.

Lord Rack. Done, done, done;—but I bar all assistance to him—not a physician, or surgeon sent for—or I am off.

Daf. No, no; we are upon honour—There shall be none, else it should be a bubble bet.—There shall be none.

Sir Wil. If I were my lord, now, the physicians should attend him.

Enter WAITER with a letter.

Wait. A letter for his honour—[*Gives it to Daffodil.*]

[*Daffodil reads it to himself.*]

Sir Wil.

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Sir Wil. Daffodil, remember the first of *April*—and let the women alone.

Daf. Upon my soul you have hit it—'tis a woman's faith—Something very particular, and if you are in spirit, for a scheme—

L. Rack. Ay, ay; come, come; a scheme, a scheme!

Daf. There then, have among you.

[Throws the letter upon the table.

Lord Rack. [Reads, all looking on.] Hum——' If the 'liking your person be a sin, what woman is not guilty? '—hum hum—at the end of the *Bird-cage walk*—about 'seven—— where the darkness and privacy will besfriend 'my blushes; I will convince you, what trust I have in 'your secrecy and honour.—Yours,

INCOGNITA.

Daf. Will you go?

Lord Rack. What do you propose.

Daf. To go——If after-I have been with her half an hour, you'll come upon us—and have a blow up.

Sir Wil. There's a gallant for you!

Daf. Prithee, *Sir William*, be quiet—must a man be in love with every woman that invites him!

Sir Wil. No; but he should be honourable to 'em, *George*—and rather conceal a woman's weakness, than expose it—I hate this work—so, I'll go to the coffee-house.

[Exit *Sir William*.

Lord Rack. Let him go—don't mind him, *George*; he's married, and past fifty—this will be a fine frolic—devilish high——

Daf. Very!—Well, I'll go and prepare myself—put on my surtout, and take my chair to *Buckingham-Gate*—I know the very spot.

Lord Rack. We'll come with flambeaux—you must be surpriz'd, and——

Daf. I know what to do—Here, waiter, waiter;

Enter WAITER.

How does cousin *Dizzy*?

Wait. Quite recover'd, Sir;—he is in the *Phoenix* with two ladies, and has order'd a boil'd chicken and jellies.

Lord Rack. There's a blood for you! without a drop in his veins.

Daf. Do you stay with him, then, till I have secur'd my lady;

lady ; and in half an hour from this time come away, and bring *Dizzy* with you.

Lord Rack. If he'll leave the ladies—Don't the *Italian* marquis dine with us to-morrow ?

Daf. Certainly.

Lord Rack. Well do you mind your business—and I'll speak to the cook to shew his genius—allons !

[*Exit Daffodil.*

Lord Rack. Tom, bid the cook attend me to-morrow morning on special affairs— [*Exit Lord Racket, etc.*

2d Wait. I shall, my lord.

1st Wait. I'll lay you, *Tom*, five six-pences to three, that my lord wins his bett with his honour *Daffodil*.

2d Wait. Done with you *Harry*.—I'll take your half crown to eighteen-pence— [*Bell rings within.*

1st Wait. Coming, Sir ;—I'll make it shillings, *Tom*.

2d Wait. No *Harry*, you've the best on't. (*Bell rings.*)
Coming, Sir. I'll take five shillings to two. (*Bell rings.*)
Coming, Sir.

1st Wait. Coming, Sir.—No, five to three.

2d Wait. Shillings ?—Coming, Sir.

1st Wait. No—Sixpences—

2d Wait. Done—Sixpences. (*Bell rings.*) Here, Sir.

1st Wait. And done. (*Bell rings.*) Coming, Sir.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter ARABELLA, Mrs. DAMPLY, Lady FAN, PEWIT, Mrs. DOTTEREL, TUKELY, in Women's Cloaths, and SOPHIA in Mens.

Ladies. All. Ha, ha, ha,

Arab. What a figure ! and what a scene !

Tuke. Dear ladies, be as merry with my figure as you please—Yet you shall see, this figure, awkward as it is, shall be prefer'd in its turn, as well as you have been.

Soph. Why will you give yourself this unnecessary trouble, Mr. *Tukely*, to convince these ladies, who had rather still be deluded, and will hate your friendship for breaking the charm ?

Arab. My dear cousin, tho' you are satisfied, these ladies are not ; and if they have their particular reasons for their infidelity ; pray let 'em enjoy it, 'till they have other proofs than your prejudices.

Soph. Ay, *Bell*, we have all our prejudices.

Tuke.

Tuke. What signifies reasoning, when we are going up on the experiment? Dispose of yourselves behind those trees, and I will repair to the place of appointment, and draw him hither; but you promise to contain yourselves, let what will happen. Hear, and see; but be silent.—

[*Exit Tuke.*]

Soph. A severe injunction, indeed, ladies—but I must to my post.

[*Exit Sophia.*]

Widow Damp. If he's a villain, I can never hold!

Lady Pew. I shall tear his eyes out.

Mrs Dot. For my part, if I was unmarried, I should not think him worth my anger.

Arab. But as you are, madam——

Mrs Dot. I understand your insinuations, miss *Bell*: but my character and conduct need no justification.

Arab. I beg pardon, madam; I intended no offence.

But hast to your posts, ladies; the enemy's at hand.

[*They retire behind the trees.*]

Enter TUKELY and DAFFODIL.

Tuke. [*In a woman's voice.*] For heaven's sake, let us be cautious—I am sure I heard a noise.

Daf. 'Twas nothing but your fear, my angel!—don't be alarm'd there can be no danger; while we have love and darkness to befriend us.

Tuke. Bless, me, how my heart beats!

Daf. Poor soul! what a fright it is in!—You must not give way to these alarms—Were you as well convinc'd of my honour, as I am of your charms, you wou'd have nothing to fear——

[*Squeezes her hand.*]

Arab. Upon my word!——

[*Aside.*]

Widow Damp. So, so, so.

Tuke. Hold, Sir, you must take no liberties—But, if you have the least feeling for an unhappy woman, urg'd by her passion to this imprudent step, assist me—forgive me—let me go.

Daf. Can you doubt my honour? can you doubt my love? what assurance can I give you to abate your fears?

Mrs Dot. Very slender ones, I can assure her. (*Aside.*)

Tuke. I deserve to suffer all I feel——For what, but the most blinded passion, cou'd induce me to declare myself to one, whose amours and infidelities are the common topics of conversation.

Daf. Flattering creature ! (*Aside.*)—May I ever know your dear name, see your charming face, touch your soft hand, or hear your sweet voice, if I am not more sincere in my affection for this little finger, than for all the sex besides. [*The ladies seem astonish'd.*]

Tuke. Except the widow *Damply*.

Daf. She !—Do you know her, madam ?

Tuke. I have not that honour—

Daf. I thought so—Did you never see her, madam, nodding and goggling in her old-fashion'd heavy chariot, drawn by a pair of lean hackney horses, with a fat blackamoor footman behind, in a scanty-livery, red greasy stockings, and a dirty turban ?

[*The widow seems disorder'd.*]

Tuke. All which may be only a foil to her beauty. [*Sigs.*]

Daf. Beauty ! don't sigh, madam, she is past forty, wears a wig, and has lost two or three foreteeth.—And then, she has so long a beard upon her upper lip, and takes so much *Spanish* snuff, that she looks, for all the world, like the *Great Mogul* in petticoats ; ha, ha. —

Wid. Damp. what falshood and ingratitude ! [*Aside.*]

Tuke. Cou'd I descend to the slander of the town, there is a married lady—

Daf. Poor *Mrs. Dotterel*, you mean—

Mrs. Dot. Why am I to be mentioned !—I have nothing to do.

Widow Damp. Nay, nay ! you must have your share of the panegyric.

Tuke. She is young, and has wit.

Daf. She's an idiot, madam ; and as fools are generally loving, she has forgot all her obligations to old *Mr Dotterel*, who married her without a petticoat ; and now seizes upon every young fellow she can lay her hands upon ; she has spoil'd me three suits of cloaths, with tearing the flaps and sleeves.—Ha, ha, ha.

Mrs. Dot. Monster of iniquity ! —

Daf. She has even stormed me in my own house ; but with all my faults, madam, you'll never find me over-fond of age, or ignorance.

Wid. Damp. I cou'd tear him to pieces. —

Mrs. Dot. I will tear him to pieces.

Arab. Be quiet—And we'll all tear him to pieces.

Tuke.

THE MALE-COQUETTE.

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Tuke. He has swallow'd the hook, and can't escape.

[*Aside.*

Daf. What do you say, madam?

Tuke. I am only sighing, Sir.

Daf. Fond creature! (*Aside.*) I know there are a thousand stories about me: you have heard too of lady Fandy Pewit, I suppose? don't be alarm'd.

Tuke. I can't help it, Sir. She is a fine woman, and a woman of quality.

Daf. A fine woman, perhaps, for a woman of quality—but she is an absolute old maid, madam' almost as thick as she is long—middle-aged, homely and wanton! that's her character.

L. Pew. Then there is no sincerity in man.

Going.

Arab. Positively, you shan't stir.

Daf. Upon my soul. I pity the poor creature!—She is now upon her last legs.—If she does not run away with some foolish gentleman this winter—she'll return into the country, and marry her footman—Ha, ha, ha.

Lady Pew. My footman shall break his bones, I can tell him that.

Daf. Hush, madam! I protest, I thought I heard a voice—I wonder they don't come.

[*Aside.*

Tuke. 'Twas only I Mr *Daffodil*—I was murmuring to you.

[*Sighs.*

Daf. Pretty murmurer!—Egad, if they don't come soon the lady will grow fond.

[*Aside.*

Tuke. But among your conquests, Mr *Daffodil*, you forget miss *Sopby Sprightly*.

Daf. And her cousin *Arabella*—I was coming to 'em; poor, silly, good-natur'd, loving fools;—I made my addresses to one thro' pique, and the other for pity—That was all.

Tuke. O, that I could believe you!

Daf. Don't be uneasy, I'll tell you how it was, madam—You must know, there is a silly, self-sufficient fellow one

Tukely.——

Tuke. So, so, (*Aside,*) I know him a little.

Daf. I am sorry for it—The less you know of him the better; the fellow pretended to look fierce at me, for which I resolv'd to have his mistress: so I threw in my line, and without much trouble hook'd her. Her poor cousin too nibbled at the bait, and was caught.—So I have have had my re-

venge upon *Tukely*, and now I shal willingly resign poor *Sopby*, and throw him in her cousin, for a make-weight.—
Ha, ha, ha!

Lady. Pew. This is some comfort at least.

Arab. Your ladyship is better than you was.

[*Noise without.*

Tuke. I vow I hear a noise.—What shall we do! It comes this way.

Daf. They can't see us, my dear.—I wish my friends would come. (*Aside.*) Dont whisper or breathe.

Enter SOPHIA, in a Surtout, and slouch'd Hat.

Soph. If I cou'd but catch her at her pranks—she certainlv must be this way—for the chair is waiting at the end of *Rosamond's* pond—I have thrown one of her chairmen into it—and if I cou'd but catch her——

Tuke. O, sir! my passion has undone me—I am discover'd; it is my husband, *Sir George*, and he is looking for me——

Daf. The devil it is! why then, madam, the best way will be for you to go to him—and let me sneak off the other way.

Tuke. Go to him, Sir! what can I say to him?

Daf. Any thing, madam—say you had the vapours, and wanted air.

Tuke. Lord, Sir!——he is the most passionate of mortals; and I am afraid is in liquor too—and then he is mad.

Soph. If I cou'd but catch her—— [Looking about.

Daf. For your sake, madam, I'll make the best of my way home——

[*Going.*

Tuke. What! wou'd you leave me to the fury of an enraged husband? is that your affection? [Holds him.

Soph. If I cou'd but catch her—ha? what's that? I saw something move in the dark—the point of my sword shall tickle it out, whatever it is. [Draws, and goes towards 'em.

Tuke. For heaven's sake draw, and fight him, while I make my escape.

Daf. Fight him!—'twou'd be cowardly to fight in the dark, and with a drunken man—I'll call the sentry.

Tuke. And expose us to the world?

Daf. I wou'd to heav'n we were (*Aside.*)—He comes forward.) Let me go, madam, you pinch me to the bone.

Tuke. He won't know us—I have my masque on.

[*Lad.*

Lad. Ha! ha! ha!

Soph. What, is the devil and his imps playing at blind-man's buff?—Ay, ay, here he is, indeed—Satan himself, dress'd like a fine gentleman—Come, come, Mr. Devil, out with your pitch-fork, and let us take a thrust or two.

Daf. You mistake me, Sir, I am not the person—indeed I am not—I know nothing of your wife, Sir *George*—and if you know how little I care for the whole sex, you wou'd not be so furious with an innocent man.

Soph. who are you then!—and what are you doing with that blackamoor lad there—dancing a saraband with a pair of castanets? Speak, Sir!

Daf. Pray forbear, Sir, here's company coming that will satisfy you in every thing—Hallo, hallo,—Here, here, here; (*Hallo's faintly*) my lord, my lord,—*Spinner, Dizzy* Hallo!

Enter Lord RACKET, Sir TAN-TIVY, SPINNER, and DIZZY with Torches.

Lord Rack. What's the matter here?—who calls for help?

Daf. (*Running to 'em with his sword drawn.*) O, my friends, I have been wishing for you this half hour. I have been set-upon by a dozen fellows—They have all made their escape, but this—My arm is quite dead—I have been at cart and tierce with 'em all, for near a quarter of an hour.

Soph. In buckrum, my lord!—He was got with my property here, and I wou'd have chastis'd him for it, if your coming had not prevented it.

Daf. Let us throw the rascal into *Rosamond's* pond.

Lord Rack. Come, Sir, can you swim!

[*All going up.* *TUKELY* snatches *SOPHIA's* Sword and she runs be'nd him.

Tuke. I'll defend you, my dear—What, wou'd you murder a man, and lie with his wife too?—O! you are a wicked gentleman, Mr. *Daffodil*. [*Attacks Daffodil.*

Daf. Why, the devil's in the woman, I think.

[*All the ladies advance from behind.*

Lad. Ha, ha, you! your humble servant, Mr. *Daffodil*, ha, ha, ha. [*Curtseying.*

Daf. This is all enchantment!

Lady

Lady Pew. No, Sir, the enchantment is broke—and the old maid, Sir, homely and wanton, before she retires into the country, has the satisfaction of knowing that the agreeable Mr. *Daffodil* is a much more contemptible mortal than the footman which his goodness has been pleas'd to marry her to.

Lad. Ha, ha, ha.

Widow Damp. Wou'd Mr. *Daffodil* please to take a pinch of *Spanish* snuff out of the *Great Mogul's* box? 'Tis the best thing in the world for low spirits.

[Offers her box.

Lad. Ha, ha, ha.

Mrs Dot. If a fool may not be permitted to speak, *Daffodil*, let her at least be permitted to laugh at so fine a gentleman—Ha, ha, ha.

Arab. Were you as sensible of shame, as you are of fear, the sight of me, whom you lov'd for pity, wou'd be revenge sufficient——But I can forgive your baseness to me, much easier than I can myself, for my behaviour to this happy couple

Daf. who the devil are they?

Arab. The ladies, marquiss and marchioness of *Macaroni*, ha, ha.

Sopb. Ha, Mio Carrissimo amico, il Signior *Daffodillo*!

Daf. How! *Tukely* and *Sophia*!——If I don't awake soon, I shall wish never to wake again.

Sopb. Who bids fairest for *Rosamond's* pond?

Lord Rack. What, in the name of wonder, is all this business! I don't understand it.

Diz. Nor I neither; but 'tis very drole, faith.

Tuke. The mystery will clear in a moment.

Daf. Don't give yourself any trouble, Mr *Tukely*. Things are pretty clear as they are—The night's cool, and my cousin *Dizzy*, here, is an invalid—If you please, another time, when there is less company, (*Ladies laugh.*)—The ladies are pleas'd to be merry, and you are pleas'd to be a little angry; and so, for the sake of tranquility——I'll go to the opera.

[*Daffodil*, sneaking out by degrees.

Lord Rack. This is a fine blow-up, indeed! ladies, your humble servant—Hallo! *Daffodil.* Exit Lord Racket.

Diz. I'll lay you a hundred, that my cousin never intrigues again.—George! George! Don't run—Hugh, hugh—

Exit *Dizzy*.

Tuk

THE MALE-COQUETTE.

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Tuke. As my satisfaction is compleat, I have none to ask of Mr *Daffodil*. I forgive his behaviour to me, as it has hasten'd and confirm'd my happiness here; To (*Sophia*.) —But as a friend to you, ladies, I shall insist upon his making you ample satisfaction—However, this benefit will arise, that you will hereafter equally detest and shun these destroyers of your reputation——

*In You coquetry is a loss of fame ;
But in Our sex, 'twas that e'rested name
That marks the want of manhood, virtue, sense, and shame.* }



THE GAMESTERS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

Wilding, Mr. Garrick.
Hazard, Mr. Palmer.
Acreless, Mr. Walker.
Littlestock, Mr. Jefferson.
Sellaway, Mr. Vernon.
Barnacle, Mr. Yates.
Nephew, Mr. Woodward.
Dwindle, Mr. Vaughan.

Page, Master Cautherly.
Box-keeper, Mr. Ackman.
Servant, Mr. Brownsmith.
Careless, Mr. Beard.
Drawer, Mr. Atkins.

W O M E N.

Mrs. Wilding, Mrs. Cibber.
Penelope, Miss Macklin.

A C T I.

Enter WILDING and PENELOPE.

WILDING.

WHAT need you be so coy now?
Pen. Pray collect

Yourself; remember that you are, and whose:
You have a virtuous gentlewoman; think
Upon your faith to her.

Wild. Think of a fiddle-stick!

While you put me in mind of what I am,
You quite forget yourself. My wife I allow
Your kinswoman far off; to whom, a widow,
Your father left you, with a handsome fortune;
Which, by her marriage, I have in possession.
And you too; therefore, as you hope to be
In duetime worth a husband, think upon't.
I can deserve respect; then wisely use me,
As you would keep me.

Pen. This is but a trial
Of my strength; for I know you have more charity,
(Should I consent) than shipwreck your own honour.

But

But take heed, sir, how you proceed to jes
With frailty; lest too much disordering
Your good thoughts, you forget, and by degrees
Lose your own innocence.

Wild. I jest? you'd have me swear:
And yet you should not think it such a wonder
To love, sure. Come, shake off this frost; it spoils thee;
Your nature should be soft and flexible.
Perhaps, thou think'st—I do not love thee heartily,
I know not how to give thee better testimony,
Than by offering myself to thee, if my wife die,
As ten to one she's not immortal we
May couple t'other way.

Pen. What argument is this
To assure the truth of your affection to me,
That break your vows to her?

Wild. Oh! great argument,
An' you observe; she was a widow, when
I marry'd her; thou'rt a young maid, and handsome.

Pen. Can you be so ungrateful then, to punish
Whom you should reward? Remember, sir, she brought you
That wealth you have; took you from nothing—

Wild. There's reason then for nothing I should love her.
Hang her estate! I was held a proper man;
And in that point deserv'd her, an' she had millions:
An' I were free again, I would not draw
I th' team of marriage, for ten subsidies;
Not to command a province.

Pen. Yet you said,
Were your wife dead, you'd marry me.

Wild. Only thee, and nobody else.

Pen. 'Twere dangerous to have many.

Wild. To have one, is little less than madness: come,
won't promise?

Enter Mrs. WILDING. (behind)

Pen. What?

Wild. A 'course you know my meaning.

Mrs. Wild. I do not like this whispering; why with her
So close in parly?

Wild. W'ot thou do this feat for me?
'Tis finish'd in a pair of minutes.

Pen. Yes, upon one condition.

Wild. What condition?

Pen.

Pen. That your wife give consent; you shall then command me. [Exit Pen.]

Wild. I'll undertake to go a pilgrimage To Jerusalem, and return sooner. Wou'd I did not love thee, love thee infinitely—— That's all; 'tw'nnot do—My wife!—I hope She has not eaves-dropp'd us. What pity 'tis She cannot find the way to heav'n? I should not Trouble her in haste. These wives will have no conscience, But stick to us everlastingly! Now, lady, How did your monkey rest all night? you look As you had not said your prayers yet; I won't disturb you.

Mrs. Wild. Pray, sir, stay; let me but know Some reason why you use me thus unkindly? If I have been guilty of offence, I am not Past hope, but with the knowledge of my error 'Tis possible I may amend and please you.

Wild. I do not like you.

Mrs. Wild. You did marry me.

Wild. Yes, I did marry you; here's too much record for't. I would there were a parson to unmarry us! If any of our clergy had that faculty, He might repair the old, and build as many New abbeys through the kingdom, in a twelve-month. Shall I speak truth? I never much affected thee; I married thee for thy soul's sake, not thy body: Yet I do not hate thee. Witness, I dare kiss; Hold thee by the hand, sleep in the same house, Nay, in the same bed sometimes; but——

Mrs. Wild. What, sir?

Wild. You have a scurvy quality, wife; I told you on't.

Mrs. Wild. Once more; and I'll correct it.

Wild. You are given to be jealous. I cannot Ramble abroad in gentlemen's company Whole days, lie out at nights, but you suspect I am wanton. 'Tis ill done; it becomes no modest Woman that loves her husband, to be jealous, Whate'er she sees or hears; mend, mend this fault, You do not know how it may work upon me. Some wives will bid their husbands leverets welcome; Nay, keep house together; but you ne'er did it; Know their own chamber, and not come forth 'Till they be sent for. These morals I have read

Before

Before now; but you put them not in practice;
 Nor, for ought I perceive, have disposition to't;
 Therefore I'll take my course.

Mrs. Wild. To shew I can
 Be obedient to my griefs, from this time s'r,
 I wo't urge with one unwelcome syllable,
 How much I am neglected; I'll conceal it
 Too from the world; your shame must needs be mine.
 I see you do not love me; where your heart
 Hath plac'd a worthier thought, let it dwell ever:
 Freely pursue your pleasures; I will have
 No passion that shall mutiny; you are,
 And shall be lord of me still.

Wild. I like this, if it be no disguise.

Mrs. Wild. Do not suspect me;
 I would swear by a kiss, if you'd vouchsafe it;
 You shall not keep a servant, that shall be more humble.

Wild. And obedient to my will?

Mrs. Wild. In all things.

Wild. I'll try you then.

[*Aside.*

But if I bring home a mistress——

Mrs. Wild. I'll be patient:

Wild. What if there be one
 Already, that does please me? will you not
 Repine, and look awry upon's, when we
 Make much of one another?

Mrs. Wild. So you will but sometimes smile on me too:
 I'll endeavour.

Wild. Well said, this may do good upon me; as
 I find you prompt in this, I may consider
 Other matters; to tell you true, I like
 Your kinswoman.

Mrs. Wild. How!

Wild. How; why as a man shou'd like her; but
 I find her cold and peevish. How she may
 Be brought about, I know not. 'Twould shew well,
 And be a precedent for other wives,
 If you would put your help to't.

Mrs. Wild. Goodness bless me!

Wild. One woman with another can do more,
 In such a cause, than twenty men. I do not
 Wander, you see, out of the blood; this will
 Be a way to justify your obedience.

Mrs.

Mrs. Wild. You shew a tyrant now; and, stead of framing
My soul to patience, murder both.

Wild. Nay, nay, child, if you are out of humour at trifles,
I must leave you——

Mrs. Wild. Stay, sir.

Wild. Not now my dear—when you are cool again, you
may expect me. [Exit singing.

Mrs. Wild. This is not to be borne; my patience is worn
out; and one way or other, I must have some respite to my
tortures. [Exit.

S C E N E, *the Street.*

WILDING, solus.

I have gone too far, a conscience——this may spoil all;
and, now I think upon't, I was a coxcomb to discover any
party.——I must deny't again, and carry things more closely.—But let me see, why do I use this wife of mine thus terribly? she gave me all—ay, that all's the devil! my desires are satisfied, and I have got not a grain of inclination left:—vanity is the thing—in eating, music, wine, or women; nothing but variety gives the palate to them all: now, my wife is always in the same tune, the same dish, the same dull bottle of port; and, to sum up all, the same woman——'twill never do—How now, Will?

Enter HAZARD.

Haz. How now, Will? is that all?
Look up, and ask me a question like a man;
What melancholy?

Wild. No, no, a toy, a trifle.

Haz. That should be a woman; who is't thou art thinking-on?

I have been of your council——

Wild. I was thinking—o' my wife!
We have had a dialogue; come, thou know'st my bosom.

Haz. When do'st mean to use her well?

Wild. I know not; but I have offer'd fair conditions.
She is very confident I do not doat
Upon her beauty: I told her, sirrah,
I love her kinswoman.

Haz.

Haz. Y'are not so mad?

Wild. The world's deceiv'd in her; she'll give me leave
To ramble where I list; and feed upon
What best delights my appetite.

Haz. He that has
An ambition to be strangled in his sleep,
May tell his wife he loves another woman.

Wild. But I was not content with this. Because
The other wench was somewhat obstinate,
I must needs urge my wife to mollify
And mold her for my purpose.

Haz. And she consented?

Wild. No 'T would do not
This went against her stomach, and we parted.

Haz. Next time you see her, look to be presented
With your mistres' nose for this. Do'st think a woman
Can be so patient, to know her rival
I' th' same roof, and leave her eyes to see thee
Again? I am sorry for thee.

Wild. I am confident
She dare not: but for all that, would I had
Been less particular.

Haz. Come, I love thee well;
But not thy wit, to carry things no handsomer;
You must unravel again, and make your wife
Believe you did but try her.

Wild. Prithee drop the subject: don't set my teeth on
edge with talking so much about my wife.—Can'st not see
by my wry faces, that 'tis holding the vial to my nose, af-
ter I have taken the physic.—Prithee no more of her—now
tell me, what brought thee this way!

Haz. was going to meet old Barnacle.

Wild. Barnacle! what can such opposites possible do to-
gether? he wants you to beat somebody for him.

Haz. Faith, Jack, I have no superfluous valour to dispose
of—I have but just enough to defend myself from the im-
pertinence of some, and the villainy of others.

Wild. A gamester by profession, Will, shou'd be always
ready to draw his sword, as the circumstances of play, and
the support of his honour, may require it.

Haz. Yes, there are gamesters who are ever drawing their
swords to support their honour, and of consequence are for
ever fighting.

Wild

Wild. And they find their account in't—For gentlemen in general had much rather submit to have their pockets pickt, than run the risque of having their throats cut; but prithee, *Hazard*, how do you escape these firedrakes? for you are pretty open and direct in your censures upon 'em.

Haz. What will they get by quarelling with me? they know I dare fight, and that I hate a scoundrel; and whenever madam *Fortune* is pleas'd to jilt, and strip me, I always fall upon her bullies; and as they don't love fighting, for fighting sake, they call me an odd fellow, and let me alone.

Wild. Ha, ha, ha! but to return to *Barnacle*—What is become of that genius his nephew?

Haz. Just now return'd from college as great a genius as he went—He has been exposing himself these two years at the university, in the characters of the rake and the scholar, and now is come up to make the same figure in town.

Wild. Is not he an insufferable blockhead?

Haz. Yes, an insufferable blockhead; but not absolutely ignorant, his tutor has got words into him without ideas; so his folly and scholarship set one another off to a most ridiculous advantage.

Wild. What *Greek* and *Latin* he has, I suppose, lies in his head, as his uncle's money does in the chest, without being of the least use to himself, or any body else.

Haz. You are mistaken, sir; his uncle will spare no expence to make his hopeful kinsman a fine gentleman.

Wild. Then the matter is out—he comes to bind him apprentice to you.

Haz. Your humble servant.

Wild. His debauchery will become him as little as his learning, so that in time we shall see the hopeful youth not only contemptible but infamous.

Haz. Is not that the old gentleman yonder, coming this way?

Wild. It is indeed; and therefore I shall leave you to your entertainment—squeeze a few hundreds out of him, if you can—I must back to my kinswoman—I can't rest without her—Shall I see you at the old place this afternoon?

[Exit *Wild.*

Haz. You shall—I wish I could get this *Penelope* out of his hands. She's a charming girl, and though she has not quite money enough to be made a wife of, by one of no fortune.

fortune, yet she has too many good qualities to be made a sumpet of, by such a fellow as *Wilding*—he will not succeed surely—what should be the business, that old *Barnacle* has desired my conference? 'tis not to lend me money sure—he's here.

Enter BARNACLE.

Bar. Master *Hazard*!

Haz. I was coming to you, sir.

Bar. I am fortunate to prevent so great a trouble ; There is a business, sir, wherein I must desire your favour.

Haz. Mine? command it, sir.

Bar. Nay, I'll be thankful too ; [*shewing a purse of money.*]

I know you are
A gentleman.

Haz. That shou'd incline you to think
I am not mercenary.

Bar. I beseech you, sir,
Mistake me not ; rewards are due to virtues,
And honour must be cherish'd.

Haz. What's your purpose?
Pray clear my understanding.

Bar. To be plain, sir,
You have a name, i' the town for a brave fellow.

Haz. How, sir ! you do not come to jeer me ?

Bar. Patience, I mean you have the opinion
Of a valliant gentleman ; one that dares
Fight and maintain your honour against odds.
The sword-men do acknowledge you ; the bailiffs
Observe their distance ; all the swaggering puffs
Strike their topsails. I have heard them in the streets
Say—there goes daring *Hazard* ; a man careless
Of wounds ; and tho' he has not had the luck
To kill so many as another, dares
Fight with all them that have.

Haz. You have heard this?

Bar. And more, and more : mistake me not,
I do not all this while account you in
The list of those are called the blades, that roar
In brothels, that break windows, that swear dammees,
To pay their debts : and march like walking armories,
With poniard, pistol, rapier, and baton,
As they would murder all the king's liege people,

And

And blow down streets: no, I repute you valliant
Indeed, and honour'd; and come now, without
More ceremony, to desire your favour;
Which, as you are a gentleman, I hope,
You'll not deny me.

Haz. Though your language
Be something strange, yet because I think you dare not
Intend me an abuse, I not question it.
Pray to the point; I do not think your come
To have me be your second.

Bar. I am no fighter;
Tho' I have seen a fence-school in my days,
And crack'd a cudgel; yet I come about
A fighting business.

Haz. You would have me beat somebody for you.

Bar. Not so, noble *Hazard*: yet
I come to intreat a valiant courtesy,
Which I am willing to requite in money;
I have bought gold to give you payment, sir;
'Tis a thing you may easily consent to,
And 'twill oblige me ever.

Haz. Be particular.

Bar. Then thus; you are not ignorant I have a nephew
sir.

Haz. You have so.

Bar. One that's like
To be my heir; the only one of my name
That's left: and one that may in time be made
A pretty fellow.

Haz. Very well; proceed.

Bar. You know, or you imagine, that I have
A pretty estate too.

Haz. Y^e are held a main rich man, sir;
In money able to weigh down an alderman.

Bar. I have more than I shall spend; how I come close;
I would have this nephew of mine converse with gentlemen.

Haz. And he does so.

Bar. I'll not pinch him in's allowance;
The university had almost spoil'd him.

Haz. With what?

Bar. With modesty; a thing, you know,
Not here in fashion: but that's almost cur'd;
I would allow him to be drunk —

Haz. You may, sir.

Bar. Or any thing, to speak him a gentleman.

Haz. With your favour, sir, let me be bold a little
To interrupt you; were not you a citizen?

Bar. 'Tis confess'd, sir.

Haz. It being a thriving way,
A walk wherein you might direct your nephew
Why dy'e not breed him so?

Bar. I apprehend;

And thus I satisfy you; we that had
Our breeding from a trade, cits as you call us,
Tho' we hate gentlemen ourselves, yet are
Ambitious to make all our children gentlemen;
In three generations they return again;
We for our children purchase land; they brave it
I' th' country, beget children, and they sell;
Grow poor, and send their sons up to be 'prentices:
There is a whirl in fate. The courtiers make
Us cuckolds; mark, we wringle into their
Estates; poverty makes their children citizens:
Our sons cuckold them. A circular justice!
The world turns round. But once more to the purpose.

Haz. To your nephew.

Bar. This nephew of mine I do love dearly:
He is all my care; I would be loath to lose him;
And to preserve him both in life and honour,
I come to you.

Haz. Now you come to me indeed, sir.

Bar. What shall I give you, sir, to let him——

Haz. What?

Bar. Pray, be not angry!

Haz. By no means.

Bar. There's no such security i' th' world;
I'll pay for't heartily.

Haz. For what?

Bar. What shall I give you, troth, and let him——

Haz. What?

Bar. Beat you, sir?

Haz. How?

Bar. Nay, do not, sir, mistake me: for altho'
I name it coarsely, I desire it should be
With your consent, no otherwise; my nephew
Is raw, and wants opinion; and the talk

Of such a thing! to beat a gentleman
That all the town's afraid of, would be worth,
In's credit, heaven knows what! alas, you cannot
Blame a kind uncle, to desire all means
To get his nephew fame, and keep him safe;
And this were such a way!——

Haz. To have me beaten.

Bar. Y' are i' th' right; but do not misconceive me.
Under your favour, my intention is not
He should much hurt you: if you please to let him
Quarrel, or so, at tavern, or where else
You shall think fit; and throw a pottle-pot——

Haz. At my head?

Bar. Yes; or a bottle: still under your correction;
Only that some of your acquaintance, and
Gentlemen may take notice, that he dares
Affront you, and come off with honour handsomely
Look here's a hundred pieces! tell 'em i' th' ordinary;
They're weight, upon my credit: play 'em not
Against light gold: this is the prologue to
My thanks; besides my nephew shall in private
Acknowledge himself beholden.

Haz. A hundred pieces! I want money.

Bar. Right.

Haz. You gave me this to let your nephew beat me?

Bar. Pray, take me with you: I do not mean he should,
By beating, hurt you dangerously—You may
Contrive the quarrel, so that he may draw
Some blood; or knock you o'er the pate, and so forth;
And come off bravely; this is all.

Haz. Well, sir;
You don't mean, you say, he should endanger
My life or limbs; all you desire, if I
Mistake not, is to get your nephew credit;
That being flesh'd, he may walk securely, and be held
Valiant, by gaining honour upon me.

Bar. You understand me right.

Haz. I'll put it up;
Pray send your nephew to me; we'll agree.

Bar. Agree, sir? you must quarrel, and he must beat you;
Else, 'tis no bargain.

Haz. Not before
We have concluded how things shall be carry'd.

Bar.

THE GAMESTERS.

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Bar. I must desire secrecy, and——

Haz. Here's my hand.

Bar. And there's my money.

Haz. Your nephew shall be a blade.

Bar. Why there's ten pieces more, 'cause you come off so freely; I'll send him to you.

Haz. Do so; why this, if the dice favour me, may bring all

My lands again. Be sure you send him; but

No words? for your nephew's credit.

Bar. Mum—I thank you heartily. [Exit.]

Haz. Be there such thing i' th' world? I'll first to the tavern:

There I am staid for: gentlemen, I come;

I'll be beat every day for such a sum. [Exit.]

A C T II.

Enter Mrs WILDING, and the Page.

Mrs WILDING.

WHERE's your master, boy?

Page. I know not, mistress.

Mrs Wild. Come nearer, sirrah; you are of your master's Council sometimes; come, be true in what I shall desire, and I shall find a time for your reward.

Page. How dy'e mean, mistress?

We pages meet rewards of several natures;

This great man gives us gold; that lady, gloves;

T'other, silk stockings, roses, garters; but

The lady and mistress whom we serve in ordinary,

Reserves another bounty for our closeness.

Mrs Wild. I see you can be a wag; but be] just to me, and secret——

Page. As your looking-glass;

That in your absence cannot be corrupted

To betray your complexion.

Mrs Wild. What private mistress does master Wilding visit?

Page. Who, my master?

Alas, forsooth, dy'e think he lets me know?

Mrs Wild. Nay, nay, dissemble not.

D 2

Page.

Page. I hire a coach
 Sometimes, or so, but ride always i' th' boot;
 I look at nobody but the passengers.
 I do not sit i' th' same box at plays with them;
 I wait at tavern, I confess, and so forth;
 And when he has supp'd, we must have time to eat too:
 And what would I trouble my conscience
 With being too officious till I am call'd for?
 'Tis true, he waits upon the ladies home;
 But 'tis so dark, I know not where they dwell:
 And the next day we have new ones; 'las, mere strangers
 To me, and I should be unmannerly
 To catechize 'em. If now and then there be
 Any superfluous cast waiting-woman:
 There be so many serving men about her,
 I cannot come to ask a question;
 And how should I know any thing?

Mrs Wild. I see you are old enough for vice.

Page. Alas, forsooth,
 You know, 'tis ill to do a thing that's wicked,
 But 'twere a double sin to talk on't too,
 If I were guilty; beside, forsooth, I know
 You would ne'er trust me again, if I should tell you.

Mrs Wild. Thou art deceiv'd, it shall endear thee more.

Page. I must beseech you
 To be excus'd; my master is my master;
 My feet are at your service, not my tongue;
 I would not forfeit my honour for the world.

Mrs Wild. Hence, thou old in villainy!
 But 'tis in vain to chide; leave me, and bid
 Mistress *Penelope* come hither.

Page. Yes, forsooth.—She is so frumpish.

[Exit.

Mrs Wild. I know not which way to begin: to me
 He has betray'd he loves her. Here she is;
 Now to the tryal.

Enter PENELOPE.

Pen. Will you be sad still, cousin? why dy'e grieve?
 Be kinder to yourself. Trust me, I weep,
 When I am alone for you.

Mrs Wild. Sorrow and I
 Are ta king leave, I hope? and these are only
 Some drops after the cloud has wept its violence.

Were

Were one thing finish'd, I should ne'er be sad more:
And I cannot despair to know it done,
Since the effect depends upon your love.

Pen. My love! 'tis justice you command my service:
I would I were so happy.

Mrs Wild. Make me so,
By your consent to my desire.

Pen. Pray name it.

Mrs Wild. I only ask your love; pray give it me.

Pen. My love! why do you mock my poor heart, which
Pours all it has upon you? y' are possess'd of that already.

Mrs Wild. You examine not
The extent of my request; for when you have
Given what I ask, your love; you must no more
Direct it as you please: the power's in me
How to dispose it.

Pen. And you shall for ever;
I have no passion that shall not know obedience to you.

Mrs Wild. Your love, by gift
Made mine, I give my husband. Do you love him?

Pen. I always did.

Mrs Wild. But in a nearer way:
Love him as I do.

Pen. I understand you not; or if you do
Suspect I cherish any lawless flame——

Mrs Wild. Thou art too innocent: be less and do
An act to endear us both: I know he loves thee;
Meet it, dear coz; 'tis all I beg of thee;
I know you think it a most strange request,
But it will make me fortunate.

Pen. Grief, I fear,
Hath made her wild.—Dy'e know what you desire?

Mrs Wild. Yes, that you love my husband: modesty
Will not allow me to discourse my wish
In every circumstance; but think how desperate
My wound is, that would have so strange a cure.
He'll love me then; and, trust me, I'll not study
Revenge, as other wives perhaps would do,
But thank thee; and indeed an act like this,
So full of love, with so much loss and shame too,
For mine and his sake, will deserve all duty.

Pen. I have no patience to hear more; and could
I let in a thought you meant this earnest,

I would forget I knew you ; but you cannot
 Be fall'n from so much goodness. I confess
 I have no confidence in your husband's virtue ;
 He has attempted me ; but shall hope sooner
 To leave a stain upon the sun, than bribe
 Me to so foul a guilt. I have no life
 Without my innocence ; and you cannot make
 Yourself more miserable than to wish it from me,
 Oh, do not lose the merit of your faith
 And truth to him, tho' he forget himself,
 By thinking to relieve yourself thus sinfully :
 But sure you do but try me all this while.

Mrs Wild. And I have found thee pure : be still preserv'd
 so.

But he will straggle farther——

Pen. Cherish hope ;

He rather will come back : your tears and prayers
 Cannot be lost.

Mrs Wild. I charge thee by thy love.
 Yet be rul'd by me. I'll not beso wicked
 To tempt thee in a thought shall blemish thee ;
 But as thou would'st desire my peace, and his
 Conversion, if his wantonness last with him,
 Appear more tractible ; allow him so much
 Favour, in smile and language, that he may not
 Think it impossible to prevail at last.

Pen. This may engage him farther, and myself to a dis-
 honour.

Mrs Wild. It shall work our happiness,
 As I will manage things ; 'tis but to seem :
 A look will cost thee nothing, nor a smile,
 To make his hopes more pleasing ; on my life
 Thou shalt be safe both in thy fame and person.
 Will you do this for my sake ?

Pen. I'll refuse no danger, if I suffer not in honor,
 To do you any service.

Mrs Wild. I have cast it
 Already in my brain ; but do not yet
 Inquire my purpose : as his folly leads
 Him to pursue you, let me know : and I'll
 By fair degrees acquaint you with my plot ;
 Which, built on no foul ends, is like to prosper ;
 And see, how aptly he presents himself——

Pr'ythee

THE GAMESTERS.

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Pr'ythee seem kind, and leave the rest to me.
He shall not see me.

[Exit.

Enter WILDING.

Wild. How now, cuz, was that
My wife went off?

Pen. Yes, sir,

Wild. Let her go; what said she to thee?

Pen. Nothing.

Wild. Thou art troubled!

Pen. Pray, to your knowledge, sir, wherein have I
Done injury to you, or her?

Wild. Has she abus'd thee?

I'll go kick her.

Pen. By no means, sir—I steal away your heart,
And meet at stol'n embraces?

Wild. Does she twit thee? I'll kick her like a foot-ball,
Sav but the word.

Pen. By no means think upon't; I have forgiven her.
You sha' not, sir, so much as frown upon her;
Pray do not, as you love me: we must study
A more convenient revenge.

Wild. How is this?

I pr'ythee, if she has been peremptory,
Which was none of our articles, let me instruct thee
How we shall be reveng'd.

Pen. Sir, I acknowledge
The growth and expectation of my fortune
Is in your love; and tho' I would not wrong her—
And yet, to have my innocence accus'd,
Is able to pervert it. Sir, your pardon;
I have been passionate: pray love your wife.

Wild. No, no, I'll love thee; indeed, indeed, I will.
Is she jealous?

Pen. You know she has no cause.

Wild. Let us be wise, and give her cause: shall's cuz?

Pen. Sir, if I be a trouble to your house
Your breath shall soon discharge me; I had thought
The tie of blood might have gain'd some respect.

Wild. Discharge thee the house? I'll discharge her,
And all her generation, thee excepted;
And thou shalt do't thyself; by this, thou shalt; [Kisses her.
Ha, she kisses with more freedom! this is better [Aside,
Than

Than if my wife had pleaded for me. *Pen*,
Thou shalt be mistress, wilt thou? come, thou shalt:
She's fit for drudgery.

Pen. Oh, do not say so.

Wild. Then I wo'not; but I love thee for thy spirit,
'Cause thou wilt be reveng'd. Punish her jealousy
The right way: when 'tis done, I would chuse
To tell her; it may kick up her heels another way.

Pen. Tell her what? you make me blush.

Wild. No, no, I'll tell nobody, by this hand, I will not.
[*Kisses it.*] Stay, stay, I have a diamond will become this
finger—'tis in my drawer above, I'll fetch it strait.

Pen. O, by no means.

Wild. 'Tis thine, 'tis thine, my girl, my soul is thine.

[*Exit.*]

Pen. Indeed Mrs *Wilding*, this is going a little too far for
you—there is something so like reality in all I have been
doing, that I am more than half in a fever already—this
playing with fire is a very foolish thing, but tho' I burn my
fingers I must go thro' with it.

Enter WILDING, with a Ring.

Wild. Here it is, *Pen*, as sparkling as thyself; wear it, and
let my wife stare out her eyes upon't.

Pen. I wo'not tak't upon such conditions.

Wild. Take it on any, take it on any——
She's come about,

Enter Page.

Page. Sir, master *Hazard* desires your company at the ta-
vern—he says there are none but gentlemen of your ac-
quaintance, Mr *Careless*, Mr *Littlestock*, and Mr. *Sellaway*.

Wild. He must excuse me——get you gone.

Pen. Stay, stay, boy—As you love me go, sir—Your ma-
ster will come. [*Exit Page.*]—Have no suspicions that I wish
your absence; I'll wear your gift, and study to be grateful.

Wild. I'll leave my boy behind—and shou'd my wife be
set on gossiping this afternoon, pretend thou, girl, some
slight indisposition to keep at home; and when she's gone,
let me but know it, and I'll leave the happiest run of dice to
catch a moment with thee.

Pen. I want not such strong proofs of your regard; I will
not stop your fortune.

Wild.

Wild. Then I'll not leave you now.

Pen. You must; indeed you must—When I can oblige you, I shall not prove ungrateful. [Exit.]

Wild. Both wind and tide are for me! no talk now of wife's consent, I'll not remove my siege—*When I can oblige you!*—Oh, 'twas sweetly spoken!—She is my own! I have her sure! quite sure—Now to the tavern and drink to the purpose. [Exit.]

SCENE, *The Tavern.*

Enter HAZARD, ACRELESS, LITTLESTOCK, SELLAWAY, and Drawer.

Haz. More wine.

Acr. Right, noble *Hazard*, here's to thee.

Haz. Let it come, boy; fill it me steeple high, I am in the vein of mirth, and I ha' cause, as you shall see in due time, Gentlemen, Mr *Littlestock*, thou art dreaming o' the dice.

Sell. He's melancholy.

Litt. Who, I?

Haz. I'll play the farrier then, and drench thee for the sullens. A health to all our mistresses; we have had 'em single, lets shuffle 'em now together. [Drinks.] Come, let us join a little music to our wine, and if his melancholy stands 'em both, I'll lay all the money in my pocket, which is no small sum, that he has a two-penny cord about him, and will make use of it before to-morrow morning.—Come, *Tom*, give us the gamester's apology, and if these are only qualms of conscience, this song will warm him like a dram,

SONG.

I.

*Ye youths of this town,
Who roam up and down,
To eat and to dress all your aim:
Be not squeamish and nice
To make friends of the dice,
All the world plays the best of the game.*

D 5

See

THE GAMESTERS.

II.

See how each profession
 And trade thro' the nation,
 Will dupe all they can without shame :
 Then why shou'd not we
 In our turn be as free,
 All the world plays the best of the game.

III.

The lawyers a note,
 Will squabble and quote,
 And learnedly plead and declaim ;
 Yet all this is but trick
 The poor client to nick,
 For the law plays the best of the game.

IV.

To gain his base ends
 Each lover pretends,
 To talk of his darts and his flame :
 By which he draws in
 The poor maiden to sin,
 Who is left with the worst of the game.

V.

The prudish coy maid
 With hypocrisy's aid,
 The foolish fond man does the same
 When the fool's in the net,
 The prude turns coquet,
 And her spouse has the best of the game.

VI.

The patriots so loud,
 Who roar to the croud,
 And mount to the summit of fame !
 Their mouths soon will shut,
 Then they shuffle and cut,
 And at court play the best of the game.

The

VII.

*The heroes so stout,
At home make a rout.
And swear the proud foe they will tame;
But alter their tones
When they think of their bones,
And for them play the best of the game.*

VIII.

*Then since the great plan
Is cheat as cheat can;
Pray think not my notions to blame:
In country and town,
From courtier to clown,
All the world plays the best of the game.*

Haz. 'Tis joyous, faith—I wonder *Jack Wilding* stays
—He's come in the nick.

Enter WILDING.

Wild. Save, save you, gallants; may a man come i' th' rear.

Haz. Give him his garnish.

Wild. Y' are not prisoner for the reck'ning, I hope,

Haz. For the reck'ning! Now y' are all together, gentlemen, I'll shew you a wonder—but come not too near; keep out o' th' circle—whatsoever you think on't, this is a hundred pound! Nay not so close; these pictures do shew best at distance, gentlemen—You see it—*Presto.*

Puts it up.

Wild. Nay, let's see it again.

Haz. Like to your cunning juggler, I ne'er shew my trick but once: you may hear more hereafter; what think you of this, Mr *Acreless*, Mr *Littlestock*, and Mr *Sellaway*?

Acr. We do not believe 'tis gold.

Haz. Perish then in your infidelity.

Wild. Let me but touch it.

Haz. It will endure, take my word for it—look you, for your satisfactions—no gloves off—you have devices to defalk—preserve your talons, and your talents 'till you meet with more convenient gamesters.

Litt. How cam'st by it?

THE GAMESTERS.

Wild. Thou dost little or none this morning.

Haz. I have brought it, gentlemen; and you in a mist,
Shall see what I paid for it. Thou hast not drank yet,
Wilding.

Ne'er fear the reck'ning, man:—more wine, you varlets!

Wild. But, hark thee, hark thee, *Will*, did'st win it?

Haz. No; but I may lose it e'er I go to bed;

Do'st think't shall musty? what's a hundred pound?

Sell. A miracle! but they are ceas'd with me.

Acr. And me too. Come let's drink.

Wild. No matter how it came *Will*: I congratulate
Thy fortune, and will quit thee now with good
News of myself. My cuz, I told thee of,
Is wheel'd about: she has took a ring off me;
We kiss'd, and talk'd, time out o' mind.

Haz. I know it;

My almanack says 'tis a good day to woo in;
Confirm'd by *Erra pater*, that honest *Jew*, too.
I'll pledge thee.

Enter DRAWER.

Draw. Mr *Hazard*, there are two gentlemen below en-
quire for you; and, Mr *Wilding*, this note for you.

Wild. For me? —

Haz. What kind of men are they?

Draw. One's something ancient: I heard him call
The other nephew.

Wild. *Victoria! Victoria!* *Will*, a summons from the i-
sland of love—my wife's absent, and *Pen* and I shall toy a-
way an hour, without fear or molestation.

Haz. Have a care, *Jack*; I love pleasure as well as thou;
but to obtain it at the expence of every virtue, is rather pay-
ing too dear for it.

Wild. What, a moralizing gamester! ha, ha, ha, 'tis envy,
Will, attacks thee in the shape of conscience: and was I,
like the foolish dog in the fable, to catch at the shadow and
drop my tit bit, thou would'st be the first to snap it up—but
I have no time to laugh at thee—I must away—the wench
calls, and I must fly. [Exit.

Haz. This affair perplexes me—How little do we know
of woman! had I had fortune enough to have ventur'd up-
on marriage, I would have fixt upon this cousin of his, pre-
ferable to the whole sex—but the devil is in them, and
will

will peep out one time or other—I don't know why, but I am vex'd at this affair—I'll never go to *Wilding's* house again.

Enter DRAWER.

Draw. Mr *Hazard*, the gentlemen without are very impatient to see you.

Haz. I beg their pardon, I had forgot 'em. I do caution you, gentlemen, beforehand to be fair condition'd; one of them, the nephew, is of a fiery constitution, and sensible of any affront: let his character prepare him for you.

Acr. Bring him not hither.

Haz. There is a necessity in it; I would not for a hundred pound but entertain him, now he knows I am here.

[Exit.

Sell. Why must we keep company with this disagreeable acquaintance?

Enter HAZARD again; with BARNACLE, his Nephew, and DWINDLE.

Acr. This is old *Barnacle*.

Litt. And that's his nephew; I have been in his company.

Sell. Is this the youth *Hazard* prepar'd us for? How busy they are!

Haz. You could not wish better opportunity: These are all gentlemen of good quality. I'll call him cousin first, if it please you, To endear him to their acquaintance.

Bar. I'll not be a witness of your passages myself; these will report as much as I desire. Sir, if you be beaten, I am satisfied.

Neph. But d'ye hear, uncle, are you sure you have made Your bargain wisely? they may cut my throat When you are gone; and what are you the wiser?

Dwindle, be you close to me.

Haz. I warrant you, we shall do things with discretion; If he has but grace to look and talk courageously.

Bar. He may be valiant for aught I know; Howsoever this will be a sure way To have him thought so, if he beat you soundly.

Neph. I do not like the company; But I have drank wine too, and that's the best on't We may quarrel on even terms. Look to't, *Dwindle*.

Dwin. Here's your safeguard. *[Shewing his stick.*

Haz.

THE GAMESTERS.

Haz. As I am a gentleman—be confident—I'll wait on you down, sir.

Bar. By no means; let him beat you to purpose, sir,

Haz. Depend upon me.

Bar. And when he has beat you, sir, I must beg another favour.

Bar. O, command me, sir.

Haz. Courage, you know, not only keeps the men in awe, but makes the woman admire.

Haz. What, must I pimp for your nephew too?

Bar. Lack a-day! no, no, no; tho' I'll let him have his swing too—but I must marry him forthwith; and I have one in my eye, that will fit him to a tittle.

Haz. Who is the happy creature you have destin'd for him?

Bar. No less a jewel, I assure you, than your friends ward, *Penelope*; there's money and beauty enough! will you put in a word for him?

Haz. Both to the lady, and my friend, and immediately too.

Bar. Only to clear the way a little, Mr. *Hazard*; I have a tongue myself, and can use it too, when once it is set a going.

Haz. I have heard of you at the hall.

Bar. Nay, and my nephew can speak it too: ay, and has your *rapperteers* too, when he's a little in drink, and he shan't want for that.

Haz. You're in the right, master *Barnacle*, not to let the hinges rust for want of a little oyling.

Bar. I have another purse for you, if you'll introduce us.

Haz. I'll do it.

Bar. But don't forget to be beaten tho'

Haz. Do you suspect my honor?

Bar. I don't, I don't—Well, nephew, mind your hits—Mr. *Hazard*, yours—I am full of joy!—and nephew, draw blood, do you hear?

[*Exit.*

Neph. Bye, uncle.

Haz. Come, sir; pray, gentlemen, bid my kinsman welcome; a spark that will demand your friendship.

Sell. His kinsman!—you are welcome.

Acr. He has power to command your welcome.

Litt. If I mistake not, I have had the happiness to a' been in your company before now:

Neph.

Neph. Mine, sir;—d'ye hear, what if I quarrel'd
[*Aside to Hazard.*

With him first? 'twill prepare me the better.

Haz. Do as you please; that's without my conditions.

Neph. I'll but give him now and then a touch; I'll close
Well enough, I warrant you.—You been in my
Company, Sir?

Litt. Yes, and at the tavern.

Neph. I paid the reck'ning then.

Litt. You came into our room——

Neph. Tell me of coming into your room!
I'll come again. You are a superfluous gentleman.

Litt. How's this?

Haz. Let him alone.

Litt. Sir, remember yourself.

Neph. I'll remember what I please, and forget what
I remember. Tell me of a reck'ning! what is't?
I'll pay't: no man shall make an ass of me,
Farther than a list. I care not a fiddle-stick
For any man's thund'ring: he that affronts
Me, is the son of a worm, and his father a whore.
I care not a straw, nor a broken point
For you. If any man dare drink to me,
I won't go behind the door to pledge him.

Acc. Why here's to you, sir.

Neph. Why there's to you, sir.

Twit me with coming into a room! I could find in my heart
to throw a pottle-pot,—I name nobody—I will kick any
man down stairs, that cannot behave himself like a gentle-
man. None but a slave would offer to pay a reck'ning be-
fore me. Where's the drawer? there's a piece at all adven-
tures. He that is my friend, I care not a rush; if any man
be my enemy, he is an idle companion, and I honour him
with all my heart.

Sell. This is a precious humour. Is he used to these mi-
stakes?

Litt. Your kinsman gives you privilege.

Neph. I desire no man's privilege: it skills not whether
I be kin to any man living.

Haz. Nay, nay, cousin, pray let me persuade you.

Neph. You persuade me! for what acquaintance? mind
your business, and speak with your taylor.

Haz. An' you be thus rude——

Neph.

Neph. Rude, sir! what then, sir?—hold me, *Dwindle*.

Sell. Nay, nay, *Will*, we bear with him for your sake;
He is your kinsman.

Haz. I am calm again:

Cousin, I am sorry any person here

Hath given you offence.

Neph. Perhaps, sir you,
Have given me offence. I do not fear you.
I have knock'd as round a fellow in my days.

Haz. And may again——

Sell. Be knock'd! a pox upon him: I know not what to
make of him.

Haz. Let me speak a word in private, sir.

Neph. I can be as private as you, sir.

Haz. Strike me a box o' th' year presently.

Neph. There's my hand on't—— [Strikes him.

Sell. Nay, nay, gentlemen——

Acr. Mr Hazard——

Neph. Let him call me to account: the reckning's paid.
Come *Dwindle*—*Veni, Vidi, Vici*. Huzza! [Exit.

Sell. The fellows mad: does he often mistake thus?

Haz. His courage is a little hard mouth'd, it runs away
with him now and then; we must exchange a thrust or
two; after bleeding he'll be cool.

Sell. The youth has a mind to shew himself; he is just
launch'd into life.

Litt. He'll soon be launch'd out of it again, if he goes on
in this way.

Haz. Priihee let's have no more of him; I shall under-
take to cure his fever—But harkee, friends, shall we meet
at the old place this evening?

Sell. By all means, there will be deep play, I hear—my
water mark is but low; but I'll go as deep as I can. Will
not *Wilding* be of our party too?

Haz. No, no; he has a love-matter upon his hands.

Sell. A love-matter! let him but hear the rattling of the
dice, and it will bring him from the arms of the finest wo-
man in the kingdom.

Haz. Pooh, pooh! you carry this too far.

Sell. I know him in this particular better than you, *Haz-
ard*—when he is in the circle of the gaming-table, 'tis all
magic, he has not power to move; and I challenge the de-
vil to bait his hook with a stronger temptation to draw him
out

out of it—besides, among ourselves, what was once with him occasional pleasure, is now become a necessary occupation: *Jack Wilding* has made a large gap in the widow's jointure.

Haz. Pshaw! rot your gossiping, don't abuse the generous wine you have been drinking, by mixing such scandal as this with it—stay till you get with your mistresses over their ratafia, and when you're maudling open the sluices of slander;—However we'll try the experiment; I'll meet you in the evening, and we'll write to him from the field of battle, and see to which his courage most inclines:

From love to gaming we'll his heart intice,

But woman will prevail,——

Sell.——I say the dice.

A C T. III.

Enter WILDING and PENELOPE.

WILDING.

THIS humour does become thee; I knew when
Thou didst consider what was offer'd thee,
Thy sullenness would shake off. Now thou look'st
Fresher than morning; in the melancholy,
Thy cloaths becomes thee not.

Pen. Y'are i' th' right;

I blam'd my taylor for't; but I find now,
The fault was in my countenance. Wou'd we had
Some music; I would dance now; la, la, la, [*Sings and dances.*]

Wild. Excellent! what a time shall I have on't?
Zounds, I am all on fire: how she glides!

Thou wot not fail, *Pen*?

Pen. This night——

Wild. At the hour of twelve.

Pen. But you must be as punctual i' th' conditions,
For my vow's sake; not speak a syllable.

Wild. I'll rather cut my tongue out than offend thee;
Kissing is no language.

Pen. If it be not too loud;
We must not be seen together, to avoid
Suspicion; I would not for a world my cousin
Should know on't.

Wild. She shall die in ignorance.

Pen.

Pen. No light I charge you.

Wild. The devil shall not see us
With his sawcer eyes: and if he stumble in
The dark, there sha' not be a stone i' th' chamber
To strike out fire with's horns. All things shall be
So close, no lightning shall peep in upon us.
Oh, how I long for midnight!

Pen. I have a scruple.

Wild. Oh, by no means, no scruples now.

Pen. When you
Have your desires upon me, you will soon
Grow cold in your affection, and neglect me.

Wild. Why, hang me if I do, I'll love thee ever:
I have cast already, to preserve thy honour;
Thou shalt be married in a fortnight, cuz;
Let me alone to find thee out a husband,
Handsome and fit enough; we will love then too.

Pen. When I am to be married?

Wild. Without fear, or wit;
Cum privilegio, when thou hast a husband;
Dost think I will forsake thee, *Pen*? 'twere pity
O my life, sweet—I love thee better;
And I must tell thee——
'Tis my ambition to make a cuckold;
The only pleasure o' th' world: that imagination
Sweetens the rest, and I do love it mainly, mainly.

Pen. 'Tis double sin.

Wild. 'Tis treble pleasure, wench;
But we lose time, and may endanger thus
My wife into a jealousy if she sees us,
Farewel, farewel, dear *Pen*; at night remember;
I wo' not lose my sport for half an empire!

Pen. O my fears, your wives return'd.

Wild. The devil she is! what shall we do, *Pen*?

Pen. I'll retire—but seem you more kind to her, lest her
suspicions should betray us.

Wild. I will do any thing—I have a holiday in my heart
—away, away.

[*Exit. Pen.*]

Enter Mrs. WILDING.

Mrs. Wild. What, Mr. *Wilding*, so soon return'd—with
smiles upon your face too—this is unusual; what has hap-
pened, pray?

Wild.

Wild. Why faith, wife, I have been reflecting on my conduct towards thee, and could I but hope you would forget my past behaviour, your life to come should be all sunshine.

Mrs. Wild. Is not this change too sudden to be certain; what had caus'd it, pray?

Wild. Conscience, conscience, my dear—tho' vanity and pleasure lull'd it for a time, it has now awak'd with all its stings, and shewn me all thy virtues, and my errors.

Mrs. Wild. Pray heav'n that I may awake, for this is so like a dream.

Wild. Don't you be an infidel, wife, and reject the good now that is offer'd you. I tell you I'm another man; I am converted—when did you see me before with such pleasure in my face.

Mrs. Wild. Not this many a day—has our cousin *Penelope*, husband, help'd forward this conversion?—If she has, I am greatly oblig'd to her.

Wild. You are, indeed, wife, much oblig'd to her; she has done all in her power I can assure you.

Mrs. Wild. Was not she here with you, at my coming in?

Wild. Yes, yes, she was here—she was indeed—was here with me—I have open'd my mind to her—and with much zeal and friendship to you, she has confirm'd me in my new faith.

Mrs. Wild. How much I am bound to her!

Wild. You are, indeed, wife:—You have not a better friend in the world, I can tell you that—Now, what do you want?

Enter Servant.

Serv. Some gentlemen are waiting for you at the old place, and desire your company.

Mrs. Wild. You may tell them, that your master has forsaken his old haunts, he has seen the folly of 'em, and retires—

[*Servant going.*]

Wild. Hold; hold, wife—such a message as this will make us the talk of the town; I will steal myself gently from my friends and pleasures, and rather wean, than tear myself from them—Let them know I will attend them.

[*Exit Servant.*]

Mrs. Wild. As you please—farewel, my penitent.—

Wild.

Wild. Farewel, my prudence——had not this message come luckily to my assistance, my hypocrisy had been out of breath, and the devil had peep'd out, in spite of all the Pains I had taken to conceal it. [*Aside.*] [*Exit Wilding.*]

Enter PENELOPE.

Pen. How have I enjoy'd his confusion! faith, cousin, you acted it bravely.

Mrs Wild. I am sorry that I am forc'd to dissemble.

Pen. The best of us can, and must, upon proper occasions.

Mrs. Wild. Thou hast hit my instructions excellently.

Pen. I have made work for somebody—you have put me upon a desperate service; if you do not relieve me, I am finely serv'd.

Mrs. Wild. All has succeeded to my wish: thy place I will supply to-night; if he observe all the conditions I may deceive my husband to kindness, and we both live to reward thee better—O, dear cuz, take heed, by my example, upon whom thou placest thy affections.

Pen. Indeed, my dear, you take this too deeply; my life for it, but we shall reclaim him at last.

Mrs. Wild. That I almost despair of; and not so much from his total disregard of me, and his pursuit of other women, as from his uncontrollable passion for gaming.

Pen. He has understanding with all his frailties; and when those violent, irregular inclinations have had their scope, they must return to you.

Mrs. Wild. The passion of gaming, my dear, is not to be conquer'd even by the best understandings; it is an absolute whirlpool; wit, sense, love, friendship, and every virtue, are merely leaves and straws, that float upon the surface of the tide; which, as they approach this gulf, are all drawn in, and sink to the bottom, as if they had never been.

Enter HAZARD.

Pen. Master Hazard——

Haz. Save you, Mrs. Wilding.

Mrs Wild. You are welcome, sir.

Pen. He is a handsome gentleman.

[*Aside.*]

az. Gone abroad?

Mrs.

Mrs. Wild. This moment left us, and as I thought to meet you, and his other sober friends.

Haz. I call'd upon him to attend him.

Mrs. Wild. The servant shall overtake him, and bring him back to you.

Haz. 'Tis too much trouble.

Mrs. Wild. What, for the best friend of the best of husbands! you wrong me, sir. [Exit Mrs. Wild.]

Haz. Thou art the best of women, I am sure—ha! this is the very gentlewoman!—in goodtime—now for my promise to old *Barnacle*—I'll accost her—What a pity 'tis, this wench should be a morsel for that glutton *Wilding*.

[Aside.]

Pen. What a pity 'tis, this fellow should be a gamester, and companion of my modest guardian?—How he eyes me: [Aside.]

Haz. Your name is *Penelope*, I take it, lady?

Pen. If you take it, I hope you will give it me again.

Haz. What again?

Pen. My name.

Haz. Would not you change it, if you cou'd?

Pen. For the better, surely.

Haz. Wilt thou dispose of thyself?

Pen. Can you tell me of any honest man, whom I may trust myself with?

Haz. I'll tell thee a hundred.

Pen. Take heed what you say, sir,—a hundred honest men! why, if there were so many in the city, 'twere enough to forfeit their charter—but, perhaps, you live in the suburbs.

Haz. This wench will jeer me.

Pen. I hope you are not one, sir.

Haz. One of what?

Pen. One of those honest men you talk'd of so, to whom a maiden might entrust herself?

Haz. You have hit me, lady; come, I'll give thee counsel; and more, I'll help thee to a champion too.

Pen. Alas! no champion now-a-days. Gentlemen are such strange creatures, so infinitely cold, and so void of every passion, that a handsome woman cannot reach your pity—Why have you this so strange antipathy to us? To what end will gentlemen come, if this frost holds?

Haz. You are witty: but I suppose you have no cause of such

such complaint—though some men may want warmth, there is no general winter; and if I guess a-right, you'll never be frost-nipt, lady—at least you may prevent it.

Pen. Are you acquainted with any knight-errants, who would succour a distress damsel?

Haz. Yes, I know one—ay, and a bold one too, that dares adventure with you; nay, will take you for better and for worse.

Pen. And he is young too?

Haz. O, very young.

Pen. And wise?

Haz. Not over wise.

Pen. Yourself, belike.

Haz. Indeed, not over-wise, I must confess; nor yet so witless, lady.

Pen. Who is the hero? is he of your school? is it from you that he has learnt to travel the fashionable road, can he drink, dice, roar, rake, and royster? scour the streets a-nights, draw forth his valour, which the bottle gives him, upon the feeble watch; but should danger come—what would your hero then? ha, ha, ha!

Haz. Hold, hold; you'll never get a husband, lady, if thus you let your tongue out-run your wit.

Pen. Is he to get then? I thought that he was ready caught, and you had brought him in a cage.

Haz. Will you accept him?

Pen. What in a poke? unseen, untry'd? has the youth no name?

Haz. Ay, and a weighty one—'tis *Barnacle*, young, rich, and handsome.

Pen. Was this at his intreaty, or your own kind charity?

Haz. Lookee, lady, lose not time in questions—husbands are not so plenty—will you have him?

Pen. I thank you for your goodness, sir;—and would advise you, if you have more of these commodities, to take 'em to another market—I am supply'd already—and so your servant. [Exit.]

Haz. Gad-a-mercy! thou art a girl of spirit;—supply'd already? What can she mean—not *Wilding*, sure!—impossible!—There is something about her, that bespeaks her honest—I know not what to make of her—she may be a tumbler for all this.

Enter

Enter Servant.

Sell. My master, sir, will be at the appointment as soon as possible—he must call at his banker's first, and then he'll attend you. [*Exit.*

Haz. 'Tis well;—this *Penelope* has touch'd me strangely—she is certainly—but what's that to me?—I'll go, and drown thought at the gaming-table.

S C E N E, *a Room in a Tavern.*

Enter SELLAWAY and Box-keeper.

Sell. Was my message deliver'd to *Wilding*?

Box. Yes, sir—he will certainly attend you.

Sell. What gamesters have you within!

Box. The old set, sir.

Sell. What, no strangers?

Box. A country gentleman or two.

Sell. Will they make sport, think'st thou?

Box. The rooks are about 'em: if they are full of feathers (as I believe they are) we shall have rare picking.

Sell. Well do you set them a-going, and I will be among 'em presently. [*Exit Boxkeeper.*

Enter HAZARD.

You are late, *Hazard*.

Haz. I could not come sooner, but don't you lose time—I must write a note, and will be with you at the table presently. [*Exit Sell.*

HAZARD alone.

What is the meaning, I can't tell, but it hurts me to think that this foolish girl should so easily hearken to the lewd call of this fellow *Wilding*—this abandon'd unfeeling fellow! perhaps 'tis vanity—I did not perceive, 'till she was in danger, that the agreeable jade had given me any concern—What is the reason, that to be eminently vicious is the readiest road to a woman's heart; nay, even to the best of 'em!—but I'll rattle this nonsense out of my head; I have a hundred in my pocket, and the dice are set a dancing—I'll strike up among 'em, and drown reflexion—What, *Wilding*!

Enter

Enter WILDING.

Wild. Yes, you rogue, 'tis *Wilding*; the happy, gay, rapturous *Wilding*! wish me joy, joy, man!

Haz. What, is your wife dead?

Wild. No, but my mistress is kind, which is very near as good a thing.

Haz. Thou art not mad?

Wild. No, no; but I swell with imagination, Like a tall ship bound for the fortunate islands; Top, and top-gallant, my flags, and my figaries, Upon me, with a lusty gale of wind, Able to rend my sails; I shall o'er-run And sink thy little bark of understanding, In my career; I fly before the wind, boy.

Haz. Pray heaven rather You do not spring a leak, and forfeit your Ballast, my confident man of war; I Have known as stout a ship been cast away In sight o' th' harbour.

Wild. The wench, the wench, boy!

Haz. The vessel you have been chasing—

Wild. Has struck sail;

Is come in; and cries, abroad my new lord of The *Mediterranean*. We are agreed: This is the precious night, *Will*, twelve the hour, That I must take possession of all, all, You rogue you!—

Haz. Prithee descend from thy raptures, for the gamsters are now coming, and we lose time.

Wild. The house fills a-pace; what are these, ha?

Haz. Young *Barnacle*, and the vinegar bottle his man; he has business of much import with you! he would be your rival with *Penelope*.

Wild. And may, if he pleases, when I have made her fit for him—If I have the first glass, he shall take the rest of the bottle, and welcome—But are you in earnest?

Haz. Prithee talk to him, and hear his overtures—He may be worth your listening to—I'll to the table—If I win, I shall have no cause to repent my bargain with him, if I lose, by these hills, I'll make him the cause, and beat him—Prithee keep him from me a few minutes, and then I'll relieve thee.

Wild.

Wild. But how shall I do it!

Haz. Tell him any whimsical tale; he is so absurd, that it will go glibly down.

Will. I'll try his swallow then.

Haz. Then luck with a hundred pieces! [Exit.

Wild. I must get a fool for her, and if this will bite, he is ready got to my hands.

[Takes a news paper out of his pocket.

Enter Nephew and DWINDLE.

Neph. *Dwindle*, that gentleman there is the guardian to the lady that I am to be in love with——Shou'd not I shew away to him, and astonish him with a little learning, eh, *Dwindle*?

Dwin. Do, sir,—let off a little *Greek* at him, and I warrant he'll be proud to call you cousin.

Neph. I am a little out of *Greek* at present *Dwindle*; but for *Latin*, history, and philosophy——What is he reading, *Dwindle*?

Dwin. Ask him, Sir.

Neph. *Quem librum legis, domine?*

Wild. Have you any commands with me, sir?

Neph. If you have any news, sir, pray impart—I have a great appetite for news—vouchsafe me a slice.

Wild. A meal if you please—be there no more gentlemen to hear? 'tis extraordinary fine news, in black and white, from *terra incognita*.

Neph. *Terra incognita*! What has it no name?

Wild. If it has, it is asham'd of it.

Neph. But what are they doing there?

Wild. Nothing at all—'tis inhabited by a nation without heads.

Neph. Without heads! where are their eyes then?

Wild. They lost them first, sir, then their heads, and they say the distemper, if not stopt, will spread over the rest of their body.

Neph. O wonderful! a gentleman would not chuse to travel there——Harkee, *Dwindle*, this is very curious.

Dwin. Too curious to be true.

Neph. He's upon his fun, *Dwindle*: I'll humour him—But pray, sir, how can they know one another without their heads.

Wild. They don't; they are so chang'd, they are neither
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known by themselves, or other people; having no heads, sir, they are continually playing at *blindman's buff*, for the diversion of their neighbours.

Neph. *Monstrum! horrendum! informe! ingens! cui lumen ademptum—ha! ha! ha!*

Wild. Ha! ha! extremely good; apt and witty.

Dwin. Now's your time—to him, sir.

Neph. I should be proud, sir, to have some nearer connexions with a gentleman of your learning, and profound education.

Wild. I should be happy to know how, sir, and proud to be your friend and servant, in the true sense of the words.

Neph. *Dwindle*, my affairs are in a fine way—in every sense, I am your humble servant *in secula seculorum*. You must know, sir —

Wild. I'll know it by and by, if you please—we are interrupted; let us sport away a few pounds at the table, and then I'll go to the tavern, and be at your service *in secula seculorum*. [Exit.

Neph. Come along, *Dwindle*; if my fortune goes on as swimmingly as she has begun, I shall make a rare night on't. —If I get my mistress, and fill my pockets, we'll be as drunk as lords—Come along, *Dwindle*. [Exeunt.

S C E N E *draws, and discovers the gaming-table—gamesters at play; after some time, and calling different mains.*

Enter LITTLESTOCK and ACRELESS.

Litt. A curse upon those reeling dice! that last in, and in; Was out of way ten pieces. Can'st lend me any Money? how have the dice dealt with thee?

Acr. Lost, lost—I defy thee If my luck recover not, I must be sober to-morrow—damn'd, damn'd, fortune!

Litt. Oh, for a hundred, and all made now.

Enter SELLOWAY.

Sell. Yonder's *Hazard* wins tyrannically, without Mercy, he came in but with a hundred pieces.

Litt. I'll get a fancy presently.

Acr. And how thrive the bones with his lordship?

Sell. His lordships bones are not well set; they are maliciously bent against him; they will run him quite out of all.

Box-

Bar-keeper calls again several mains ; and after some warm play, and much money is won and lost.

Enter Nephew and DWINDLE.

Neph. More money ! *Dwindle* ; call my uncle ! I must have it, for my honor : two hundred pieces more will serve my turn : in the mean time, I will play away my coat, and some superfluous things about me.

Dwin. By that time you are come to your shirt, I shall be with you.

Sell. He's blown up too.

[*Exit Dwindle.*]

Enter HAZARD.

Haz. So, so, the dice in two or three such nights will be out of my debt ; and I may live to be a landlord again.

Sell. You are fortune's minion, *Hazard*.

Haz. You wou'd seem to be no fool, because she doats not Upon you. Gentlemen, I must take my chance ; 'twas A lucky hundred pound ! *Jack Wilding,*

Enter WILDING. knowing a box.

What ! eating the boxes ?

Wild. Chewing the cud a little ; I have lost all my money, *Will.*

Thou hast made a fortunate night on't : wo't play No more ?

Haz. 'Tis the first time I had the grace To give off a winner—I wou'd not tempt the dice.

Wild. What hast won ?

Haz. You do not hear me complain ; I have not been so warm these ten weeks.

Enter ACRELESS.

Wild. 'Tis frost in my pockets.

Acr. Master *Hazard*, I was afraid you had been gone ; there's a fresh gamester come in, with his pockets full of gold ; he dazzles the gamesters, and no man has stock to play with him.

Wild. The devil ! what is he ?

Acr. A merchant he seems ; he may be worth your return.

Haz. Not for the exchange to-night, I am resolv'd.

Wild. Temptation ! now have I an infinite itch, to this merchant's pieces.

Haz. Thou wo't venture again then?

Wild. I wou'd if I cou'd—but what do I forget? the wench, the fairy at home expects me.

Haz. I had forgot too; you wo't play now?

Wild. 'Tis now upon the time. [*Looking at his watch.* Curs'd misfortune!

Haz. You will not stay then.

Wild. Hum—I ha' lost my money, and may recover a pretty wench. Which hand? this wantonness; this covetousness; money is the heavier. *Will*, dost hear? I'll requite thy courtesy—lend me two hundred pounds to attack the merchant, and I will give thee good interest, and the best security.

Haz. What, the dice! and your old luck, *Jack*?

Wild. No, damn the dice—I will give it thee upon *Poll*'s fortune; she is so loving that I can command her, and tier's.

Haz. No matter for her fortune, I'll be contented with less; pay me with the girl herself.

Wild. How do you mean?

Haz. I'll be contented with her personal security.

Wild. Prithee be plain; I am in haste, and every rattle of the dice makes my heart beat to beat the merchant—What wou'd'st have? I'll agree to any thing, every thing—

Haz. The wench at home expects you.

Wild. Well——

Haz. Let me supply thy place.

Wild. Ha!

Haz. And here are the two hundred pieces.

Wild. What! no—no——

Haz. Nay, then your servant.

[*Going.*

Wild. Stay, *Will*—now, now, the devil is at work with me—he has thrown out two baits, and I know not which to strike at.——

Haz. I must take my money home—yours——*Jack*, yours.——

[*Going.*

Wild. Stay, stay, thou shalt, *Will*——I love thee for thy generosity——Gold is a real good, woman an imaginary one——Besides, a losing gamester will make but a cool lover; thou art warm'd with success, and deserv'st her——She will be mine another time——Thou shalt have her.

Haz. Shall I?

Wild. Yes.

Haz. Done.

Will.

Wild. And done.

Haz. There are bills for your money.

Wild. To-morrow you'll thank me for't—Be secret, she'll never know thee, for our conditions are to [*Whispers him*] neither light, nor—and she must needs conceive 'tis I—Here's my key—It conducts you up the back way into the house—The servants are in bed, the first door on the right hand in the gallery leads to her apartment.—

Haz. Are you in earnest?

Wild. Have you wit to apprehend the courtesie?

Let me alone; The wench and I shall meet

Hereafter, and be merry: Take my key—

The merchant's money cools: away; be wise,

And keep conditions: I must to the gamester;

Farewel: remember not to speak a word.

Haz. What! kiss and tell; O, fie for shame—

Wild. Success to thee, *Will*—

Haz. And to thee, *Jack*. [*Exeunt severally.*]

Enter Mrs WILDING and PENELOPE, with Candles.

Pen. I wish it may answer your purpose.

Mrs Wild. I cannot lose any thing by the trial, the scheme is an innocent one; and if I can but rouse my husband a little from his lethargy, to the least sense of shame, who knows what may happen?

Pen. Hark!—are you sure you heard nothing?—

Mrs Wild. Nothing but your maid, going to bed—

Pen. Not come yet—It is past the time too—'Tis very strange!

Mrs Wild. Indeed my dear *Pen*, this lover of yours is most terribly unpolite.

Pen. My vanity is a little mortified at it, I must confess—A fine gallant, indeed!

Mrs Wild. You see, child, this gaming! it destroys every other passion, good or bad—And what hopes think you have I to draw him from the spell, when even you, *Penelope*, with all your charms, cannot break the enchantment?

Pen. Who knows but there may be some better way to account for his stay: why may not his conscience, and his reason together, have debated this matter a little seriously? and tho' they have been tolerably pliant heretofore, may grow resty at a crime of this nature.

Mrs Wild. Come, come, let us not flatter ourselves too far,

far; his reason and conscience are at present very good friends with his passions, and attend him with great alacrity in all his parties of pleasure.

Pen. Hark! I am sure I hear him——

Mrs Wild. Indeed you are mistaken, 'tis your pride now that fancies so — Dont imagine that he'll cast a single thought upon you, while he has a single guinea in his pocket.

Pen. Ay, ay, that's your jealousy, cousin—But I know—Upon my word I hear him—Indeed I do—hark!—he's now unlocking the door.

Mrs Wild. No, no, hush—you are in the right—I hear my thief—he's coming the back way—take the candles into your chamber, and be ready to come in at the signal—Bless me, how frightened I am!

Pen. Are you, my dear? then do you take my part, and I'll take yours.

Mrs Wild. Get you gone you fool; I am not in a condition to trifle — I have more at stake than you imagine. [*Exit Penelope, with candles.*] Now for it; I wish it was over.

[*Sigs, and relires.*]

Enter HAZARD.

Haz. I thought I should never have got hither—but where I am, I can neither feel or tell—and now I am here, I cou'd almost wish myself back again—I have some qualms about this business—and were I not afraid of being laugh'd at, I would certainly return—But thanks to the spirit of the times, gentlemen are much less afraid of being profligate than ridiculous.

[*Feeling about.*]

Mrs. Wild. He has certainly been drinking—by his muttering so to himself——now to catch my spark——Hem, hem.

Haz. There she is, and all my fears are fled—Hem, hem.

[*They approach, and when they meet, he offers to kiss her.*]

Mrs Wild. How violent he is! I have not had such a favour from him these two years,

Haz. How modest we are!

[*She stamps.*]

Enter PENELOPE, with lights.

What's the matter! ha! a light——

Who have you got here? we are discover'd.

Mrs Wild. Discover'd! ha! [*Screams.*]—Who are you?

Pen. What's the matter here?

Haz.

Haz. Mrs Wilding!

Mrs Wild. Mr Hazard!

Pen. Your servant, good folks! (*curtseying*) what my good cousin and Mr. Hazard at hide and seek in the gallery, in my guardians absence—you are a most generous gentleman indeed! you are for providing every way, I see, for distressed ladies.

Mrs Wild. For heav'ns sake, Mr Hazard, how got you here?

Haz. Upon my soul, madam, I scarce can tell you.

Mrs. Wild. You have squeez'd my fingers most unmercifully.

Pen. So! so!

Haz. Upon my soul, madam, it was all a mistake. My errand at present was not with you, but with that lady.

Pen. With me! what business pray, to pinch my fingers?

Haz. Here are my credentials—(*shows a key.*) I was only to act by deputation, from a certain friend of mine.

Pen. Which I suppose is a certain good guardian of mine.

Mrs Wild. And who is most certainly my virtuous husband.

Haz. I am so astonish'd, I hardly know whether I am awake.

Pen. To be sure!—you unlock peoples doors, get into their houses, seize upon their wives, and all in your sleep.

Haz. Ladies, tho' I may, perhaps, suffer in your opinions by my silence—yet I could wish, for my friends sake, my own, and yours, that you would give me your pardon, and peaceably send me about my business; for indeed I am most sincerely asham'd and sorry.

Pen. Poor, modest gentleman!—had a house-breaker been caught in the fact, he would have made just the same apology—but no pardon from me without a full and free confession.

Mrs. Wild. I can say nothing, Mr. Hazard, in your justification; but if you have a mind to make all the amends in your power, you will join with me in a plot I have just now thought of; for though Mr Wilding may not have love enough to be jealous of me, I know he has too much pride to be easy, if he thought I was false to him; and what must he feel, when he believes me innocently so, and knows himself to be the cause of it.

Pen. I adore you, my dear Mrs Wilding, for the thought

I long to be reveng'd on him for his base design upon me, and now you have him in your power——If you don't torment him thoroughly, I'll never forgive you as long as I live.

Mrs Wild. Let me alone for that——Mr *Hazard* has only to behave, as if he had succeeded in his design upon you, but let us confer notes together below stairs.

Haz. Ladies, you shall command my life, and my best services.

Pen. Best, and worst, they are always ready——I'll say that for Mr *Hazard*.——

Haz. Indeed, lady, you know but half of me.

Pen. The worst half——

Haz. I fear so; but let me assure you both, that with all my frailties, I am much happier in forwarding this scheme of virtue, than I should have been in the success of my folly.

Mrs Wild. I am confident of it——don't mind her, Mr *Hazard*, but follow me.

Pen. The devil was sick, the devil a monk would be;
The devil was well, the devil a monk was he.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T IV.

S C E N E, WILDING'S House.

Enter Mrs WILDING and BARNACLE.

BARNACLE.

BUT has not master *Hazard*, in no wise, open'd his business to you, lady, your husband, or your fair cousin? I had his promise for it?

Mrs Wild. What business, good sir; I pray you speak——This interruption is unfortunate. [Aside.]

Bar. Thus then; I have, lady, a longing, as it were, to be more nearly connected with your family.——You must know what I wou'd say.

Mrs Wild. Indeed I am no scholar, and this is all Greek to me.

Bar. My nephew understands Greek, lady; ay, and Latin too, and geography, and poetry, and philosophy; and is withal as valiant——

Mrs Wild. 'Tis the peculiar blessing of the times; our young men are so learned and brave, and our old ones so
wise

wise and virtuous, that we are the astonishment of the whole world! 'tis the golden age, sir!—But your business.

Bar. Vouchsafe me, lady, one plain answer to an honest question—has your fair kinswoman, the beautiful *Penelope*, yet transferr'd her affections to any one mortal?

Mrs. Wild. If she had not, would *Mr. Barnacle* become a purchaser?

Bar. Me, madam! no, no, no! alas, alas, my dancing days are over—But for my nephew—Oh, that nephew of mine! You have seen him, and heard of him surely—have you not, madam?

Mrs. Wild. My mind of late, *Mr. Barnacle*, has had little attention, but to its own troubles.

Bar. Alack, alack! I know it well—You are much discour'd of and pitied by the world; and I'll be bold to say, if there be any man that troubles you, or any that you would have talk'd withal, let him be who he will—I'll rid you of that care—He that shall offer to disturb you but in a thought, do ye mark me, madam? I'll take an order with him—

Mrs. Wild. What will you do, sir?

Bar. Don't mistake me, I'll do nothing—but I'll send my nephew—He shall work him, and jerk him, I warrant you—You don't know how my nephew is improv'd since he came from the university; he is a perfect knight errant, the very *St. George* for *England*!—Why, madam, he has had a pluck at the very flower of chivalry, ay, and cropt it too—the very *Donzel del Phebo* of the time, and all the roaring blades lower their top-sails to him—I'll say no more—Name but the man, whom you but frown upon, and I'll send my nephew to him.

Mrs. Wild. I thank you, sir, I have no enemy to exercise his prowess upon; my discontents are known to flow from a nearer person—I am asham'd to say—

Bar. Your husband—Say but the word, and I'll send my nephew to him; and he were ten husbands he should mollify him—Don't spare him—Had you but seen him baffle a squire this morning!

Mrs. Wild. These praises of your nephew, *Mr. Barnacle*, are thrown away upon me; 'tis my cousin must be warm'd with 'em—And here she comes; so I shall leave your eloquence to present the flower of chivalry to her, which I think would be an ornament to the fairest bosom in the kingdom.

Bar. Madam, you do my nephew honor, and when you are in the humour to have any man beaten, either in your own family, or in the kingdom—I'll send my nephew to him.

Enter *PENELOPE.*

Mrs Wild. Dear *Pen*, dispatch this old fool as fast as you can, and in the mean time, I'll dispatch my page, to fetch my wand'ring turtle home. [Exit.

Bar. Fair lady, I am your servant. [Bows.

Pen. Good sir, I am yours. [Curtseys.

Bar. I fear my visit may offend.

Pen. I am but ill at ease, indeed, sir, and most unfit for company.

Bar. What, so young, and melancholy—O, 'tis a pity.

Pen. It is, indeed, and yet I am melancholy.

Bar. And for what, fair lady?

Pen. For a gentleman—What wou'd you have a fair lady melancholy for?

Bar. I'll send my nephew to him—

Pen. To bring him to me?

Bar. Ay, bring him, and swing him, if you desire it—You can make him do any thing, madam—Say you but the word, and he'll take the great *Turk* by the whiskers—O my nephew is a pretty fellow! don't you know him, madam?

Pen. Not I, sir.

Bar. Not know my nephew!—I'll send him to you.

Pen. What to do, sir.

Bar. He shall do any thing—the town's afraid of him.

Pen. O, pray keep him from me then.

Bar. He'll hurt no woman—But for the men—

Pen. Can he make 'em better, sir? if he cou'd, we shou'd be much oblig'd to him.

Bar. And he shall, lady.

Pen. Then let it be quickly, for I'll stay 'till they are mended, before I think of a husband.

Bar. What think you, sweet lady, of the hero, himself?

Pen. My thoughts must not run after such costly fruit.

Bar. My nephew is dying for you.

Pen. Poor young man! but if we were both dying, my guardians would see us at our last gaspings before he'd consent.

Bar.

Bar. Would he ! then my nephew shall talk to him—Let him alone to get the consent.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Your nephew, sir, is below, and begs to be admitted to the idol of his affections.

Pen. Shew the gentleman up.

[*Exit Servant.*

Bar. *Idol of his affections !* there's an expression for you—my nephew is a fine scholar and a great hero—here he is—I shall leave you together—your servant, madam.

Enter NEPHEW and DWINDLE.

To her, nephew, now is your time, I have clear'd the way—she is your own—you'll have a fine reception—I am glad to see you are half drunk—be bold and conquer. [*Exit Bar.*

Neph. Ne'er fear me, uncle, when I am rocky, I defy any woman in Christendom—I have not been in bed to-night—when I am bosky I never flinch.

Dwin. To her, to her, sir.

Neph. Shall I attack her with a little learning, *Dwindle* ; if I could but put her into confusion, the towns my own.

Dwin. Give her a broad-side then.

Neph. I had rather beat the watch, than talk to her—my courage fails me, *Dwindle*.

Pen. I must send this fool a packing—do you trust yourself abroad, sir, without your uncle ?—you are very young, and there are a great many coaches and carts, in this metropolis !

Neph. Coaches and carts, *Dwindle !* I am dumb, *et vox faucibus hæsit.*

Dwin. Give her one fire first.

Neph. I had rather go back again, *Dwindle*.

[*Going.*

Dwin. What, turn your back upon the enemy !

Neph. I can't face her, *per dios immortales !*

Pen. If you have any matter to communicate, let me beg to know it immediately, for I am in haste.

Neph. I had much matter to communicate, but your coaches and carts have drove it quite out of my head.

Pen. Poor gentleman ! when you have recovered your senses, and the use of your tongue, return to me again, and I shall be at your service ; in the mean time, I would recommend a gentle nap to you, and I'll pay a visit to my monkey ; and so, sir, your servant

[*Exit.*

Neph.

Neph. This is a fine reception truly, *Dwindle*.

Dwin. So, so, sir.

Neph. I am in a damn'd passion, *Dwindle*—I'll go and kick her monkey.

Dwin. Leave that to me, sir, and I'll do his business.

Neph. But this must not pass so! what does my uncle mean, and Mr *Wilding* mean, by sending me here to be laugh'd at?—if I meet 'em, woe betide 'em—I am so full that unless I have some vent, I shall burst—don't speak to me, *Dwindle*, or I shall certainly fall upon you—O for a man, woman, or child now!—I must beat something.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE, *The Street.*

Enter HAZARD and WILDING.

Wild. How now, *Will*, thou look'st desperately this morning; did'st sleep well to-night?

Haz. Do not enquire, but curse yourself 'till noon. I am charitable; I do not bid thee hang thyself: and yet I have cause to thank thee. I would not have lost the turn, for all the money I won last night,—such a delicious theft!

Wild. I think so.

Haz. I found it so, and dare make my affidavit.

Wild. Thou didst not see her?

Haz. Nor speak to her: to what purpose?

Wild. Now do I

Grow melancholy.

Haz. If thou do'st envy me,
There is some reason for't; thou dost imagine
I have had pleasure in my days; but never,
Never so sweet a skirmish! not a kiss,
But had elysium, in't.

Wild. I was a rascal!

Haz. If thou didst know but half so much as I,
Or couldst imagine it, thou wouldst acknowledge
Thyself worse than a rascal on record.

Wild. Hold your tongue.

Haz. I have not words t'express, how soft, how bounteous,
How every thing a man with full desires
Could wish a lady.

Wild.

THE GAMESTERS.

Wild. Prithee be quiet—but tell me, *Will*—

Haz. Don't question me farther;

It is too much happiness to remember;

I am sorry I have said so much.

Wild. Was not I curs'd
To lose my money, and such delicate sport?

Haz. But that I love thee well, shouldst ne'er enjoy her.

Wild. Why?

Haz. I wou'd almost cut thy throat.

Wild. You wou'd not.

Haz. But take her! and if thou part'st with her one night more, for less than both the Indies, thou'lt lose her; she has paid me for my service; I ask nothing else.

Wild. If she be such a precious morsel, *Will*,
I think you may be satisfied.

Haz. Take heed,

And understand thyself a little better:

I think you may be satisfied—with what?

A handsome wench? 'tis heresy; recant it;

I never shall be satisfied.

Wild. You do not purpose
A new encounter.

Haz. For thy sake,

'Tis possible I may not; I would have

My game kept for me. What I have done, faith,

Was upon your entreaty; if you have

The like occasion hereafter, I

Should have a hard heart to deny thee, *Jack*.

Wild. Thou hast fir'd my blood! that I could call back
time,

To be possess'd of what my indiscretion

Gave up to thy enjoying! but I am comforted;

She thinks 'twas I; and we hereafter may

Be free in our delights—Now, sir, the news

With you?

Enter Page.

Page. My mistress did command my diligence
To find you out, and pray you come to speak with her.

Wild. When I am at leisure.

Page. 'Tis of consequence.

Wild. Is *Penelope* with her?

Page. Not when she sent me forth.

Shall

Shall I tell my mistress you will come to her?

Wild. How officious you are for your mistress, sirrah—
What said she, I came not home all night?

Page. Nothing to me—but my eyes ne'er beheld her look
so pleasantly.

Wild. Well, well, say I'll come. [Exit Page.

Haz. Now farewel, *Jack*.—I need not urge your secrecy
touching your mistress—I must laugh at thee, and heartily,
ha, ha, ha!—So farewell, farewell, *Jack*, ha, ha, ha!—

[Exit Haz.

Wild. To say the truth, I have shew'd myself a coxcomb.
A pox o' play! that made me double loser. For aught I
know, she may admit me never to such a turn again—And
than I ha' punish'd myself ingeniously—O fool! fool! fool!

[Exit,

SCENE, WILDING'S House.

Enter Mrs WILDING and PENELOPE.

Mrs Wild. Is he coming, say'st thou?

Pen. I saw him turn at the corner of the square.

Mrs Wild. Is he alone?

Pen. Alone, and seems disorder'd; with his eyes upon
the ground, and his arms folded thus; he walks by starts,
and shews all is not right within.

Mrs Wild. Now comes the trial—Hark! I hear him—
You must away—Now for it. [Exit Pen.

Enter WILDING.

So, my good penitent man—I find your conscience was sin-
cere; you have at last taken a farewel to your follies, but
such dear friends you were, you took up all the night in
parting.

Wild. I have bid farewel to 'em for ever—It was the last
effort of expiring passion, but 'tis gone, and now I'm a new
man.—Heigho. [Sigs.

Mrs Wild. Why do you sigh, husband?
How dy'e, sweetheart?

[Smiling.

Wild. Well; but a little melancholy.
You look more sprightly, wife; something has pleas'd
you.

Mrs Wild. It has indeed; and if it be no stain
To modesty, I would enquire how you

Sped

Sped the last night?

Wild. I lost my money.

Mrs Wild. I don't mean that.

[Smiling.

Wild. Don't mean that?—I am not betray'd, I hope!
What do you mean?

Mrs Wild. Y'are a fine gentleman!

Wild. 'Tis so; could she not keep her own council?

[Aside.

Mrs Wild. And have behav'd yourself most wittily,

And I may say most wrongfully; this will

Be much for your honour, when 'tis known.

Wild. What will be known?

Mrs Wild. Do you not blush? oh fie!

Is there no modesty in man?

Wild. Riddle my riddle my re—pox of your ambiguities:
what would you have?—I would not yet seem conscious.

Mrs Wild. 'Tis time then to be plain; it was a wonder
I could be so long silent: did you like
Your last night's lodging?

Wild. Very, very well;

I went not to bed all night.

Mrs Wild. Not to bed, all night!—think again, my dear
—your mem'ry may fail you.

Wild. What do you mean?—I say I have not been in bed
to-night—and had you any eyes but jealous ones, you'd see
by mine I have not slept to-night.

Mrs Wild. Look at me, husband.

Wild. So I do—there! there!—What mummeries this?

Mrs Wild. Now tell me—do you feel no small compunc-
tion at thus looking in my injur'd face?

Wild. A pox upon these stale expostulations; must I ever
be dinn'd with 'em? and can't my reformation work a change
in you?—thou art the strangest women.—

Mrs Wild. Soft, soft, my good husband—did you not meet
Penelope last night?

Wild. No, I met no Penelope last night.

Mrs Wild. And were you not to meet her?—speak, my
dear.

Wild. Prithee, let me alone, my head aches.

Mrs Wild. No, no, 'tis my head that aches—did you
not pass the night, the live-long night, in wanton, stolen
embraces?

Wild. Refuse me if I did.

Mrs

Mrs Wild. You did not lie with Mrs *Penelope*, my kin-
woman?

Wild. Cuckold me if I did, I swear—

Mrs Wild. Come, come, don't swear—but 'twas no fault
of yours, no fault, no virtue—but this is no time to ex-
postulate these actions—in brief, know 'twas my plot.

[Smiling.]

Wild. What plot?

Mrs Wild. Yes, yes, my plot, my dear. [Smiling.]

Wild. My plot, my dear! what do you smirk and giggle
at?—Leave your idiot tricks, and tell me what you mean.

Mrs Wild. You are so tasty—but I shall please you.

Wild. Shall you? I wish you would—

Mrs Wild. Thus then—I have with sorrow long observ'd
which way your warm affection mov'd, and found 'twould
be in vain with open pow'r to oppose you; I therefore work'd
by stratagem—I got the secret by your meeting, and I
wrought so with my honest cousin, to supply her wanton
place, that with some shame, at last, I might deceive your
hard heart into kindness.

Wild. That, that again, sweet wife; and be a little
Serious—Was it your plot to excuse your cousin,
And be the bed-fellow?

Mrs Wild. 'Twas indeed, my dear.

Wild. 'Twas in hell, my dear.

Mrs Wild. Bless me!

Wild. I am fitted: fitted with a pair of horns
Of my own making!

Mrs Wild. What, do you take it thus?
Should not you rather thank, and think upon
That providence, that would not have you lost
In such a forest of loose thoughts: come, be
Yourself again; I have your handmaid still;
And have learn'd so much piety to conceal
Whatever should dishonour you.

Wild. It buds—

It buds already! I shall turn stark mad—
Horn mad!—

Mrs Wild. What ails you? are you vex'd
Because your wantonness has thriv'd so well?

Wild. Well with a vengeance! and did you really con-
trive the plot yourself?

Mrs Wild. I did.

Wild.

Wild. You lie—I contriv'd some part of it—and can you prove all this to be true?

Mrs Wild. I can—witness those tender joys, which, tho' not meant for me——

Wild. O damn your description! I am satisfied.

Mrs Wild. You seem angry—I did expect your thanks.

Wild. Yes I do thank you, thank you heartily: Most infinitely thank you.

Mrs Wild. Doth this merit No other payment but your scorn? then know Bad man, 'tis in my power to be reveng'd;

And what I had a resolution Should sleep in silent darkness, now shall look Day in the face; I'll publish to the world.

How I am wrong'd, and with what stubbornness You have dispis'd the cure of your own fame; Nor shall my cousin suffer in her honour.

I stoop as low as earth to shew my duty; But too much trampled on, I rise to tell The world, I am a woman.

Wild. No, no; hark you, I do not mock you. I am taken with The conceit; what a fine thing I have made myself? Ne'er speak on't, thy device shall take; I'll love thee, And kiss thee for't; thou'st paid me handsomely: An admirable plot, and follow'd cunningly.

Mrs Wild. Then I'm happy, husband, if you're sincere.

Wild. O very sincere, and very happy.

Mrs Wild. In earnest then of that sincerity, Vouchsafe the kiss you promis'd

Wild. There—there.— [Kisses her.
I'll see thee anon again; and lie with thee To-night without a stratagem. *Penelope*

Expects thee; keep all close; dear wife, no sentences.

[Hurries Mrs Wild. off.

I'm trick'd and trimm'd at my own charges rarely! [Exit.

ACT

THE GAMESTERS.

A C T . V.

S C E N E , *The Street.**Enter WILDING.**WILDING.*

I AM justly punished now for all my tricks,
 And pride o' th' flesh ! I had ambition
 To make men cuckolds ; now the devil has paid me,
 Paid me i' th' same coin ; and I'll compare
 My forehead with the broadest of my neighbours :
 But e'er it spreads too monstrous, I must have
 Some plot upon this *Hazard*. He supposes
 He has enjoy'd *Penelope*, and my trick's
 To drive the opinion home, to get him marry her,
 And make her satisfaction, The wench
 Has oft commended him : he may be won to't.
 I never meant to part with all her portion :
 Perhaps he'll thank me for the moiety ;
 And this dispos'd on, she's conjur'd to silence.
 It must be so.

Enter Hazard.

Haz. *Jack Wilding*, how is't man ?
 How goes the plow at home ? What say the lady
Grinever, that was humbled in your absence ?
 You have the credit with her, all the glory :
 What says she *Jack* ? does she not hide her eyes,
 And blush, and cry you are a fine gentleman !
 Turn a one side, or drop a handkerchief,
 And stoop, and take occasion to leer
 And laugh upon thee ?

Wild. Nothing less : I know not
 What thou'st done to her, but she's very sad.

Haz. I'll be hang'd then.

Wild. Thou must imagine,
 I did the best to comfort her.

Haz. She's melancholy

For my absence, man : I'll keep her company
 Again to night.

Wild. And nothing now but sighs, and cries I have
 Undone her.

Haz.

Haz. Ay, ay, the old cant—she's a fool.

Wild. to be plain,

Although she has no thought but I was her gallant.

You are the only argument of her sadness.

Haz. How can that be?

Wild. When I had merrily

Excus'd what had been done, she fetch'd a sigh,

And with some tears reveal'd her love to you;

That she had lov'd you long, but by this act

Of mine, d'y' mark? she has become unworthy

To hope so good a fortune; I cannot tell,

But she is strangely passionate.

Haz. For me?

Wild. Ay, for you.

Haz. Why, now I do recollect myself,

She has sometimes smil'd upon me.

Wild. Nay, believe it,

She has taken with thee above all the world.

Haz. And yet she was content you should—

'Bove all the world.

Wild. But 'twas your better fate

To be the man: it was her destiny

Contriv'd it thus—thou art a gentleman.

And must consider the poor gentlewoman.

Haz. What wou'd'st ha' me do?

Wild. Make her amends.

Haz. What do you mean?

Wild. Marry her.

Haz. Marry a strumpet!

Wild. You had first possession, and had'st thou married earlier, thou cou'dst but have had her first; besides, none know but we ourselves; and we, for weighty reasons, must be secret.

Haz. Why, ay, that's true, but then for weightier reasons, I must not marry her—

Wild. Come, come, thou hast a tender heart, Heav'n knows! she may be desperate.

Haz. A fair riddance; we have enough o' th' tribe; I am sorry I cannot furnish her expedition with a pair of my own garters.

Wild. I know thou art more charitable: she may prove a happy wife; what woman but has frailty?

Haz.

THE GAMESTERS.

Haz. Let her make the best on't; set up shop i' th' Strand or Westminster, she may have custom.

Wild. She has a portion will maintain her like a gentlewoman, and your wife.

Haz. Where is't?

Wild. In my possession; and I had rather thou should have it than another.

Haz. Thank you heartily.

A single life has single care; pray keep it.

Wild. Come, thou shalt know I love thee—thou shalt have More by a thousand pound, than I resolv'd To part with, 'cause I would call thee cousin too: Five thousand pound, *Will*, she has to her portion! I hop'd to put her off with half the sum, That's truth;—some younger brother would have thank'd me.

And given me my quietus—is't a match?

Haz. A pretty sum! five thousand pound will make What's crook'd, straight again.

Wild. Th'art in th' right; Or for the better sound, as the grammarians Say, I will call it—fifty hundred pound!

B'r lady, a pretty stock; enough, an' need be, To buy up half the women in a county.

Haz. Here's my hand; I'll consider on't no farther; Is she prepar'd?

Wild. Leave that to me.

Haz. No more.

Wild. I'll instantly about it.

Haz. Will you confirm this before witnesses?

Wild. Bring a hundred—bring 'em presently.

Haz. I'll follow you.

Wild. Now I'm a little easy—
The bitt'rest pill when gilded will be swallow'd.

[Exit Wilding.]

Haz. Ha, ha!

The project moves better than I expected;
What pains he takes out of his ignorance!

Enter BARNACLE.

Bar. O! sir, I am glad I ha' found you.

Haz. I was not lost.

Bar. My nephew, sir, my nephew!

Haz.

Haz. What of him?

Bar. He's undone, he's undone! you have undone him.

Haz. What's the matter?

Bar. You have made him, sir, so valiant, I am afraid
He's not long liv'd; he quarrels now with every body;
And roars and domineers, and shakes the pent-houses.
What shall I do? I fear he will be kill'd:

I take a little privilege myself,
Because I threaten to disinherit him:

But no body else dares talk, or meddle with him;

Is there no way to take him down again,

And make him coward?

Haz. There are ways to tame him.

Bar. now I wish heartily you had beaten him
For the hundred pound.

Haz. That may be done yet.

Bar. Is't not too late? but d'ye think 'twill humble him?
I expect every minute he's abroad

To hear he has kill'd somebody, or receive him

Brought home with half his brains, or but one leg.

Haz. What would you have me do?

Bar. I'll pay you for't,

If you will beat him soundly, sir, and leave him

But as you found him: for if he continue

A blade, and be not kill'd. he won't escape

The gallows long; and 'tis not for my honour
He should be hang'd.

Haz. I shall deserve as much

To allay his metal, as I did to quicken it.

Bar. Nay, 'tis my meaning to content you, sir;

And I shall take it as a favour too,

If for the same price, you made him valiant,

You will unblade him: here's the money, sir;

As weighty gold as t'other; 'cause you should not

Lay it on lightly: break no limb, and bruise him

Three quarters dead, I care not: he may live

Many a fair day after it.

Haz. You shew

An uncle's love in this; trust me to cure

His valour.

Bar. He's here; do but observe,

Enter Nephew.

And beat him, sir, accordingly.

Neph.

Neph. How now, uncle?

Bar. Thou art no nephew of mine, th'art a rascal!
I'll be at no more charge to make thee a gentleman;
Pay for your dice and drinkings; I shall have
The surgeons bills brought shortly home to me:
Be troubled to bail thee from the sessions;
And afterwards make friends to the recorder
For a reprieve, yes—I will see thee hang'd first.

Neph. And be at the charge to paint the gallows too;
If I have a mind, the waits shall play before me;
And I'll be hang'd in state, three stories high, uncle;
But first I'll cut your throat.

Bar. Bless me! defend me.

Enter ACRELESS, SELLAWAY, and LITTLESTOCK.

Acr. How now, what's the matter?

Sell. Master Barnacle!

Bar. There's an ungracious bird of mine own nest,
Will murder me.

Litt. He wo't not sure?

Haz. Put up,
And ask your uncle presently forgiveness;
Or I shall huff thee.

Neph. Huff me?—I will put up
At thy intreaty.

Haz. Gentlemen, you remember
This noble gallant.

Acr. Cousin of yours, I take it.

Haz. Couzin to a killing, in your company
Lent me a box o' th' ear.

Neph. No, no, I gave it,
I gave it freely; keep it, never think on't;
I can make bold with thee another time;
Wou'd it had been twenty.

Haz. One's too much to keep,
I am a gamester, and remember always
My debts of honor—first, the principal—*[Strikes him.]*
And this for the use—*[Strikes him again.]*

Neph. Use? wou'd th'adst given it my uncle.

Haz. They have cost him already two hundred pounds
And upwards, shotten herring, thing of noise!

Neph. Ob, for my man Dwindle,
And his basket-hilt now! and my uncle shal' rue this.

Haz.

Haz. Down presently, and, before these gentlemen,
Desire his pardon.

Neph. How! desire his pardon?

Haz. Do it I say.

Neph. I will ask his pardon; I beseech you, uncle.

Haz. And swear.

Neph. And do swear.

Haz. To be obedient, never more to quarrel.

Neph. Why, look you, gentlemen, I hope you are per-
suaded,

By taking this so patiently, that I am
Not over valiant.

Bar. I suspect him still.

Neph. Indeed you need not, ugle.

Haz. If ever he prove rebellious, in act

Or language, let me know it.

Neph. Will you not give

Me leave to roar abroad, a little, for my credit?

Bar. Never, sirrah; now I'll tame you.

I thank you, gentlemen; command me for
This courtesy.

Neph. 'Tis possible I may

With less noise grow more valiant hereafter;

'Till then I am in all your debts.

Bar. Be rul'd,

And be my nephew again: this was my love,
My love, dear nephew.

Neph. If your love consist

In kicking, uncle let me love you again.

Bar. Be silent sirrah.

Neph. I am dumb.

Act. Then his uncle paid for't?

Haz. Heartily, heartily.

Whither are you going, gentlemen?

Act. As you shall lead us, *Hazard*.

Haz. 'Tis lucky then;

Will you be witnessess to a desperate

Bargain I mean to drive within this hour?—

No less than battering for my liberty.

Sell. The devil! not to be, married sure?

Haz. 'Tis even so—and were I sure that this, my valiant
friend, (to *Neph.*) would not be angry at my choice, I'd tell
you who was the maid elect.

Neph.

Neph. Chuse where you list; I'll ne'er be angry more, nor woo again; I have had of both *my quantum sufficit*.

Haz. Her name's *Penelope*.

Neph. Take her, and welcome; she'll pay you in the coin you've favour'd me with.

Bar. May you win and wear her, Mr *Hazard*; and since my nephew merits not the maid, I wish you and her happiness.

Haz. Thanks, Mr *Barnacle*——I will away to *Wilding's*, and prepare for your reception——will you follow me!

Litt. We will.

[*Exit.*

Bar. What say you gentlemen? shall we drink this couple in a glass of sack, and then to wish 'em joy?

Acr. Agreed.

Neph. I'm for any things:

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E, WILDING'S House.

Enter Mrs WILDING and PENELOPE.

Pen. Why, you would not have me encourage this *Hazard*?

Mrs Wild. Indeed, but I wou'd.

Pen. What! a gamester! a profligate!

Mrs Wild. His gaming is accidental——A younger brother, and bred to no business, naturally leads to the dice for his supplies——I know he is tir'd of the company he has kept; his honour is, as yet unimpeach'd, and with your fortune, what can either of you want, or desire further?

Pen. Indeed, I dare not think of it. Give me a little time——and——who knows——Lord, he's here.

Enter HAZARD.

Mrs Wild. Mr *Hazard*, I have pleaded hard for you, and promis'd much for you——You must now try the cause yourself.

Haz. I am indebted to you——all things succeed beyond your thought——pray, give me a little opportunity with your kinswoman

Mrs Wild. I'll withdraw.

[*Exit.*

Haz. I know not how to woo her——

Sweet lady——

Pen. Your pleasure, sir?

Haz.

Haz. Pray, let me ask you a question——

If you had lost your way, and met one,

A traveller like myself, that knew the coast

O' th' country, would you thank him to direct you?

Pen. That common manners would instruct.

Haz. I think so.

Pen. But there are many ways to the wood.

Haz. And which

Would you desire; the nearest path, and safest,

Or that which leads about?

Pen. Without all question,

The nearest and safest.

Haz. Can you love then?

Pen. I were a devil else.

Haz. And can you love a man?

Pen. A man! what else, sir?

Haz. Y'are so far on your way. Now, love but me,
Y'are at your journey's end; what say you to me?

Pen. Nothing, sir.

Haz. That's no answer, you must say something.

Pen. I hope you'll not compel me.

Haz. D'y' hear, lady?

Setting this foolery aside, I know

You cannot chuse but love me.

Pen. Why?

Haz. I have been told so.

Pen. You are easy of belief;

I think I should be best acquainted with

My own thoughts, and I dare not be so desperate

To conclude.

Haz. Come, come; y'are a dissembling gentlewoman,

I know your heart; you have lov'd me a great while.

What should I play the fool for? If you remember,

I urg'd some wild discourse in the behalf

Of Barnacle; it is a trial of thee;

That humour made me love thee; and since that, thy vir-
tue.

Pen. Indeed, sir?

Haz. Indeed, sir? why I have been contracted to thee.

Pen. How long?

Haz. This half hour; know thy portion, and shall have it.

Pen. Strange!

Haz. Nay, I'll have thee too.

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Pen.

Pen. You will?

Haz. I cannot help it; thy kind cousin will have it so:
'Tis his own plot, to make thee amends; is't not
Good mirth? but 'tis not love to thee or me;
But to have me possess he is no cuckold;
I see through his device, thou art much beholden to him;
He meant to have put thee off with half thy portion;
But that, as things have hap'd, we must keep secret,
Say, is't a match? I have two thousand pound too,
I thank the dice; let's put our stocks together;
Children will follow—He is here already.

Enter WILDING.

Wild. So close! I am glad on't, this prepares *Will Hazard*
And my young cousin—a word, *Penelope*.

Haz. Now will you make all sure.

Wild. You us'd me coarsely,
But I have forgot it; what discourse have you
With this gentleman?

Pen. He would seem to be suitor.

Wild. Entertain him, d'y' hear; you may do worse; be
rul'd.

'Twas in my thought to remove it; does he not
Talk strangely?

Pen. Of what?

Wild. Of nothing; let me counsel you
To love him; call him husband.

Pen. I resolve
Never to marry without your consent.

Enter ACRELESS, LITTLESTOCK, SELLAWAY.

Haz. Gentlemen, welcome.

Pen. If you bestow me, sir, I will be confident
I am not lost, I must confess I love him.

Wild. No more then; lose no time.—Kind gentlemen
Y'are come most seasonable to be the witnesses
Of my consent; I have examin'd both
Your hearts, and freely give thee here my kinswoman:
No sooner shall the church pronounce
You married, but challenge what is her's.

Haz. Five thousand pound,

Wild. I do confess it is her portion;
You sha'not stay to talk—Nay, gentlemen,

Pray

Play see the business finish'd.

Act. We'll attend him.

Wild. The lawyer with his papers are within;
I've sign'd and seal'd the contract, and with it.
Give up all my right and guardianship
To this my friend.

[To Hazard.

Haz. Which I with joy except of— [Takes Pen's band.
Be you the witnesses. Come on. [Exit with Pen.

Wild. So, so; this will confirm him in the opinion,
Penelope was the creature he enjoy'd,
And keep off all suspicion of my wife;
Who is still honest, in the imagination
That only I embrac'd her: all's secure,
And my brow's smooth again. Who can deride me,
But I myself? ha! that's too much; I know it;
And spite of these tricks, am a *Cornelius*.
Cannot I bribe my conscience to be ignorant?
Why then I ha' done nothing: yes, advanc'd
The man, that grafted shame upon my fore-head:
Vexation! parted with five thousand pound,
And am no less a cuckold than before:
Was I predestin'd to this shame and mockery?
Where were my brains? yet why am I impatient?
Unless betray'd, he cannot reach the knowledge;
And then no matter—yes, I am curs'd again;
My torment multiplies; *Penelope*
Will clear herself, and then that ruins all!
I wou'd she had been strumpeted. I am lost.
And must be desperate—kill him? no—my wife
Not so good—death is over black and horrid;
And I am grown ridiculous to myself.—
I must do something.—

Enter BARNACLE and Nephew.

Bar. Master *Wilding*, welcome—I have not seen you
a great while.

Wild. Then I have been happy a great while.
Do you know me?

Bar. Know you?

Wild. They say I am much alter'd of late.

Bar. There is some alteration in your forehead,

Wild. My forehead!

Bar. 'Tis not smooth enough—you're troubled Is your wife within?

Wild. What wou'd you with her?

Bar. I know the matter that's a brewing.

Neph. *Et ego.*

Bar. You have it here, Mr *Wilding*. [*Pointing to his head.*

Wild. The devil!—Do you see 'em?
Have they broke the surface?

Bar. I mean Mr *Hazard's* business.

Wild. I mean that too—My head's a torment to me.

Neph. What would you give me now, Mr *Wilding*, to be of the nation without heads?

Wild. Wou'd I cou'd change conditions with these fools; they are not troubled now with being cuckolds.

Enter Mrs WILDING.

Mrs Wild. Gentlemen, your servant.

Bar. Joy, joy to you, Mrs *Wilding*.

Wild. Wife, you are a whore; you shall know more hereafter—I must go leave in the forest.

Mrs Wild. And I i' th' common.

Wild. She'll turn a prostitute!

Enter HAZARD, PENELOPE, ACRELESS, etc.

Haz. Your leave, gentle folks; who wishes us joy!

Bar. Married?

Haz. Fast as the law can tie us:
The priest must bless the knot.

Arc. We are witnesses.

Haz. Cousin, five thousand pound; and lady, now I must thank you for this among the rest—Look then with an eye of love upon me.

Wild. No matter, she'll love thee afterwards. An' she do not, she can but cuckold thee; there be more i' th' parish, man.

Mrs Wild. In our parish, husband?

Wild. I'll be divorc'd now,
Wife, you're a whore——

Haz. Ho there! no big words; come,
We must tell something in your ear: be merry;
You are no cuckold, make no noise.—I know
That's it offends your stomach.

Wild. Ha!

Haz.

Haz. I touch'd not her, nor this, with one rude action.
We'll talk the circumstance another time:
Your wife expected you; but when I came,
She had prepar'd a light, and her cousin here,
T' have made you blush, and chide you into honesty;
Seeing their chaste simplicity, I was won
To silence, which brought on my better fortune.

Wild. Can this be real?

Mrs Wild. By my hopes of peace
I th' t'other world, you have no injury:
My plot was only to betray you to
Love and repentance.

Pen. Be not troubled, sir;
I am a witness of my cousin's truth;
And hope you'll make all prosper, in renewing
Your faith to her.

Haz. Be wise, and no more words;
Thou hast a treasure in thy wife; make much on her.
For any act of mine, she is as chaste
As when she was new-born. Love, love her *Jack*.

Wild. I am asham'd: pray give me all forgiveness.
I see my follies—heaven invites me gently
To thy chest bed.—Be thou again my dearest:
Thy virtue shall instruct me. Joy to all.

Haz. These be love's miracles: a spring-tide flow in e-
very bosom.

Bar. May ease, health, happiness attend you, lady.

Pen. From you, sir, 'tis a double complement.—Have
I your pardon, sir, for my refusal of the honor of your ne-
phew's hand?

Bar. you have.

Neph. And mine too, lady, with thanks to th' bargain.

Wild. To-day I'll feast you all; and wife, be this our
bridal day: let us begin new joys with these our happy cou-
sins.

Mrs. Wild. My joys are at their full; and, dear *Penelope*,
my heart o'erflows with love, delight, and gratitude.

Pen. May I deserve your friendship, and follow your ex-
ample.

Haz. Be witness, gentlemen, that wedded here, wedded
for ever, I no more shall follow that fickle harlot fortune—
I renounce my follies: fly to peace, content, and love.

THE GAMESTERS.

From riot, care, intemperance and vice !
And from the fountain-head of all——The dice.

Sell. The sinner preaches, *Wilding* ; but his lectures will
make few penitents.

Wild. I'm sorry for't.——

I own myself a convert to these truths,
And wish that *you* had felt 'em—This my pilot,
My prudent pilot, steers me safe thro' storms,
Thro' rocks and quick-sands, to a happier coast.

The Syren's voice shall charm my ear no more ;
With joy I quit that treach'rous, fatal shore,
Where a friend's ruin is by friends enjoy'd,
And ev'ry virtue is by turns destroy'd.



ISABELLA:

OR, THE FATAL MARRIAGE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Count Baldwin, father to Biron and Carlos Mr Berry.
Biron, marry'd to Isabella, suppos'd dead Mr Garrick.
Carlos, his younger brother Mr Davies.

Villeroy, in love with Isabella, marries her Mr Havard.
Sampson, porter to count Baldwin Mr Bransby.

A child of Isabella's, by Biron,

Bellford, a friend of Biron's Mr Jefferson.

Pedro, a servant to Carlos Mr Walker.

WOMEN.

Isabella, marry'd to Biron and Villeroy Mr Cibber.

Nurse to Biron Mrs Bennet.

Officers, Servants, Men and Women.

ACT I.

SCENE, before Count Baldwin's House.

Enter VILLEROY and CARLOS.

CARLOS.

THIS constancy of yours will establish an immortal reputation among the women.

Vil. If it would establish me with Isabella——

Car. Follow her; Troy town was won at last.

Vil. I have follow'd her these seven years, and now but live in hopes.

Car. But live in hopes! why hope is the ready road, the lover's baiting-place; and, for ought you know, but one stage short of the possession of your mistress.

Vil. But my hopes, I fear, are more of my own making

than hers; and proceed rather from my wishes, than any encouragement she has given me.

Car. That I can't tell; the sex is very various: there are no certain measures to be prescrib'd, or follow'd, in making our reproaches to the women. All that we have to do, I think, is to attempt 'em in the weakest part. Press 'em but hard, and they will all fall under the necessity of a surrender at last. That favour comes at once; and sometimes when we least expect it.

Vil. I shall be glad to find it so.

Car. You will find it so. Every place is to be taken, that is not to be reliev'd; she must comply.

Vil. I am going to visit her.

Car. What interest a brother-in-law can have with her depend upon.

Vil. I know your interest, and I thank you.

Car. You are prevented; see, the mourner comes; She weeps, as seven years were seven hours;

So fresh, unfading, is the memory
Of my poor brother's, *Biron's* death:

I leave you to your opportunity.

[*Exit. Vil.*]

Tho' I have ta'en care to root her from our house,

I wou'd transplant her into *Villeroy's*—

There is an evil fate that waits upon her,
To which, I wish him wedded—Only him:

His upstart family, with haughty brow,

(Tho' *Villeroy* and myself are seeming friends)

Looks down upon her house; his sister too,

Whose hand I ask'd, and was with scorn refus'd,

Lives in my breast, and fires me to revenge.—

They bend this way—

Perhaps, at last, she seeks my father's doors;

They shall be shut, and be prepar'd to give

The beggar and her brat a cold reception.

That boy's an adder in my path—they come,

I'll stand a-part, and watch their motions.

[*Retires.*]

Enter VILLEROY, with ISABELLA and her little Son.

Isa. Why do you follow me? You know, I am
A bankrupt every way; too far engag'd
Ever to return; I own you've been
More than a brother to me, my friend;
And at a time when friends are found no more,

A friend

A friend to my misfortunes.

Vil. I must be
Always your friend.

Isa. I have known, and found you
Truly my friend; and wou'd I cou'd be yours;
But the unfortunate cannot be friends;
Fate watches the first motion of the soul,
To disappoint our wishes: if we pray
For blessings, they prove curses in the end,
To ruin all about us. Pray be gone,
Take warning, and be happy.

Vil. Happiness!

There's none for me, without you; riches, name,
Health, fame, distinction, place, and quality,
Are the incumbrances of groaning life,
To make it but more tedious, without you
What serve the goods of fortune for? To raise
My hopes, that you at last will share 'em with me.
Long life itself, the universal prayer,
And heaven's reward of well deservers here,
Wou'd prove a plague to me; to see you always,
And never see you mine! still to desire,
And never to enjoy!

Isa. I must not hear you.

Vil. Thus, at this awful distance, I have serv'd
A seven years bondage——Do I call it bondage,
When I can never wish to be redeem'd?
No, let me rather linger out a life
Of expectation, that you may be mine,
Than be restor'd to the indifference
Of seeing you, without this pleasing pain;
I've lost myself, and never would be found,
But in these arms.

Isa. O, I have heard all this!

——But must no more—the charmer is no more:
My bury'd husband rises in the face
Of my dear boy, and chides me for my stay:
Can'st thou forgive me, child?

Child. Why, have you done a fault? You cry as if you
had: indeed now, I have done nothing to offend you: but
if you kiss me, and look so very sad upon me, I shall cry
too.

Isa. My little angel, no, you must not cry;

Sorrow will overtake thy steps too soon :
I should not hasten it.

Vil. What can I say !

The arguments that make against my hopes
Prevail upon my heart, and fix me more :
Those pious tears you hourly throw away
Upon the grave, have all their quick'ning charms,
And more engage my love, to make you mine :
When yet a virgin, free, and undispos'd,
I lov'd, and saw you only with my eyes ;
I cou'd not reach the beauties of your soul :
I have since liv'd in contemplation,
And long experience of your growing goodness :
What then was passion, is my judgment now,
Thro' all the several changes of your life,
Confirm'd and settled in adoring you.

Isa. Nay, then I must be gone : if you're my friend,
If you regard my little interest ;

No more of this ; you say, I grant you all
That friendship will allow : be still my friend ;
That's all I can receive, or have to give :
I'm going to my father : he needs not an excuse
To use me ill ; pray leave me to the trial.

Vil. I'm only born to be what you wou'd have me :
The creature of your power, and must obey ;
In every thing obey you. I am going ;
But all good fortune go along with you.

[*Exit.*
[*Knocks.*

Isa. I shall need all your wishes——
Lock'd ! and fast !

Where is the charity that us'd to stand
In our forefather's hospitable days
At great men's doors, ready for our wants,
Like the good angel of the family,
With open arms taking the needy in,
To feed and clothe, to comfort and relieve 'em ?
Now even their gates are shut against their poor.

She knocks again.

Enter SAMPSON to her.

Samp. Well, what's to do now, I trow ? You knock as
loud as if you were invited ; and that's more than I heard
of : but I can tell you, you may look twice about you for a
welcome

welcome in a great man's family, before you find it, unless you bring it along with you.

Isa. I hope I bring my welcome along with me: is your lord at home?

Samp. My lord at home!

Isa. Count *Baldwin* lives here still?

Samp. Ay, ay, count *Baldwin* does live here; and I am his porter: but what's that to the purpose, good woman, of my lords being at home?

Isa. Why, don't you know me friend?

Samp. Not I, not I, mistress; I may have seen you before, or so: but men of employment must forget their acquaintance; especially such as we are never to be the better of.

[*Going to shut the door, nurse enters, having overheard her.*

Nurse. Handsomer words would become you, and mend your manners *Sampson*: do you know who you prate to?

Isa. I'm glad you know me nurse.

Nurse. Marry, heav'n forbid, madam, that I should ever forget you, or my little jewel: pray go in—[*Isabella goes in with her child.*] Now my blessing go along with you, where-ever you go, or whatever you are about. Fie, *Sampson*, how could'st thou be such a *Saracen*? A Turk would have been a better Christian, than to have done so barbarously by so good a lady.

Samp. Why look you, nurse, I know you of old: by your good-will you would have a finger in every body's pie, but mark the end on't; if I am call'd to account about it, I know what I have to say.

Nurse. Marry come up here; say your pleasure, and spare not. Refuse his eldest son's widow, and poor child, the comfort of seeing him? She does not trouble him so often.

Samp. Not that I am against it, nurse; but we are but servants, you know: we must have no likings, but our lord's; and must do as we are ordered.

Nurse. Nay, that's true, *Sampson*.

Samp. Besides, what I did, was all for the best: I have no ill-will to the young lady, as a body may say, upon my own account; only that I hear she is poor; and indeed I naturally hate your decay'd gentry: they expect as much waiting upon as when they had money in their pockets and were able to consider us for our trouble.

Nurse. Why, that is a grievance indeed in great families, where the gifts, at good times, are better than the wages. It would do well to be reform'd.

Samp. But what is the business, nurse? You have been in the family before I came into the world: what's the reason pray, that this daughter-in-law, who has so good a report in every body's mouth, is so little set by, by my lord?

Nurse. Why, I'll tell you *Sampson*; more nor less; I'll tell the truth, that's my way, you know, without adding or diminishing.

Samp. Ay, marry, nurse.

Nurse. My lord's eldest son, *Biron* by name, the son of his bosom, and the son that he would have lov'd best, if he had as many as king *Pyramus* of *Troy*.

Samp. How! king *Pyramus* of *Troy*! why, how many had he?

Nurse. Why the ballet sings he had fifty sons: but no matter for that. This *Biron*, as I was saying, was a lovely sweet gentleman, and indeed, no body could blame his father for loving him: he was a son for the king of *Spain*; God bless him, for I was his nurse. But now I come to the point, *Sampson*; this *Biron*, without asking the advice of his friends, hand over head, as young men will have their vagaries, not having the fear of his father before his eyes, as I may say, wilfully marries this *Isabella*.

Samp. How wilfully! he should have had her consent, methinks.

Nurse. No, wilfully marries her; and, which was worse after she had settled all her fortune upon a nunnery, which she broke out of to run away with him. They say they had the church's forgiveness, but I had rather it had been his father's.

Samp. Why in good truth, these nunneries, I see no good they do. I think the young lady was in the right, to run away from a nunnery: and I think our young master was not in the wrong, but in marrying without a portion.

Nurse. That was the quarrel, I believe, *Sampson*: upon this, my old lord would never see him; disinherited him; took his younger brother, *Carlos*, into favour, whom he never car'd for before; and at last forc'd *Biron* to go to the siege of *Candy*, where he was kill'd.

Samp. Alack-a-day, poor gentleman.

Nurse.

Nurse. For which my old lord hates her, as if she had been the cause of his going thither.

Samp. Alas, alas, poor lady, she has suffer'd for't; she has liv'd a great while a widow.

Nurse. A great while indeed, for a young woman, *Sampson*.

Samp. Gad so! here they come; I wont venture to be seen.

Enter Count BALDWIN, followed by ISABELLA and her Child.

C Bald. Whoever of our friends direct you,
Misguid'd and abus'd you—There's your way;
I can afford to shew you out again;
What could you expect from me?

Isa. Oh, I have nothing to expect on earth;
But misery is very apt to talk:
I thought I might be heard.

C Bald. What can you say?
Is there in eloquence, can there be in words
A recompensing pow'r, a remedy,
A raparation of the injuries,
The great calamities that you have brought
On me, and mine? you have destroy'd those hopes
I fondly rais'd, through my declining life,
To rest my age upon; and most undone me.

Isa. I have undone myself too.

C Bald. Speak it again.
Say still you are undone, and I will hear you,
With pleasure hear you.

Isa. Would my ruin please you?

C Bald. Beyond all other pleasures.

Isa. Then you are pleas'd—for I am most undone.

C Bald. I pray'd but for revenge, and heaven has heard
And sent it to my wishes: these grey hairs
Would have gone down in sorrow, to the grave,
Which you have dug for me, without the thought,
The thought of leaving you more wretched here.

Isa. Indeed I am most wretched—When I lost
My husband—

C Bald. Would he had never been;
Or never had been yours.

Isa. I then believ'd
The measure of my sorrow then was full:

But

But every moment of my growing days
 Makes room for woes, and adds 'em to the sum.
 I lost with *Biron* all the joys of life :
 But now its last supporting means are gone,
 All the kind helps that heav'n in pity rais'd,
 In charitable pity to our wants,
 At last have left us : now bereft of all,
 But this last trial of a cruel father,
 To save us both from sinking. O my child !
 Kneel with me, knock at nature in his heart :
 Let the resemblance of a once-lov'd son
 Speak in this little one, who never wrong'd you,
 And plead the fatherless and widow's cause.
 Oh, if ever you hoped to be forgiven,
 As you will need to be forgiven too,
 Forget our faults, that heav'n may pardon yours.

C Bald. How dare you mention heav'n ! Call to mind
 Your perjur'd vows ; your plighted, broken faith
 To heav'n, and all things holy : were you not
 Devoted, wedded to a wife recluse,
 The sacred habit on, profest and sworn
 A votary for ever ? Can you think
 The sacrilegious wretch that robs the shrine,
 Is thunder-proof ?

Isa. There, there began my woes,
 Let women all take warning at my fate ;
 Never resolve, or think they can be safe,
 Within the reach and tongue of tempting men.
 Oh ! had I never seen my *Biron's* face,
 Had he not tempted me, I had not fall'n,
 But still continu'd innocent and free
 Of a bad world, which only he had pow'r
 To reconcile, and make me try again.

C Bald. Your own inconstancy, your graceless thoughts.
 Debauch'd and reconcil'd you to the world :
 He had no hand to bring you back again,
 But what you gave him. *Circz*, you prevail'd
 Upon his honest mind, transforming him
 From virtue, and himself, into what shapes
 You had occasion for, and what he did
 Was first inspir'd by you. A cloyster was
 Too narrow for the work you had in hand :
 Your business was more general ; the whole world

To be the scene : therefore you spread your charms
 To catch his soul, to be the instrument,
 The wicked instrument of your cursed flight.
 Not that you valu'd him ; for any one,
 Who cou'd have serv'd that turn, had been as welcome.

Isa. O ! I have sins to heav'n, but none to him.

C Bald. Had my wretched son
 Marry'd a beggar's bastard ; taken her
 Out of her rags, and made her of my blood,
 The mischief might have ceas'd, and ended there.
 But bringing you into a family,
 Entails a curse upon the name, and house,
 That takes you in ; the only part of me
 That did receive you, perish'd for his crime.
 'Tis a defiance to offended heav'n,
 Barely to pity you ; your sins pursue you :
 The heaviest judgements that can fall upon you,
 Are your just lot, and but prepare your doom ;
 Expect 'em, and despair——Sirrah, rogue.
 How durst thou disobey me !

[*To the porter.*]

Isa. Not for myself—for I am past the hopes
 Of being heard—but for this innocent——
 And then I never will disturb you more.

C Bald. I almost pity the unhappy child ;
 But being yours——

Isa. Look on him as your son's ;
 And let his part in him answer for mine.
 O save him, defend him, save him from the wrongs
 That fall upon the poor.

C Bald. It touches me——
 And I will save him—But to keep him safe ;
 Never come near him more.

Isa. What ! take him from me !
 No, we must never part : 'tis the last hold
 Of comfort I have left ; and when he fails,
 All goes along with him O ! cou'd you be
 The tyrant to divorce life from my life ?
 I live but in my child.
 No, let me pray in heaven, and beg my bread
 From door to door, to feed his daily wants,
 Rather than always lose him.

C Bald. Then have your child, and feed him with your
 prayer.

You

You, rascal, slave; what do I keep you for?
How came this woman in?

Samp. Why indeed, my lord, I did as good as tell her,
before, my thoughts upon the matter——

C Bald. Did you so, sir? now then tell her mine:
Tell her I sent you to her. [*Thrusts him towards her.*
There's one more to provide for.

Samp. Good my lord, what I did was in perfect obedience
to the old nurse there; I told her what it would come
to.

C Bald. What! this was a plot upon me. And you too,
Beldam, were you in the conspiracy? Be gone, go all to-
gether; I have provided you an equipage, now set up when
you please. She's old enough to do you service: I have
none for her. The wild world lies before you: be gone,
take any road but this to beg or starve in—I shall be glad to
hear of you: but never, never see me more——

[*He drives 'em off before him.*

Isa. Then heav'n have mercy on me!

[*Exit with her child, followed by Sampson and nurse.*

A C T II.

S C E N E Continues:

Enter VILLEROY, and CARLOS, meeting.

VILLEROY.

MY friend, I fear to ask—but *Isabella*—
The lovely widow's tears, her orphan's cries
Thy father must feel for them—no, I read.
I read their cold reception in thine eyes—
Thou pitiest them—tho' *Baldwin*—but I spare him
For *Carlos*' sake; thou art no son of his.
There needs not this to endear thee more to me.

[*Embraces him.*

Car. My *Villero y*, the fatherless, the widow
Are terms not understood within these gates—
You must forgive him; Sir, he thinks this woman
Is *Biron*'s fate, that hurried him to death—
I must not think on't lest my friendship stagger.
My friend's, my sister's, mutual advantage

Have

Have reconcil'd my bosom to its task.

Vil. Advantage, think not I intend to raise
An interest from *Isabella's* wrongs.
Your father may have interested ends
In her undoing; but my heart has none;
Her happiness must be my interest,
And that I wou'd restore.

Car. Why so I mean.

These hardships that my father lays upon her,
I'm sorry for; and wish I could prevent:
But he will have his way.

Since there was nothing to be hop'd from her prosperity,
the change of her fortune may alter the condition of her
thoughts and make at least for you.

Vil. She's above her fortune.

Car. Try her again. Women commonly love according
to the circumstances they are in.

Vil. Common women may.

Car. Since you are not accessary to the injustice, you
may be persuaded to take the advantage of other people's
crimes.

Vil. I must despise all those advantages,
That indirectly can advance my love.
No, tho' I live but in the hopes of her,
And languish for the enjoyment of those hopes;
I'd rather pine in a consuming want
Of what I wish, than have the blessing mine,
From any reason, but consenting love.
Oh! let me never have it to remember,
I could betray her, coldly to comply:
When a clear, generous choice bestows her on me,
I know to value the unequal'd gift:
I would not have it, but to value it.

Car. Take your own: remember, what I offer'd came
from a friend.

Vil. I understand it so. I'll serve her for herself, with-
out the thought of a reward. [Exit.]

Car. Agree that point between you. If you marry her
any way, you do my business.

I know him—What his generous soul intends

Ripens my plots—I'll first to *Isabella*—

I must keep up appearances with her too.

[Exit.]
SCENE,

S C E N E, ISABELLA'S House.

Enter ISABELLA and Nurse: ISABELLA'S little Son at Play upon the Floor.

Isa. Sooner, or latter, all things pass away,
And are no more: the beggar and the king,
With equal steps tread forward to their end;
Tho' they appear of different natures now;
They meet at last; the reconciling grave
Swallows distinction first, that made us foes;
Then all alike lie down in peace together.
When will that hour of peace arrive for me!
In heav'n I shall find it—not in heav'n,
If my old tyrant father can dispose
Of things above—but, there, his interest
May be as poor as mine, and want a friend
As much as I do here.

[Weeping.]

Nurse. Good madam, be comforted.

Isa. Do I deserve to be this out-cast wretch?
Abandon'd thus, and lost? but 'tis my lot,
The will of heav'n, and I must not complain:
I will not for myself: let me bear all
The violence of your wrath! but spare my child;
Let not my sins be visited on him:
They are; they must; a general ruin falls
On every thing about me; thou art lost,
Poor nurse, by being near me.

Nurse. I can work, or beg, to do you service.

Isa. Cou'd I forget
What I have been, I might the better bear
What I am destin'd to; I'm not the first
That have been wretched; but to think how much
I have been happier! Wild hurrying thoughts
Start every way from my distracted soul,
To find out hope, and only meet despair.
What answer have I?

Enter SAMPSON.

Samp. Why truly, very little to the purpose; like a Jew
as he is, he says you have had more already than the jewels
are

are worth; he wishes you would rather think of redeeming 'em, than expect any more money upon 'em.

[Exit Sampson.]

Isa. 'Tis very well —

So—poverty at home, and debts abroad!
My present fortune bad; my hopes yet worse!
What will become of me!
This ring is all I have left of value now;
'Twas given me by my husband his first gift,
Upon our marriage: I've always kept it,
With my best care; the treasure next my life;
And now but part with it, to support life;
Which only can be dearer. Take it, nu se,
'Twill stop the cries of hunger for a time;
Provide us bread, and bring a short reprieve,
To put off the bad day of beggary,
That will come on too soon. Take care of it;
Manage it, as the last remaining friend
That would relieve us. [Exit Nurse.] Heav'n can only tell
Where we shall find another—My dear boy!
The labour of his birth was lighter to me
Than of my fondness now; my fears for him
Are more, than in that hour of hovering death,
They could be for myself—he minds me not.
His little sports have taken up his thoughts:
O may they never feel the pangs of mine.
Thinking will make me mad; why must I think,
When no thoughts bring me comfort?

Nurse returns.

Nurse. O Madam! you are utterly ruin'd and undone
Your creditors of all kinds are come in upon you; they have
muster'd up a regiment of rogues, that are come to plunder
Your house, and seize all that you have in the world; they
are below: what will you do, madam?

Isa. Do! nothing; for I am born to suffer.

Enter CARLOS to her.

Car. O sister! can I tell you by that name,
And be the son of this inhuman man,
Inveterate to your ruin? Do not think
I am a-kin to his barbarity:
I must abhor my father's usage of you;

And

And from my bleeding honest heart, must pity,
 Pity your lost condition : can you think
 Of any way that I may serve you in ?
 But what intriges most my sense of grief,
 My sorrow for your wrongs, is, that my father,
 Fore-knowing well the storm that was to fall,
 Has order'd me not to appear for you.

Isa. I thank your pity ; my poor husband fell
 For disobeying him ; do not you stay
 To venture his displeasure too for me.

Car. You must resolve on something——

[*Exit.*

Isa. Let my fate.
 Determine for me ; I shall be prepar'd ;
 The worst that can befall me, is to die ;
 When once it comes to that, it matters not
 Which way 'tis brought about ; whether I starve,
 Or hang, or drown, the end is still the same ;
 Plagues, poison, famine, are but several names
 Of the same thing, and all conclude in death.
 ——But sudden death ! O for a sudden death,
 To cheat my persecutors of their hopes,
 Th' expected pleasure of beholding me
 Long in my pains, ling'ring in misery !
 It will not be ; that is deny'd me too.
 Hark, they are coming ; let the torrent roar :
 It can but overwhelm me in its fall ;
 And life and death are now alike to me.

[*Exeunt, the Nurse leading the Child.*

S C E N E opens, and shews CARLOS and VILLEROY with
 the officers.

Vil. No farther violence——
 The debt in all is but four thousand crowns :
 Were it ten times the sum, I think you know
 My fortune very well can answer it.
 You have my word for this : I'll see you paid

Off. That's as much as we can desire : so we have the money,
 no matter whence it comes.

Vil. To-morrow you shall have it.

Car. Thus far all's well——

Enter

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Enter ISABELLA and Nurse with the child.

And now my sister comes to crown the work. *[Aside.*

Isa. Where are these rav'ning blood hounds, that pursue
In a full cry, gaping to swallow me?

I meet your rage, and come to be devour'd:

Say, which way are you to dispose of me?

To dungeons, darkness, death!

Car. Have patience.

Isa. Patience!

Off. You'll excuse us; we are but in our office:
Debts must be paid.

Isa. My death will pay you all. *[Distractedly.]*

Off. While there is law to be had, people will have their
own.

Vil. 'Tis very fit they should; but pray be gone.

To-morrow certainly—— *[Exeunt Officers.]*

Isa. What of to-morrow?

Am I then the sport,

The game of fortune, and her launching fools?

The common spectacle, to be expos'd

From day to day, and baited for the mirth

Of the lew'd rabble? Must I be reserv'd

For fresh afflictions?

Vil. For long happiness

Of life I hope.

Isa. There is no hope for me.

The load grows light, when we resolve to bear:

I'm ready for my trial.

Car. Pray be calm,

And know your friends.

Isa. My friends! have I a friend?

Car. A faithful friend; in your extremest need

Villeroy came in to save you——

Isa. Save me! how?

Car. By satisfying all your creditors.

Isa. Which way? for what?

Vil. Let me be understood,

And then condemn me: you have given me leave

To be your friend; and in that only name,

I now appear before you. I cou'd wish

There had been no occasion of a friend,

Because I know you hate to be oblig'd;

And

And still more loth to be oblig'd by me.

Isa. 'Twas that I would avoid _____

[*Aside.*

Vil. I am most unhappy, that my services
Can be suspected to design upon you ;
I have no farther ends than to redeem you
From fortune's wrongs ; to shew myself at last,
What I have long profess'd to be, your friend :
Allow me that ; and to convince you more,
That I intend only your interest.

Forgive what I have done, and in amends
(If that can make you any, that can please you)
I'll tear myself from ever from my hopes,
Stifle this flaming passion in my soul,
That has so long broke out to trouble you,
And mention my unlucky love no more.

Isa. This generosity will ruin me.

[*Aside.*

Vil. Nay, if the blessing of my looking on you
Disturbs your peace, I will do all I can
To keep away, and never see you more.

Car. You must not go.

Vil. Could *Isabella* speak

Those few short words, I should be rooted here,
And never move but upon her commands.

Car. Speak to him, sister ; do not throw away
A fortune that invites you to be happy.

In your extremity he begs your love ;

And has deserv'd it nobly. Think upon

Your lost condition, helpless and anon.

Tho' now you have a friend, the time must come

That you will want one ; him you may secure

To be a friend, a father, a husband to you.

Isa. A husband !

Car. You have discharg'd your duty to the dead,
And to the living ; tis a wilfulness

Not to give way to your necessities,

That force you to this marriage.

Nurse. What must become of this poor innocence ;?

[*To the child.*

Car. He wants a father to protect his youth
And rear him up to virtue ; you must bear
The future blame, and answer to the world,
When you refuse the easy honest means
Of taking care of him.

Nurse.

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Nurse. Of him and me,
And every one that must depend upon you;
Unless you please now to provide for us,
We must all perish.

Car. Nor would I press you——

Isa. Do not think I need
Your reasons to confirm my gratitude:
I have a soul that's truly sensible
Of your great worth, and busy to contrive, [To Villeroy.
If possible, to make you a return.

Vil. O! easily possible!

Isa. It cannot be your way; my pleasures are
Bury'd, and cold in my dead husband's grave:
And I should wrong the truth, myself, and you,
To say that I can ever love again.
I owe this declaration to myself:
But as a proof that I owe all to you,
If after what I've said you can resolve
To think me worth your love——Where am I going?
You cannot think it; 'tis impossible,

Vil. Impossible!

Isa. You should not ask me now, nor should I grant;
I am so much oblig'd, that to consent
Wou'd want a name to recommend the gift;
'Twould shew me poor, indebted, and compell'd,
Designing, mercenary; and I know
You would not wish to think I could be bought.

Vil. Be bought! where is the price that can pretend
To bargain for you? not in fortune's power.
The joys of heav'n, and love, must be bestow'd:
They are not to be sold, and cannot be deserv'd.

Isa. Some other time I'll hear you on this subject.

Vil. Nay, then there is no time so fit for me,

[Following her.

Since you consent to hear me, hear me now;
That you may grant: you are above
The little forms which circumscribe your sex:
We differ but in time, let that be mine.

Isa. You think fit
To get the better of me, and you shall;
Since you will have it so——I will be yours.

Vil. I take you at your word.

Isa. I give you all.

My

My hand; and would I had a heart to give
But if it ever can return again,
'Tis wholly yours.

Vil. O ecstasy of joy!

Leave that to me. If all my services,
If prosperous days, and kind indulging nights;
If all that man can fondly say or do,
Can beget love, love shall be born again.

O *Carlos*! now my friend, and brother too:

And nurse, I have eternal thanks for thee.

Send for the priest——

[*Nurse goes out in haste.*]

This night you must be mine.

Let me command in this, and all my life

Shall be devoted to you.

Isa. On your word,

Never to press me to put off these weeds,

Which best become my melancholy thoughts,

You shall command me.

Vil. Witness heav'n and earth

Against my soul, when I do any thing

To give you a disquiet.

Car. I long to wish you joy.

Vil. You'll be a witness of my happiness?

Car. For once I'll be my sister's father,

And give her to you.

Vil. Next my *Isabella*,

Be near my heart: I am for ever yours.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T III.

S C E N E, Count BALDWIN'S House.

Enter Count BALDWIN and CARLOS.

COUNT BALDWIN.

MARRIED to *Villeroy*, say'st thou?

Car. Yes, my lord.

Last night the priest perform'd his holy office,
And made 'em one.

C Bald. Misfortune join 'em!

And may her violated vows pull down

A lasting curse, a constancy or sorrow

On both their heads——I have not yet forgot

Thy

Thy slighted passion, the refus'd alliance;
 But having her, we are reveng'd at full.
 Heav'n will pursue her still, and *Villeroy*
 Share the judgments she calls down.

Car. Soon he'll hate her;
 Tho' warm and violent in his raptures now;
 When full enjoyment palls his sicken'd sense,
 And reason with satiety returns,
 Her cold constrain'd acceptance of his hand,
 Will gall his pride, which (tho' of late o'erpower'd
 By stronger passions) will, as they grow weak,
 Rise in full force, and pour its vengeance on her.

C Bald. Now, *Carlos*, take example to thy aid;
 Let *Biron's* disobedience, and the curse
 He took into his bosom, prove a warning,
 A monitor to thee, to keep thy duty
 Firm and unshaken.

Car. May those rankling wounds
 Which *Biron's* disobedience gave my father,
 Be heal'd by me.

C Bald. With tears I thank thee, *Carlos*.—
 And may'st thou ever feel those inward joys
 Thy duty gives thy father—but my son
 We must not let resentment choak our justice;
 'Tis fit that *Villeroy* know he has no claim
 From me, in right of *Isabella*—*Biron*,
 (Whose name brings tears) when wedded to this woman,
 By me abandon'd, sunk the little fortune
 His uncle left, in vanity and fondness:
 I am possess'd of those your brothers papers,
 And now are *Villeroy's*, and shou'd ought remain,
 In justice it is his; from me to him
 You shall convey them—follow me, and take 'em.

[*Exit C Bald.*]

Car. Yes, I will take 'em; but e'er I part with em,
 I will be sure my interest will not suffer
 By these his high, refin'd, fantastic-notions
 Of equity and right—What a paradox
 Is man! my father here, who boasts his honour,
 And ev'n but now was warm in praise of justice,
 Can steal his heart against the widow's tears,
 And infant's wants; the widow and the infant
 Of *Biron*; of his son, his fav'rite son.

'Tis ever thus weak minds, who court opinion,
And, dead to virtuous feelings, hide their wants
In pompous affectation—now to Villeroy—
E'er this his friend's (for he is much belov'd)
Crou'd to his house, with their nuptial songs
Awake the wedded pair: I'll join the throng,
And in my face, at least, bear joy and friendship.

SCENE, A Hall in VILLEROY'S House. A Band of Music, with the friends of VILLEROY.

Enter a Servant.

1st Fr. Where's your master, my good friend?

Ser. Within, Sir,

Preparing for the welcome of his friends.

1st Fr. Acquaint him we are here: yet stay,

The voice of music gently shall surprise him,

And breathe our salutations to his ear.

Strike up the strain to Villeroy's happiness,

To Isabella's:—But he's here already.

Enter VILLEROY.

Vil. My friends, let me embrace you:

Welcome all—

What means this preparation? [*Saxing the music.*

1st Fr. A slight token

Of our best wishes for your growing happiness—

You must permit our friendship—

Vil. You oblige me—

1st Fr. But your lovely bride,

That wonder of her sex, she must appear,

And add new brightness to this happy morning.

Vil. She is not yet prepar'd; and let her will,

My worthiest friend, determine her behaviour:

To win, and not to force her disposition,

Has been my seven years task. She will anon

Speak welcome to you all: the music stays.

[*Villeroy and his friends seat themselves.*

EPI THALAM IUM.

AIR. Miss YOUNG.

Let all, let all be gay;

Begin the rapt'rous lav;

Ld

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*Let mirth, let mirth and joy,
Each happy hour employ,
Of this fair bridal day.*

A I R. Mr. B E A R D.

Ye love-wing'd hours, your flight,

Your downy flight prepare,

Bring ev'ry soft delight

To soothe the brave and fair.

Hail happy pair, thus in each other blest;

Be ever free from care, of ev'ry joy possest..

I thank you for this proof of your affection;

I am so much transported with the thoughts

Of what I am, I know not what I do.

My *Isabella*!—but possessing her,

Who wou'd not lose himself? You'll pardon me:

Oh! there was nothing wanting to my soul;

But the kind wishes of my loving friends—

But our collation waits; where's *Carlos* now?

Methinks I am but half myself, without him.

2d Fr. This is wonderful! Married a night and a day and yet in raptures.

Vil. Oh! when you all get wives, and such as mine.

(If such another woman can be found)

You will rave too, doat on the dear content,

And prattle in their praise out of all bounds.

I cannot speak my bliss! 'tis in my head,

'Tis in my heart, and takes up all my soul—

The labour of my fancy. You'll pardon me,

About some twelve months hence I may begin

To speak plain sense—walk in, and honour me.

Enter ISABELLA.

My *Isabella*! O, the joy of my heart,

That I have leave at last to call you mine!

When I give up that title to the charms

Of any other wish, be nothing mine:

But let me look upon you, view you well.

This is a welcome gallantry indeed.

I durst not ask, but it was kind to grant,

Just at the time: dispensing with your dress

Upon our bridal-day.

Isa. Black might be ominous;
I would not bring ill luck along with me.

Vil. Oh! if your melancholy thoughts could change
With shifting of your dress—time has done cures
Incredible this way, and may again.

Isa. I could have wish'd, if you had thought it fit,
Our marriage had not been so public.

Vil. Do not you grudge me my excess of love:
That was a cause it could not be conceal'd;
Besides, 'twould injure the opinion
I have of my good fortune, having you;
And lessen it in other people's thoughts,
Busy on such occasions to enquire,
Had it been private.

Isa. I have no more to say.

Enter CARLOS.

Vil. My *Carlos* too, who came into the support
Of our bad fortune, has an honest right,
In better times, to share the good with us.

Car. I come to claim that right, to share your joy;
To wish you joy; and find it in myself;
For a friend's happiness reflects a warmth,
A kindly comfort, into every heart
That is not envious.

Vil. He must be a friend,
Who is not envious of a happiness
So absolute as mine; but if you are
(As I have reason to believe you are)
Concern'd for my well-being, there's the cause;
Thank her for what I am, and what must be.

[*Music flourish.*]

I see you mean a second entertainment:
My dearest *Isabella*, you must hear
The rapture of my friends, from thee they spring;
Thy virtues have diffus'd themselves around,
And made them all as happy as myself.

Isa. I feel their favours with a grateful heart,
And willingly comply.

RECIT.

RECIT.

*Take the gifts the Gods intend ye;
Grateful meet the proffer'd joy;
Truth and honour shall attend ye;
Charms that ne'er can change or cloy.*

DUETTO. Mr BEARD.

*O, the rapture's of possessing,
Taking beauty to thy arms!*

Miss YOUNG.

*O the joy, the lashing blessing,
When with virtue beauty charms!*

Mr BEARD.

Purer flames shall gently warm ye :

Miss YOUNG.

Love and honour both shall charm thee.

BOTH.

O, the raptures of etc. etc.

CHORUS.

*Far from hence be care and strife,
Far, the pang that tortures life;
May the circling minutes prove
One sweet round of peace and love!*

Car. You'll take my advice another time, sister.

Vil. What have you done? A rising smile
Stole from her thoughts just red'ning on her cheek,
And you have dash'd it.

Car. I am sorry for't.

Vil. My friends, will you forgive me, when I say,
I must prefer her peace to all the world!
Come, *Isabella*, let us lead the way;
Within we'll speak our welcome to our friends,
And crown the happy festival with joy.

SCENE, A Room.

Enter SAMPSON and Nurse.

Samp. Ay, marry Nurse, here's a master indeed! he'll

double our wages for us! if he comes on as fast with my lady, as he does with his servants, we are all in the way to be well pleas'd.

Nurse. He's in a rare humour; if she be in as good a one——

Samp. If she be, marry, we may e'en say, they have begot it upon one another.

Nurse. Well, why don't you go back again to your old count? You thought your throat cut, I warrant you, to be turn'd out of a nobleman's service.

Samp. For the future, I will never serve in a house, where the master or mistress of it lie single: they are out of humour with every body, when they are not pleas'd themselves. Now, this matrimony makes every thing go well; there's mirth, and money stirring about, when those matters go as they should do.

Nurse. Indeed, this matrimony, *Sampson*——

Samp. Ah, nurse;! this matrimony is a very good thing— But what, now my lady is marry'd, I hope we shall have company come to the house: there's something always coming from one gentleman or other upon those occasions, if my lady loves company.

Nurse. Odso, my master! we must not be seen. [*Exit.*

Enter VILLEROY with a Letter, and ISABELLA.

Vil. I must away this moment—see his letter, Sign'd by himself: alas! he cou'd no more; My brother's desperate, and cannot die In peace, but in my arms.

Isa. So suddenly!

Vil. Suddenly taken, on the road to *Brussels*, To do us honour, Love; unfortunate! Thus to be torn from thee, and all those charms, Tho' cold to me and dead.

Isa. I'm sorry for the cause.

Vil. O! cou'd I think, Cou'd I persuade myself that your concern For me, or for my absence, were the spring, The fountain of these melancholy thoughts, My heart wou'd dance, spite of the sad occasion, And be a gay companion in my journey; But——

Enter CARLOS from supper.

My good *Carlos*, why have you left my friends?

Car.

Car. They are departed home.
They saw some sudden melancholy news.
Had stolen the lively colour from your cheek—
You had withdrawn, the bride alarm'd had follow'd,
Mere ceremony had been constraint; and this
Good-natur'd rudeness—

Vil. Was the more obliging.
There, *Carlos* is the cause. [Gives the letter.

Car. Unlucky accident!
Th' archbishop of *Mulines*, your worthy brother,
With him to-night? Sister will you permit it?

Vil. It must be so.

Isa. You hear it must be so.

Vil. Oh, that it must!

Car. To leave your bride so soon!

Vil. But having the possession of my love,
I am the better able to support
My absence, in hopes of my return.

Car. Your stay will be but short?

Vil. It will seem long!

The longer that my *Isabella* sighs;
I shall be jealous of this rival, grief,
That you indulge, and fondle in my absence.
It takes so full possession of thy heart,
There is not room enough for mighty love.

Enter servant and bows.

My horses wait: farewell, my Love! you *Carlos*,
Will act a brothers part, 'till I return,
And be the guardian here. All, all I have
That's dear to me, I give up to your care.

Car. And I receive her as a friend and brother.

Vil. Nay, stir not, Love; for the night air is cold,
And the dews fall—here be our end of parting;
Carlos will see me to my house. [Exit with *Carlos*.

Isa. O, may thy brother better all our hopes!
A sudden melancholy bakes my blood;
Forgive me, *Villeroy*—I do not find
That cheerful gratitude, thy service asks;
Yet, if I know my heart; and sure I do,
'Tis not averse from honest obligation.
I'll to my chamber, and to bed; my mind,
My harass'd mind is weary. [Exit.

ACT IV.

SCENE, *The Street.*

BIRON and BELFORD just arrived.

BIRON.

THE longest day will have an end; we are got home at last.

Bel. We have got our legs at liberty; and liberty is home, where're we go: tho' mine lies most in *England*.

Bir. Pray let me call this yours: for what I can command in *Brussels*, you shall find your own. I have a father here, who, perhaps, after seven years absence, and costing him nothing in my travels, may be glad to see me. You know my story—How does my disguise become me?

Bel. Just as you wou'd have it; 'tis natural, and will conceal you.

Bir. To-morrow you shall be sure to find me here, as early as you please. This is the house; you have observ'd the street.

Bel. I warrant you; I han't many visits to make, before I come to you.

Bir. To-night I have some affairs, that will oblige me to be private.

Bel. A good bed is the privatest affair that I desire to be engag'd in to-night: your directions will carry me to my lodging. *[Exit.]*

Bir. Good night, my friend. *[Knocks.]*
The long expected moment is arriv'd!
And if all here is well, my past sorrows
Will only heighten my excess of joy;
And nothing will remain to wish or hope for!

BIRON knocks again. SAMPSON enters to him,

Samp. Who's there! what wou'd you have?

Bir. Is your lady at home, friend?

Samp. Why, truly, friend, it is my employment to answer impertinent questions; but for my lady's being at home, or no, that's just as my lady pleases.

Bir. But how shall I know whether it pleases her or no?

Samp. Why, if you'll take my word for it, you may carry

ry your errand back again; she never pleases to see any body at this time of night, that she does not know; and by your dress and appearance, I am sure you must be a stranger to her.

Bir. But I have business; and you don't know how that may please her.

Samp. Nay, if you have business, she is the best judge, whether your business will please her or no: therefore I will proceed in my office, and know of my lady, whether or no she is pleas'd to be at home, or no— [Going.]

Enter Nurse to him.

Nurse. Who's that you are so busy withal? Methinks you might have found out an answer in fewer words! but, *Sampson*, you love to hear yourself prate sometimes, as well as your betters, that I must say for you. Let me come to him. Who wou'd you speak with, stranger?

Bir. With you, mistress, if you can help me to speak to your lady.

Nurse. Yes, Sir, I can help you in a civil way: but can no body do your business but my lady?

Bir. Not so well; but if you'll carry her this ring, she'll know my business better.

Nurse. There's no love-letter in it, I hope: you look like a civil gentleman. In an honest way, I may bring you an answer.

Bir. My old nurse, only a little older! they say the tongue grows always. Mercy on me! then here is seven years longer, since I left her. Yet there's something in these servant's folly pleases me: the cautious conduct of the family appears and speaks in their impertinence. Well, mistress—

Nurse returns.

Nurse. I have deliver'd your ring, sir; pray heav'n, you bring no bad news along with you.

Bir. Quite the contrary, I hope.

Nurse. Nay, I hope so too; but my lady was very much surpriz'd when I gave it her. Sir, I am but a servant as a body may say; but if you'll walk in, that I may shut the doors, for we keep very orderly hours, I can show you in to the parlour, and help you to an answer, perhaps as soon as those that are wiser. [Exit.]

Bir. I'll follow you —
 Now all my spirits hurry to my heart,
 And every sense has taken the alarm
 At this approaching interview !
 Heav'n's ! how I tremble ! *[Exit into the house.]*

SCENE, A Chamber.

Enter ISABELLA.

Isa. I've heard of witches, magic spells, and charms,
 That have made nature start from her old course :
 The sun has been eclips'd, the moon drawn down
 From her career, still paler, and subdu'd
 To the abuses of this under world : —
 Now I believe all possible. This ring,
 This little ring, with necromantic force,
 Has rais'd the ghost of pleasure to my fears :
 Conjur'd the sense of honour, and of love,
 Into such shapes, they fright me from myself :
 I dare not think of them —
 I'll call you when I want you. *[Servant goes out.]*

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. Madam, the gentleman's below.
Isa. I had forgot ; pray let me speak with him. *[Exit Nurse.]*

This ring was the first present of my love
 To *Biron*, my first husband : I must blush
 To think I have a second. *Biron* dy'd
 (Still to my loss) at *Candy* ; there's my hope
 O ! do I live to hope that he dy'd there !
 It must be so : he's dead ; and this ring left
 By his last breath, to some known faithful friend,
 To bring me back again ; *[Biron introduc'd — Nurse retires.]*
 That's all I have to trust to —
 My tears were woman's ; I have view'd him all :
 And let me let me say it to myself,
 I live again, and rise but from his tomb.

Bir. Have you forgot me quite ?

Isa. Forgot you !

Bir. Then farewell my disguise, and my misfortunes.

My

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My Isabella! [He goes to her: she shrieks, and falls in a swoon.

Isa. Ha!

Bir. O! come again:

Thy Biron summons thee to life and love;

Once I had charms to wake thee:

Thy once lov'd, ever loving husband calls—

Thy Biron speaks to thee.

Isa. My husband! Biron?

Bir. Excess of love and joy, for my return,

Has overpower'd her:—I was to blame

To take thy sex's softness unprepared;

But sinking thus, thus dying in my arms,

This extasy has made my welcome more

Than words could say: words may be counterfeit

False coin'd, and current only from the tongue,

Without the mind; but passions in the soul

And always speaks the heart.

Isa. Where have I been? why do you keep him from me?

I know his voice; my life upon the wing,

Hears the soft lure that brings me back a faint

'Tis he himself, my Biron, the dear man!

My true lov'd husband! do I hold you fast,

Never to part again? can I believe it?

Nothing but you could work so great a change,

There's more than life itself in dying here:

If I must fall, 'tis welcome in these arms.

Bir. Live ever in these arms.

Isa. But pardon me,

Excuse the wild disorder of my soul;

The strange, surprising joy of seeing you,

Of seeing you again, distracted me—

Bir. Thou everlasting goodness!

Isa. Answer me:

What hand of goodness has brought you back

To your own home again? O satisfy

Th' impatience of my heart: I long to know

The story of your sufferings. You would think

Your pleasure's sufferings, so long remov'd

From Isabella's love: but tell me all,

For every thought confounds me.

Bir. My best life; at leisure, all

Isa. We thought you dead; kill'd at the siege of Candy.

Bir. There I fell among the dead;
But hopes of life reviving from my wounds,
I was preserv'd, but to be made a slave:
I often writ to my hard father, but never had
An answer. I writ to thee too——

Isa. What a world of woe
Had been prevented, but in hearing from you!

Bir. Alas! thou could'st not help me.

Isa. You do not know how much I cou'd ha' done;
At least, I'm sure I cou'd have suffer'd all:
I wou'd have sold myself to slavery,
Without redemption; giv'n up my child,
The dearest part of me, to basest wants——

Bir. My little boy!

Isa. My life, but to have heard
You were alive—which now too late I find. [Aside.

Bir. No more, my love; complaining of the past,
We lose the present joy. 'Tis over price
Of all my pains, that thus we meet again—
I have a thousand things to say to thee——

Isa. Wou'd I were past the hearing. [Aside.

Bir. How does my child, my boy, my father too?
I hear he's living still.

Isa. Well both, both well;
And may he prove a father to your hopes,
Though we have found him none.

Bir. Come, no more tears.

Isa. Seven long years of sorrow for your loss,
Have mourn'd with me——

Bir. And all my days behind
Shall be employ'd in a kind recompence
For thy afflictions—can't I see my boy?

Isa. He's gone to bed; I'll have him brought to you.

Bir. To-morrow I shall see him; I want rest
Myself, after my weary pilgrimage.

Isa. Alas! what shall I get for you?

Bir. Nothing but rest, my love! to-night I would not
Be known, if possible, to your family;
I see my nurse is with you; her welcome
Wou'd be tedious at this time;
To-morrow will do better.

Isa. I'll dispose of her, and order every thing
As you wou'd have it. [Exit.

Bir.

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Bir. Grant me but life, good heav'n, and give the means
To make this wond'rous goodness some amends;
And let me then forget her, if I can!
O! she deserves of me much more, than I
Can lose for her, though I again cou'd venture
A father, and his fortune, for her love!
You wretched fathers, blind as fortune all!
Not to perceive that such a woman's worth
Weighs down the portions you provide your sons:
What is your trash, what all your heaps of gold,
Compar'd to this, my heart-felt happiness?

[Bursts into tears.

What has she, in my absence, undergone?
I must not think of that; it drives me back
Upon myself, the fated cause of all.

ISABELLA returns.

Isa. I have obey'd your pleasure;
Every thing is ready for you.

Bir. I can want nothing here; possessing thee,
All my desires are carried to their aim
Of happiness, there's no room for a wish,
But to continue still this blessing to me;
I know the way, my love, I shall sleep sound.

Isa. Shall I help to undress you?

Bir. By no means;
I've been so long a slave to others pride,
To learn, at least, to wait upon myself;
You'll make haste after.—

[Going in.

Isa. I'll but say my prayers, and follow you—
My prayers! no, I must never pray again,
Prayers have their blessings to reward our hopes:
But I have nothing left to hope for more.
What heav'n cou'd give, I have enjoy'd; but now
The baneful planet rises on my fate,
And what's to come, is a long line of woe:
Yet I may shorten it—

I promis'd him to follow—him!
Is he without a name? *Biron*, my husband! ha!
What then is *Villeroy*? But yesterday
That very bed receiv'd him for its lord;
Yet a warm witness of my broken vows.
O *Biron*! hadst thou come but one day sooner,

I wou'd

I wou'd have follow'd thee thro' beggary;
 Thro' all the chances of this weary life:
 Wander'd the many ways of wretchedness
 With thee to find a hospitable grave;
 For that's the only bed that's left me now. [*Weeping.*
 —What's to be done—for something must be done.
 Two husbands! yet not one! by both enjoy'd
 And yet a wife to neither! hold my brain—
 This is to live in common! very beasts,
 That welcome all they meet, make just such wives.
 My reputation! O, 'twas all left me:
 The virtuous pride of an uncensur'd life;
 Which, the dividing tongues of *Biron's* wrongs,
 And *Villeroy's* resentments, tear asunder,
 To gorge the throats of the blaspheming rabble.
 This is the best of what can come to-morrow,
 Besides old *Baldwin's* triumph in my ruin;
 I cannot bear it—
 Therefore no-morow: ha! a lucky thought
 Works the right way to rid me of 'em all;
 All the reproaches, infamies, and scorns,
 That every tongue and finger will find for me.
 Let the just horror of my apprehensions
 But keep me warm—no matter what can come.
 'Tis but a blow—Yet I will see him first—
 Have a last look to heighten my despair,
 And then to rest for ever—

BIRON meets her.

Bir. Despair! and rest for ever! *Isabella!*
 These words are far from thy condition;
 And be they ever so. I heard thy voice,
 And could not bear thy absence: Come, my love!
 You have staid long, there's nothing, nothing sure
 Now to despair of in succeeding fate.

Isa. I am contented to be miserable.
 But not this way: I've been too long abus'd,
 And can believe no more:
 Let me sleep on, to be deceiv'd no more.

Bir. Look up, my love, I never did deceive thee,
 Nor ever can; believe thyself, thy eyes
 That first inflam'd, and let me to my love,
 Those stars, that still must guide me to my joye.

Isa.

Isa. And me to my undoing: I look round,
And find no path, but leading to the grave.

Bir. I cannot understand thee.

Isa. My good friends above,
I thank 'em, have at last found out a way
To make my fortune perfect; having you,
I need no more; my hope is finish'd here.

Bir. Both our ill fates, I hope.

Isa. Hope is a lying, fawning flattery,
That shews the fair side only of our fortunes,
To cheat us easier into our fall;
A trusted friend, who only can betray you;
Never believe him more—If marriages
Are made in heav'n, they should be happier:
Why was I made this wretch?

Bir. Has marriage made thee wretched?

Isa. Miserable, beyond the reach of comfort.

Bir. Do I live to hear thee say so?

Isa. Why! what did I say?

Bir. That I have made thee miserable.

Isa. No; you are my only earthly happiness;
And my false tongue bely'd my honest heart,
If it said otherwise.

Bir. And yet you said,
Your marriage made you miserable

Isa. I know what I said:
I've said too much unless I could speak all.

Bir. Thy words are wild; my eyes, my ears, my heart,
Were all so full of thee, so much employ'd
In wonder of thy charms, I could not find it;
Now I perceive it plain—

Isa. You'll tell no body— [Distractedly.]

Bir. Thou art not well.

Isa. Indeed, I am not; I knew that before,
But where's the remedy?

Bir. Rest will relieve thy cares: come, come; no more;
I'll banish sorrow from thee.

Isa. Banish first the cause.

Bir. Heav'n knows how willingly.

Isa. You are the only cause.

Bir. Am I the cause? the cause of thy misfortunes?

Isa. The fatal innocent cause of all my woes.

Bir. Is this my welcome home? this the reward

Of all my miseries long labours, pains,
And pining wants of wretched slavery,
Which I've out-liv'd only in hopes of thee!
Am I thus paid at last for deathless love?
And call'd the cause of thy misfortune's now!

Isa. Enquire no more; 'twill be explain'd too soon.

Bir. What! canst thou leave me too? *He stays her.*

Isa. Pray let me go;

For both our sakes, permit me—

Bir. Rack me not with imaginations

Of things impossible.—Thou canst not mean

What thou hast said—Yet something she must mean.

—'Twas madness all—compose thyself, my love!

The fit is past; all may be well again:

Let us to bed,

Isa. To bed! you've rais'd the storm

Will sever us for ever; O my *Biron*!

While I have life, still I must call you mine:

I know I am, and always was, unworthy

To be the happy partner of your love;

And now must never, never share it more.

But, oh! if ever I was dear to you,

As sometimes you have thought me, on my knees,

(The last time I shall care to be believ'd)

I beg you, beg to think me innocent;

Clear of all crimes, that thus can banish me

From this world's comforts, in my losing you.

Bir. Where will this end?

Isa. The rugged hand of fate has got between

Our meeting hearts, and thrusts them from their joys:

Since we must part—

Bir. Nothing shall ever part us.

Isa. Parting's the least that is set down for me:

Heav'n has decreed and we must suffer all.

Bir. I know thee innocent: I know myself so:

Indeed, we both have been unfortunate;

But sure misfortunes ne'er were faults in love.

Isa. O! there's a fatal story to be told;

Be deaf to that, as heav'n has been to me!

And rot the tongue that shall reveal my shame;

When thou shalt here how much thou hast been wrong'd,

How wilt thou curse thy fond believing heart,

Tear me from the warm bosom of thy love
 And throw me like a pois'ous weed away;
 Can I bear that? bear to be curst and torn,
 And thrown out of thy family and name
 Like a disease? can I bear this from thee?
 I never can: no, all things have their end.
 When I am dead, forgive and pity me. [Exit.]

Bir. Stay my *Isabella*—
 What can she mean? these doubtings will distract me:
 Some hidden mischief soon will burst to light;
 I cannot bear it!—I must be satisfied—
 'Tis she, my wife, must clear this darkness to me.
 She shall—If the sad tale at last must come;
 She is my fate, and best can speak my doom. [Exit.]

ACT V.

SCENE I.

Enter BIRON, Nurse following him.

BIRON.

I know enough: tho' important question
 Of life or death, fearful to be resolv'd,
 Is clear'd to me: I see where it must end;
 And need enquire no more—Pray, let me have
 Pen, ink, and paper; I must write a while,
 And then I'll try to rest—to rest! for ever. [Exit Nurse.]
 Poor *Isabella*! Now I know the cause,
 The cause of thy distress, and cannot wonder
 That it has turn'd thy brain. If I look back
 Upon thy loss, it will distract me too.
 O, any curse but this might be remov'd!
 But 'twas the rancorous malignity
 Of all ill stars combin'd, of heav'n, and fate—
 Hold, hold my impious tongue—alas! I rave;
 Why do I tax the stars, or heav'n, or fate?
 They are all innocent of driving us
 Into despair; they have not urg'd my doom.
 My father and my brother are my fates
 To drive me to my ruin. They knew well
 I was alive: too well they knew how dear

My

My *Isabella* — O, my wife no more!
 How dear her love was to me — Yet they stood,
 With a malicious silent joy, stood by,
 And saw her give up all my happiness,
 The treasure of her beauty, to another;
 Stood by, and saw her marry'd to another:
 O cruel father! and unnatural brother!
 Shall I not tell you that you have undone me?
 I have but to accuse you of my wrongs,
 And then to fall forgotten — Sleep or death
 Sits heavy on me, and benumbs my pains;
 Either is welcome; but the hand of death
 Works always sure, and best can close mine eyes. [*Exit Biron.*]

Enter Nurse and SAMPSON.

Nurse. Here's strange things towards, *Sampson*: what will be the end of 'em, do you think?

Samp. Nay, marry *Nurse*, I can't see so far; but the law, I believe, is on *Biron*, the first husband's side.

Nurse. Yes; no question he has the law on his side.

Samp. For I have heard, the law says, a woman must be a widow, all out seven years, before she can marry again, according to law.

Nurse. Ay, so it does; and our lady has not been a widow altogether seven years.

Samp. Why then, *Nurse*, mark my words, and say I told you so: the man must have his mare again, and all will do well.

Nurse. But if our master *Villeroy* comes back again —

Samp. Why, if he does, he is not the first man that has had his wife taken from him.

Nurse. For fear of the worst, will you go to the old count, desire him to come as soon as he can; there may be mischief, and he is able to prevent it.

Samp. Now you say something; now I take you, *Nurse*; that will do well, indeed: mischief should be prevented! a little thing will make a quarrel, when there's a woman in the way. I'll about it instantly. — [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

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S C E N E, *drawn, shews BIRON asleep on a Couch.*

ISABELLA *comes in to him.*

Isa. Asleep so soon ! Oh happy ! happy thou !
Who thus can'st sleep—I never shall sleep more.
If then to sleep be to be happy, he
Who sleeps the longest, is the happiest ;
Death is the longest sleep. Oh ! have a care
Mischief will thrive apace. Never wake more. *[To BIRON.]*
If thou didst ever love thy *Isabella*,
To-morrow must be dooms-day to thy peace.

—The sight of him disarms even death itself.

—The starting transport of new quick'ning life

Gives just such hopes, and pleasure grows again

With looking on him—Let me look my last—

But is a look enough for parting love !

Sure I may take a kiss—where am I going !

Help, help me *Villeroi* !—mountains and seas

Divide your love, never to meet my shame..

[Throws herself upon the floor ; after a short pause,

she raises herself upon her elbow.

What will this battle of the brain do with me !

This little ball, this ravag'd province, long

Cannot maintain—The globe of earth wants room

And fond for such a war—I find I'm going—

Famine, plagues, and flames,

Wide waste and desolation, do your work

Upon the world, and then devour yourselves.

—The scene shifts fast—*[She rises]* and now 'tis bet-
ter with me ;

Conflicting passions have at last unhing'd

The great machine ; the soul itself seems chang'd ;

Oh, 'tis a happy revolution here !

The reasoning faculties are all depos'd

Judgment, and understanding, common sense,

Driv'n out, as traitors to the public peace.

Now I'm reveng'd upon my memory,

Her seat dug up, where all the images

Of a long mis-spent life, were rising still,

To glare a sad reflection of my crimes,

And stab a conscience thro' 'em ; you are safe,

You

You monitors of mischief! what a change!
 Better and better still! this is the infant state
 Of innocence, before the birth of care.
 My thoughts are smooth as the *Phrygian* plains,
 Without a rub: the drowsy falling streams
 Invite me to their slumbers
 Wou'd I were landed there — *[Sinks into a chair.*

It may be *Villeroy*. — No matter who.

Bir. Come, *Isabella*, come —

Isa. Hark! I am call'd.

Bir. You stay too long for me.

Isa. A man's voice! in my bed! how came he there?

[Rises,

Nothing but villany in this bad world;
 Coveting neighbours' goods, or neighbours' wives;
 Here's physic for your fever.

[Draws a dagger, and goes backward to the couch.

Breathing a vein is the old remedy.
 If husbands go to heav'n,
 Where do they go that send 'em? — This to try —

[Just going to stab him, he rises; she knows him, and shrieks.
 What do I see!

Bir. *Isabella!* arm'd!

Isa. Against my husband's life!

Who, but the wretch, most reprobate to grace,
 Despair e'er hard'n'd for damnation.
 Could t-ink of such a deed! murder my husband!

Bir. Thou didst not think it.

Isa. Madness has brought me to the gates of hell,
 And there has left me. O, the frightful change
 Of my distractions! or, is this interval
 Of reason, but to aggravate my woes;
 To drive the horror back with greater force
 Upon my soul, and fix me mad for ever?

Bir. Why didst thou fly me so?

Isa. I cannot bear his sight; distraction, come,
 Possess me all, and take me too thyself:
 Shake off thy chains, and hasten to my aid;
 Thou art my only cure — like other friends,
 He will not come to my necessities;
 Then I must go to find the tyrant out;
 Which is the nearest way?

[Running out.

Bir. Poor *Isabella*, she's not in a condition

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To give me any comfort, if she could:
 Lost to herself—as quickly I shall be
 To all the world—Horrors come fast around me,
 My mind is overcast—the gath'ring clouds
 Darken the prospect—I approach the brink,
 And soon must leap the precipice! O, heav'n!
 While yet my senses are my own, thus kneeling
 Let me implore thy mercies on my wife,
 Release her from her pangs; and if my reason,
 O'erwhelm'd with miseries, sink before the tempest,
 Pardon those crimes despair may bring upon me. *[Rises.]*

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. Sir, there's somebody at the door must needs
 speak with you; he won't tell his name.

Bir. I come to him— *[Exit Nurse.]*
 'Tis *Bellford*, I suppose; he little knows
 Of what has happen'd here; I wanted him,
 Must employ his friendship, and then— *[Exit.]*

S C E N E *changes to the Street.*

CARLOS enters with three Ruffians.

Car. A younger brother! I was one too long.
 Not to prevent my being so again—
 We must be sudden—Younger brothers are
 But lawful bastards of another name;
 Thrust out of their nobility of birth
 And family, and tainted into trades.
 Shall I be one of them? bow, and retire,
 To make more room for the unwieldy heir
 To play the fool in! No—
 But how shall I prevent it? *Biron* comes
 To take possession of my father's love;
 Would that were all: there is a birth-right too
 That he will seize—Besides, if *Biron* lives,
 He will unfold some practices, which I
 Cannot well answer—therefore he shall die.
 This night must be dispos'd of: I have means
 That will not fail my purpose—Here he comes.

Enter

Enter BIRON.

Bir. Ha! am I baser? I live but to revenge me.

They surround him, fighting: Villeroy enters with two servants; they rescue him: Carlos and his party fly.

Vil. How are you, sir? mortally hurt, I fear:
Take care, and lead him in.

Bir. I thank you for the goodness, sir? tho' 'tis
Bestow'd upon a very wretch; and death,
Tho' from a villain's hand, had been to me
An act of kindness, and the height of mercy—
But I thank you, sir. *[He is led in.*

S C E N E *changes to the inside of the House.*

Enter ISABELLA.

Isa. Murder my husband! oh! I must not dare
To think of living on; my desperate hand,
In a mad rage, may offer it again:
Stab any where but there. Here's room enough
In my own breast, to act the fury in,
The proper scene of mischief. *Villeroy comes;*
Villeroy and Biron come; O! hide me from 'em—
They rack, they tear: let 'em carve out my limbs,
Divide my body to their equal claims:
My soul is only Biron's: that is free,
And thus I strike for him and liberty.

*Going to stab herself, Villeroy runs in, and prevents her,
by taking the dagger from her.*

Vil. Angels defend and save thee!
Attempt thy precious life! the treasury
Of nature's sweets! life of my little world!
Lay violent hands upon thy innocent self!

Isa. Swear I am innocent, and I'll believe you:
What would you have with me? Pray let me go.
—Are you there, sir? You are the very man
Have done all this.—You would have made
Me believe you married me; but the fool
Was wiser, I thank you: 'tis not all gospel
You men preach upon that subject.

Vil. Dost thou not know me?

Isa. O yes, very well: *[Staring on him:*

You

You are the widow's comforter, that marries
Any woman when her husband's out of the way :
And I'll never, never take your word again.

Vil. I am thy loving husband.

Isa. I have none; no husband—

[Weeping.

Never had but one, and hedy'd at *Candy*,

Did he not? I'm sure you told me so; you,

Or somebody, with just such a lying look

As you have now: speak, did he not die there?

Vil. He did, my life!

Isa. But I swear it, quickly swear,

BIRON enters bloody, and leaning upon his sword.

Before that screaming evidence appears,

In bloody proof against me—

[She seeing Biron, swoons into a chair; Villeroy helps her.

Vil. Help there: Nurse, where are you?

Ha! I am distracted too! [Going to call for help, sees Biron.

Biron alive!

Bir. The only wretch on earth that must not live.

Vil. Biron or Villeroy must not, that's decreed.

Bir. You've sav'd me from the hands of murderers;

Would you had not, for life's my greatest plague;

And then, of all the world, you are the man.

I would not be oblig'd too—*Isabella*

I come to fall before thee: I had dy'd

Happy, not to have found you *Villeroy* there;

A long farewell, and a last parting kiss.

[Kisses her.

Vil. A kiss, confusion! it must be your last.

[Draws.

Bir. I know it must—here I give up that death

You but delay'd: since what is past has been

The work of fate, thus we must finish it

Thrust home, be sure—

[Falls.

Vil. Alas! he faints! some help there!

Bir. 'Tis all in vain, my sorrows soon will end;

O *Villeroy*! let a dying wretch intreat you,

To take this letter to my father—my *Isabella*

Coud'st thou but hear me, my last words should bless thee—

I cannot, tho' in death, bequeath her to thee.

But cou'd I hope my boy, my little one,

Might find a father in thee—O, I faint!

I can no more—Hear me, *Hear me!*

My wife, my *Isabella*—Bless my child

And take my poor unhappy—

[Dies.

Vil.

ISABELLA: Or,

Vil. He's gone:—let what will be the consequence,
 I'll give it him. I have involv'd myself,
 And wou'd be clear'd; that must be thought on now,
 My care of her is lost in wild amaze. [*Going to Isabella.*
 Are you all dead within there? where, where are you?
 [*Exit.*

ISABELLA comes to herself.

Isa. Where have I been?—Methinks I stand upon
 The brink of life, ready to shoot the gulph
 That lies between me and the realms of rest:
 But still detain'd, I cannot pass the strait;
 Deny'd to live, and yet I must not die;
 Doom'd to come back, like a complaining ghost,
 To my unbury'd body—Here it lies—
 [*Throws herself by Biron's body.*
 My body, soul, and life. A little dust,
 To cover our cold limbs in the dark grave—
 There, there we shall sleep safe and sound together.

Enter VILLEROY with Servants.

Vil. Poor wretch! upon the ground! she's not herself;
 Remove her from the body. [*Servants going to raise her.*

Isa Never, never!

You have divorc'd us once, but shall no more;
 Help, help me, *Biron*; Ha!—bloody and dead!
 O, murder! murder! you have done this deed!
 Vengeance and murder! bury us together;
 Do any thing but part us.

Vil. Gently, gently raise her—
 She must be forc'd away.

[*She drags the body after her. They get her into their
 arms, and carry her off.*

Isa. O, they tear me! cut of my hands—
 Let me leave something with him;
 They'll clasp him fast—
 O cruel, cruel men!
 This you must answer one day.

Vil. Good nurse, take care of her: [*Nurse follows her.*
 Send for all helps: all, all that I am worth,
 Shall cheaply buy her peace of mind again.
 Be sure you do, [*To a servant.*
 Just

THE FATAL MARRIAGE.

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Just as I order'd you. The storm grows loud—

[Knocking at the door.

I am prepar'd for it. Now let them in.

Enter Count BALDWIN, CARLOS, BELLFORD, Friends with Servants.

C Bald. O, do I live to this unhappy day !

Where is my wretched son ?

Car. Where is my brother ?

[They see him and gather about the body.

Vil. I hope in heav'n.

Car. Can'st thou pity him ?

Wish him in heav'n ! when thou hast done a deed,
That must for ever cut thee from the hopes
Of ever coming there.

Vil. I do not blame you —

You have a brother's right to be concern'd
For his untimely death —

Car. Untimely death, indeed !

Vil. But yet you must not say, I was the cause.

Car. Not you the cause ! why, who should murder him ?
We do not ask you to accuse yourself ;
But I must say, that you have murder'd him ;
And I will say nothing else, till justice draws ;
Upon our side, at the loud call of blood,
To execute so foul a murder.

Bel. Poor Biron ! is this my welcome home !

Friend. Rise, sir, there is a comfort in revenge.
Which yet is left you.

Car. Take the body hence.

[To C. Baldwin.

C Bald. What could provoke you ?

[Biron carry'd off.

Fil. Nothing could provoke me
To a base murder ; which I find you think
Me guilty off. I know my innocence :
My servants too can witness that I drew
My sword in his defence, to rescue him.

Bel. Let the servants be call'd.

Fr. Let's hear what they can say.

Car. What can they say ! why, what should servants say ?
They're his accomplices, his instruments,
And will not charge themselves. If they could do,
A murder for his service, they can lye,
Lye nimbly, and swear hard to bring him off.
You say, you drew your sword in his defence :

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H

Who

Who were his encmies? did he need defence?
 Had he wrong'd any one? could we have cause
 To apprehend a danger, but from you?
 And yet you rescu'd him!—No, no, he came
 Unseasonably, (that was all his crime)
 Unlucky to interrupt your sport:
 You were new-marry'd—marry'd to his wife
 And therefore you, and she, and all of you,
 (For all of you I must believe concern'd)
 Combin'd to murder him out of the way.

Bel. If it be so——

Car. It can only be so——

Fr. Indeed it has a face——

Car. As black as hell.

C Bald. The law will do me justise: send for the magistrate.

Car. I'll go myself for him——

[Exit.

Vil. These strong presumptions, I must own, indeed,
 Are violent against me; but I have
 A witness, and on this side heav'n too.
 ——Open that door.

Doors opens, and PEDRO is brought forward by VILLEROY's Servants.

Here's one can tell you all.

Ped. All, all: save me but from the rack, I'll confess all.

Vil. You and your accomplices design'd
 To murder *Biron*?——Speak.

Ped. We did.

Vil. Did you engage upon your private wrongs,
 Or were employ'd?

Ped. He never did us wrong.

Vil. You were set on then?

Ped. We were set on.

Vil. What do you know of me?

Ped. Nothing, nothing:

You sav'd his life, and have discover'd me.

Vil. He has acquitted me.

If you would be resolv'd of any thing,
 He stands upon his answer.

Bel. Who set you on to act this horrid deed?

C Bald. I'll know the villain; give me quick his name,
 Or I will tear it from thy bleeding heart——

Ped. I will confess.

C Bald.

C Bald. Do then.

Ped. It was my master, *Carlos*, your own son.

C Bald. Oh monstrous! monstrous! most unnatural!

Bel. Did he employ you to murder his own brother?

Ped. He did; and he was with us when 'twas done,

C Bald. If this be true, this horrid, horrid tale,

It is but just upon me: *Biron's* wrongs

Must be reveng'd; and I the cause of all.

Fr. What will you do with him?

C Bald. Take him a-part——

I know too much.

[*Pedro goes in.*]

Vil. I had forgot—Your wretched, dying son,

Gave me this letter for you.

[*Gives it to Baldwin.*]

I dare deliver it: if it speaks of me,

I pray to have it read.

C Bald. You know the hand.

Bel. I know, 'tis *Biron's* hand.

C Bald. Pray read it.

B ELLFORD reads the letter.

SIR,

I find I am come only to lay my death at your door; I am now going out of the world; but cannot forgive you, nor my brother Carlos, for not binding my poor wife Isabella, from marrying with Villeroy; when you both knew, from so many letters, that I was alive.——

BIRON.

Vil. How!—did you know it then?

C Bald. Amazement! all

Enter CARLOS with Officers.

O *Carlos!* are you come? Your brother here,

Here, in a wretched letter, lays his death

To you and me: have you done any thing

To hasten his sad end?

Car. Bless me, sir, I do any thing? who, I?

C Bald. He talks of letters that were sent to us:

I never heard of any—did you know

He was alive?

Car. Alive! heav'n knows, not I.

C Bald. Had you no news of him, from a rector,
Or letter, never?

Car. Never, never, I.

H 2

Bel.

Bel. That's strange indeed; I know he often writ.
To lay before you the condition [To C Baldwin,
Of his hard slavery: and more I know,
That he had several answers to his letters:
He said, they came from you; you are his brother.

Car. Never from me.

Bel. That will appear.

The letters I believe are still about him;
For some of 'em I saw but yesterday.

C Bald. What did these answers say?

Bel. I cannot speak to the particulars;
But I remember well, the sum of 'em
Was much the same, and all agreed,
That there was nothing to be hop'd from you;
That 'twas your barbarous resolution
To let him perish there.—

C Bald. O *Carlos!* *Carlos!* hadst thou been a brother—

Car. 'Tis a plot upon me; I never knew
He was in slavery, or was alive,
Or heard of him before this fatal hour.

Bel. There, sir, I must confront you:
He sent you a letter, to my knowledge, last night;
And you sent him word you wou'd come to him:—
I fear you came too soon.

C Bald. 'Tis all too plain.—
Bring out that wretch before him. [*Pedro produced.*

Car. Ha! *Pedro* there! Then I am caught indeed.

Bel. You start at sight of him;
He has confest the bloody deed.

Car. Well then he has confest,
And I must answer it.

Bel. Is there no more?

Car. Why!—what would you have more? I know the
worst,
And I expect it.

C Bald. Why hast thou done all this?

Car. Why, that which damns most men, has ruin'd me;
The making of my fortune. *Biron* stood
Between me and your favour: while he liv'd,
I had not that; hardly was thought a son,
And not at all a kin to your estate.
I could not bear a younger brother's lot,
To live depending upon courtesy—

Had

Had you provided for me like a father,
I had been still a brother.

C Bald. 'Tis too true,
I never lov'd thee, as I should have done:
It was my sin, and I am punish'd for't.
O! never may distinction rise again
In families: let parents be the same
To all their children; common in their care,
And in their love of 'em—I am unhappy,
For loving one too well.

Vil. You knew your brother liv'd; why did you take
Such pains to marry me to *Isabella*?

Car. I had my reasons for't—

Vil. More than I thought you had.

Car. But one was this—

I knew my brother lov'd his wife so well,
That if ever he should come home again,
He cou'd not long out-live the loss of her.

Bel. If you rely'd on that, why did you kill him?

Car. To make all sure. Now you are answer'd all.
Where must I go? I am tir'd of your questions.

C Bald. I leave the judge to tell thee what thou art;
A father cannot find a name for thee
But parricide is highest treason, sure,
To sacred nature's law; and must be so,
So sentenc'd in thy crimes. Take him away—
The violent remedy is found at last,
That drives thee out, thou poison of my blood,
Infected long, and only foul in thee. [*Carlos led off.*
Grant me, sweet heav'n! thy patience to go thro'
The torment of my cure—Here, here begins
The operation—Alas! she's mad.

*Enter ISABELLA distracted, held by her woman: her hair
dishevell'd; her little son running in before, being afraid
of her.*

Vil. My *Isabella*! poor unhappy wretch!
What can I say to her?

Isa. Nothing, nothing; 'tis a babbling world—
I'll hear no more on't. When does the court sit?
I'll not be bought—What! to sell innocent blood!
You look like one of the pale judges here,

Minos, or Radamantb or Æacus——

I have heard of you.

I have a cause to try, an honest one;

Will you not hear it? Then I must appeal

To the bright throne—call down the heav'nly Powers

To witness how you use me.

Wom. Help, help, we cannot hold her.

Vil. You but enrage her more.

C Bald. Pray give her way; she'll hurt no body,

Isa. What have you done with him? He was here but now;

I saw him here. Oh *Biron, Biron!* where,

Where have they hid thee from me? He is gone—

But here's a little flaming cherubin——

Cbld. O save me, save me! [*Running to Baldwin.*]

Isa. The *Mercury* of heav'n, with silver wings,

Impt for the flight to overtake his ghost,

And bring him back again.

Cbld. I fear she'll kill me.

C Bald. She will not hurt thee.

[*She flings away.*]

Isa. Will nothing do! I did not hope to find

Justice on earth; 'tis not in heav'n neither.

Biron has watch'd his opportunity——

Softly; he steals it from the sleeping Gods,

And sends it thus——

[*Stabs herself.*]

Now, now I laugh at you, defy you all,

You tyrant-murderers.

Vil. Call, call for help; O heav'n? this was too much.

C Bald. O, thou most injur'd innocence! yet live,

Live but to witness for me to the world,

How much I do repent me of the wrongs,

Th'unnatural wrongs which I have heap'd on thee,

And have put'd down this judgment on us all.

Vil. O speak! speak but a word of comfort to me.

C Bald. If the most tender father's care and love

Of thee, and thy poor child, can make amends——

O vet look up, and live!

Isa. Where is that little wretch?

[*They raise her.*]

I die in peace, to leave him to your care.

I have a wretched mother's legacy,

A dying kiss—pray let me give it him.

My blessing; that, that's all I have to leave thee.

O may thy father's virtues live in thee,

And

And all his wrongs beburied in my grave! [Dies.]

Vil. She's gone, and all my joys of life with her.

Where are your officers of justice now?

Seize, bind me, drag me to the bloody bar.

Accuse, condemn me: let the sentence reach

My hated life—no matter how it comes.

I'll think it just, and thank you as it falls.

Self-murder is deny'd me: else, how soon

Could I be past the pain of my remembrance!

But I must live, grow grey with ling'ring grief,

To die at last in telling this sad tale.

C Bald. Poor wretched orphan of most wretched parents

'Scaping the storm, thou'rt thrown upon a rock,

To perish there: the very rocks would melt,

Soften their nature, sure, to foster thee:

I find it by myself. My flinty heart.

That barren rock, on which thy father starv'd,

Opens its springs of nourishment to thee.

O, had I pardon'd my poor *Biron's* fault:

His first, his only fault—this had not been.

To erring youth there's some compassion due;

But while with rigour you their crimes pursue,

What's their misfortune, is a crime in you.

Hence learn, offending children to forgive:

Leave punishment to heav'n—'tis heaven's prerogative.



THE GUARDIAN.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Mr Heartly, the Guardian,
Mr Garrick.
Sir Charles Clackit, Mr Yates.
Mr Clackit, his Nephew, Mr
Obrien.

Servant.

WOMEN.

Miss Harriet, an Heiress,
Miss Pri chard.
Lucy, the maid. Mrs Clive.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Hall in Mr HEARTLY'S House.

*Enter Sir CHARLES CLACKIT, his NEPHEW,
and SERVANT.*

SERVANT.

PLEASE to walk this way, Sir.

Sir Char. Where is your master, friend?

Serv. In his dressing-room, Sir.

Young Clac. Let him know then—

Sir Char. Pri-hee be quiet Jack; when I am in company let me direct. 'Tis proper and decent.

Young Clac. I am dumb, Sir.

Sir Char. Tell Mr Heartly, his friend and neighbour, Sir Charles Clackit, would say three words to him.

Serv. I shall, Sir.

Sir Char. Now, nephew, consider once again, before I open the matter to my neighbour Heartly, what I am going to undertake for you.—Why don't you speak?

Young Clac. Is it proper and decent: uncle?

Sir Char. Pshaw! don't be a fool—but answer me—don't you flatter yourself.—What assurance have you that this young lady, my friend's ward, has a liking to you?

The

The young fellows of this age are all coxcombs, and I am afraid, you are no exception to the general rule.

Young Clac. Thank you, uncle—But may I this instant be struck old and peevish, if I would put you on a false scent to expose you for all the fine women in Christendom.—I assure you again and again, and you may take my word, uncle, that miss *Harriet* has no kind of aversion to your nephew and most humble servant.

Sir Cbar. Ay, ay.—Vanity!—Vanity!—But I never take a young fellow's word about women; they'll lie a fast, and with as little conscience, as the *Brussels Gazette*.—Produce your proofs.

Young Clac. Can't your eyes see 'em, uncle, without urging me to the indelicacy of repeating 'em.

Sir Cbar. Why I see nothing but a fool's head and a fool's coat, supported by a pair of most unpromising legs. Have you no better proofs?

Young Clac. Yes, I have, my good infidel uncle, half a hundred.

Sir Cbar. Out with them then.

Young Clac. First—Whenever I see her, she never looks at me.—That's a sign of love.—When ever I speak to her she never answers me.—Another sign of love.—And whenever I speak to any body else, she seems to be perfectly easy. That's a certain sign of love.

Sir Cbar. The devil it is!

Young Clac. When I am with her, she's always grave; and the moment I get up to leave her, then the poor thing begins—'Why will you leave me, Mr *Clackit*,' can't you sacrifice a few moments to my bashfulness?—Stay, you agreeable run-away, stay, I shall soon overcome the fears your presence gives me.—I cou'd say more—But a man of honour, uncle—

Sir Cbar. What, and has she said all these things to you?

Young Clac. O yes, and ten times more—with her eyes

Sir Cbar. With her eyes!—eyes are very equivocal Jack.—However, if the young lady has any liking to you, Mr *Heartly* is too much a man of the world, and too much my friend, to oppose the match: so do you walk into the garden, and I will open the matter to him.

Young Clac. Is there any objection to my staying, uncle?

The business will be soon ended.—You will propose the match, he will give his consent, I shall give mine; miss is sent for, and *l'affair est fait*. [Snapping his finger.

Sir Cbar. And so you think that a young beautiful heiress, with forty thousand pounds, is to be had with a scrap of *French*, and a snap of your finger.—Prithee get away, and don't provoke me.

Young Clac. Nay, but, my dear uncle—

Sir Cbar. Nay, but my impertinent nephew, either retire, or I'll throw up the game. [Putting him out.

Young Clac. Well, well, I am gone, uncle.—When you come to the point, I shall be ready to make my appearance.—*Bon Voyage!* [Exit.

Sir Cbar. The devil's in these young fellows, I think—We send 'em abroad to cure their sheepishness, and they get above proof the other way.

(Enter Mr HEARTLY.)

—Good morrow to you, neighbour.

Heart. And to you, *Sir Charles*, I am glad to see you so strong and healthy.

Sir Cbar. I can return you the compliment, my friend, —without flattery you don't look more than thirty-five; and between ourselves, you are on the wrong side of forty —But mum for that.

Heart. Ease and tranquility keep me as you see.

Sir Cbar. Why don't you marry, neighbour? A good wife would do well for you.

Heart. For me? you are pleased to be merry, *Sir Charles*.

Sir Cbar. No faith, I am serious, and I had a daughter to recommend to you, you shall say me nay more than once, I assure you, neighbour *Heartly*, before I would quit you.

Heart. I am much obliged to you.

Sir Cbar. But indeed, you are a little too much of the philosopher, to think of being troubled with women and their concerns.

Heart. I beg your pardon, *Sir Charles*—'Tho' there are many, who call themselves philosophers, that live single, and perhaps are in the right of it, yet I cannot think marriage is at all inconsistent with true philosophy.—A wise man will resolve to live like the rest of the world, with this only difference. that he is neither a slave to passions nor events

vents.—It is not because I have a little philosophy, but because I am on the wrong side of forty, Sir *Charles*, that I desire to be excused (*smiling*.)

Sir Char. As you please, Sir.—And now to my business—You have no objection, I suppose, to tie up your ward, miss *Harriet*, though you have slipped the collar yourself?—Ha! ha! ha!

Heart. Quite the contrary, Sir; I have taken her some time from the boarding school, and brought her home, in order to dispose of her worthily, with her own inclination.

Sir Char. Her father, I have heard you say, recommended that particular care to you, when she had reached a certain age.

Heart. He did so—and I am the more desirous to obey him scrupulously in this circumstance, as she will be a most valuable acquisition to the person who shall gain her—for, not to mention her fortune, which is the least consideration, her sentiments are worthy her birth; she is gentle, modest, and obliging.—In a word, my friend, I never saw youth more amiable or discreet,—but perhaps I am a little partial to her.

Sir Char. No, no, she is a delicious creature, every body says so.—But I believe, neighbour, something has happen'd that you little think of.

Heart. What pray, Sir *Charles*?

Sir Char. My nephew, Mr *Heartly*—

Enter YOUNG CLACKIT.

Young Clac. Here I am at your service, Sir.—My uncle is a little unhappy in his manner; but I'll clear the matter to you in a moment—Miss *Harriet*, Sir, - your ward.—

Sir Char. Get away, you puppy!

Young Clac. Miss *Harriet*, Sir, your ward,—a most accomplish'd young lady, to be sure—

Sir Char. Thou art a most accomplish'd cockcomb, to be sure.

Heart. Pray, Sir *Charles*, let the young gentleman speak.

Young Clac. You'll excuse me, Mr *Heartly*—my uncle does not set up for an orator,—a little confused, or so, Sir,—you see me what I am,—but I ought to ask pardon for the young lady and myself.—We are both young, Sir,—I must confess we were wrong to conceal it from you,—but my

uncle I see is pleased to be angry, and therefore, I shall say no more at present.

Sir Char. If you don't leave the room this moment, and stay in the garden, till I call you —

Young Clac. I am sorry I have displeased you—I did not think it was *mal-a propos*; but you must have your way, uncle—You command—I submit—Mr *Heartly*, yours,

[Exit Young Clackit.

Sir Char. Puppy! (*Aside.*) My nephew's a little unthinking Mr *Heartly*, as you see, and therefore I have been a little cautious how I have proceeded in this affair: but indeed, he has persuaded me in a manner, that your ward and he are not ill together.

Heart. Indeed! this is the first notice I have had of it and I cannot conceive why Miss *Harriet* should conceal it from me; for I have often assured her, that I would never oppose her inclination, though I might endeavour to direct it.

Sir Char.—'Tis human nature, neighbour,—we are ashamed of our first passion, that we would willingly so hide it from ourselves—But you will mention my nephew to her,

Heart. I must beg your pardon, Sir *Charles*.—The name of the gentleman whom she chuses, must first come from herself,—my advice or importunity shall never influence her: if guardians would be less rigorous, young people would be more reasonable; and I am so unfashionable to think, that happiness in marriage can't be bought too dear.—I am still on the wrong side of forty, Sir *Charles*.

Sir Char. No no,—You are right, neighbour.—But here she is. Don't alarm her young heart too much, I beg of you—Upon my word, she is a sweet morsel.

[Enter Miss *HARRIET* and *LUCY*.

Miss Har. He is with company—I'll speak to him another time.

[Retiring.

Lucy. Young, handsome, and afraid of being seen.—You are very particular, miss.

Heart. Miss *Harriet*, you must not go.—(*Harriet returns*) Sir *Charles*, give me leave to introduce you to this young lady. (*Introduces her*) You know, I suppose, the reason of this gentleman's visit to me? [To *Harriet*.

Miss Har. Sir! [*confused.*]

Heart.

Heart. You may trust me, my dear [smiling]—Don't be disturb'd. I shall not reproach you with any thing, but keeping your wishes a secret from me so long.

Miss Har.—Upon my word, Sir,—*Lucy!*

Lucy. Well, and *Lucy!* I'll lay my life 'tis a treaty of marriage. Is that such a dreadful thing? Oh, for shame, madam! young ladies of fashion are not frightened at such things now-a-days.

HEARTLY to Sir CHARLES.

We have gone too far, Sir *Charles*—We must excuse her delicacy, and give her time to recover—I had better talk with her alone; we will leave her now;—be persuaded that no endeavours shall be wanting on my part, to bring this affair to a happy and speedy conclusion.

Sir Char. I shall be obliged to you, Mr *Heartly*.—Young lady, your servant.—What grace and modesty! she is a most engaging creature, and I shall be proud to make her one of my family.

Heart. You do us honour, Sir *Charles*.

[*Exeunt Sir Charles and Heartly.*]

Lucy. Indeed, Miss *Harriet*, you are very particular; you was tired of the boarding school, and yet seem to have no inclination to be married.—What can be the meaning of all this?—That smirking old gentleman is uncle to Mr. *Clackit*; and, my life for it he has made some proposals to your guardian.

Miss Har. Prithee don't plague me about Mr *Clackit*.

Lucy. But why not, miss? tho' he is a little fantastical, loves to hear himself talk, and is somewhat self-sufficient; you must consider he is young, has been abroad, and keeps good company:—the trade will soon be at an end, if young ladies and gentleman grow over nice and exceptionous.

Miss Har. But if I can find one without these faults, I may surely please myself.

Lucy. Without these faults! and is he young, miss?

Miss Har. He is sensible, modest, polite, affable, and generous; and charms from the natural impulses of his own heart, as much as others disgust by their senseless airs, and insolent affectation.

Lucy. Upon my word!—But why have you kept this secret so long?—Your guardian is kind to you beyond conception.—What difficulties can you have to overcome?

Miss

Miss Har. Why the difficulty of declaring my sentiments.

Lucy. Leave that to me, miss. — But your spark, with all his accomplishments, must have very little penetration not to have discovered his good fortune in your eyes.

Miss Har. I take care that my eyes don't tell too much; and he has too much delicacy to interpret looks to his advantage. Besides, he would certainly disapprove my passion; and if I should ever make the declaration, and meet with a denial, I should absolutely die with shame.

Lucy. I'll ensure your life for a silver thimble. — But what can possibly hinder your coming together?

Miss Har. His excess of merit.

Lucy. His excess of a fiddle stick. — But come, I'll put you in the way; — you shall trust me with the secret; — I'll entrust it again to half a dozen friends, they shall entrust it to half a dozen more, by which means I will travel half the town over in a weeks time; the gentleman will certainly hear of it, and then if he is not at your feet in the fetching of a sigh, I'll give up all my perquisites at your wedding. — What is his name, miss?

Miss Har. I cannot tell you his name, — Indeed I cannot; I am afraid of being thought too singular. — But why should I be ashamed of my passion? Is the impression which a virtuous character makes upon our hearts such a weakness that it may not be excused?

Lucy. By my faith, miss, I cannot understand you: you are afraid of being thought singular, and you really are so: — I would sooner renounce all the passions in the universe than have one in my bosom beating and fluttering itself to pieces. — Come, come, miss, open the window and let the poor devil out.

Enter HEARTLY.

Heart. Leave us, *Lucy.*

Lucy. There's something going forward, — 'tis very hard I can't be of the party. [Exit.]

Heart. She certainly thinks, from the character of the young man, that I shall disapprove of her choice. [Aside.]

Miss Har. What can I possibly say to him? I am as much ashamed to make the declarations as he would be to understand it.

Heart. Don't imagine, my dear, that I would know more of

of your thoughts than you desire I should; but the tender care which I have ever shewn, and the sincere friendship which I shall always have for you, give me a sort of right to enquire into every thing that concerns you.—Some friends have spoken to me in particular,—But that is not all,—I have lately found you thoughtful, absent, and disturbed;—be plain with me,—has not somebody been happy enough to please you?

Miss Har. I cannot deny it, Sir;—Yes,—somebody indeed has pleased me;—but I must intreat you not to give credit to any idle stories, or enquire farther into the particulars of my inclination; for I cannot possibly have resolution enough to say more to you.

Heart. But have you made a choice, my dear?

Miss Har. I have, in my own mind, Sir; and 'tis impossible to make a better; reason, honour, every thing must approve it.

Heart. And how long have you conceived this passion?

Miss Har. Ever since I left the country—to live with you. [Sighs.]

Heart. I see your confusion, my dear, and will relieve you from it immediately,—I am informed of the whole.

Miss Har. Sir!

Heart. Don't be uneasy, for I can with pleasure assure you, that your passion is returned with equal tenderness.

Miss Har. If you are not deceiv'd—I cannot be more happy.

Heart. I think I am not deceiv'd;—but after the declaration you have made, and the assurances which I have given you, why will you conceal it any longer? have I not deserv'd a little more confidence from you?

Miss Har. You have indeed deserv'd it, and shou'd certainly have it, were I not well assured you would oppose my inclinations.

Heart. I oppose 'em! am I then so unkind to you, my dear?—Can you in the least doubt of my affection for you?—I promise you that I have no will but your's.

Miss Har. Since you desire it then, I will endeavour to explain myself.

Heart. I am all attention;—speak, my dear.

Miss Har. And if I do, I feel I shall never be able to speak to you again.

Heart.

Heart. How can that be, when I shall agree with you in every thing?

Miss Har. Indeed you won't:—pray let me retire to my own chamber,—I am not well, Sir.

Heart. I see your delicacy is hurt, my dear; but let me intreat you once more to confide in me—Tell me his name, and the next moment I will go to him, and assure him, that my consent shall confirm both your happiness.

Miss Har. You will easily find him:—And when you have, pray tell him how improper it is for a young woman to speak first,—persuade him to spare my blushes, and to release me from so terrible a situation,—I shall leave him with you,—and hope that this declaration will make it impossible for you to mistake me any longer.

[*HARRIET is going, but upon seeing YOUNG CLACKIT, remains upon the Stage.*]

Heart. Are we not alone? what can this mean?

(*Aside.*)

Young Clac. *A propos* fai'h! here they are together.

Heart. I did not see him;—but now the riddle's explain'd.

[*Aside.*]

Miss Har. What can he want now?—This is the most spiteful interruption. [*Aside.*]

Young Clac. By your leave, Mr *Heartly*.—

[*Crosses him to go to Harriet.*]

—Have I caught you at last my divine *Harriet*.—Well, Mr. *Heartly*, *Sans Facon*—But what's the matter, ho!—things look a little gloomy here;—one mutters to himself, and gives me no answer, and the other turns the head, and winks at me—How the devil am I to interpret all this?

Miss Har. I wink at you, Sir! did I, Sir?

Young Clac. Yes, you my angel!—but mum,—Mr *Heartly*, for heaven's sake, what is all this? Speak, I conjure you, is it life or death with me?

Miss Har. What a dreadful situation I am in!

Young Clac. Hope for the best,—I'll bring matters about I warrant you.

Heart. You have both of you great reason to be satisfied—Nothing shall oppose your happiness.

Young Clac. Bravo, Mr *Heartly*!

Heart. Miss *Harriet's* will is a law to me; and for you, Sir,—the friendship which I have ever profess'd for your uncle

uncle is too sincere not to exert some of it upon this occasion.

Miss Har. I shall die with confusion ! [*Aside.*]

Young Clac. I am alive again,—Dear Mr *Heartly*, thou art a most adorable creature ! what a happiness it is to have to do with a man of sense, who has no foolish prejudices, and can see when a young fellow has something tolerable about him !——

Heart. Sir, not to flatter you, I must declare, that it is from a knowledge of your friends and family, that I have hopes of seeing you and this young lady happy. I will go directly to your uncle, and assure him that every thing goes on to our wishes.—— [*Going.*]

Miss Har. Mr *Heartly*,—Pray, Sir !——

Heart. Poor miss *Harriet*, I see your distress, and am sorry for it ; but it must be got over, and the sooner the better.—Mr *Clackit*, my dear, will be glad of an opportunity to entertain you, for the little time I shall be absent !—Poor miss *Harriet* ! (*Smiling*) [*Exit Heartly.*]

Young Clac. Aidez, allez, monsieur !——I'll answer for that—well, ma'am, I think every thing succeeds to our wishes ;—be sincere, my adorable,—don't you think yourself a very happy young lady ?

Miss Har. I shall be most particularly obliged to you, Sir, if you would inform me what is the meaning of all this.

Young Clac. Inform you, Miss ?——The matter, I believe, is pretty clear,——Our friends have understanding, we have affections,—and a marriage follows of course.

Miss Har. Marriage, Sir ! Pray what relation or particular connexion is there between you and me, Sir ?

Young Clac. I may be deceiv'd faith ;—but upon my honour, I always supposed there was a little smattering, of inclination between us.

Miss Har. And have you spoke to my guardian upon this supposition, Sir ?

Young Clac. Are you angry at it ? I believe not.—(*Smiling.*) Come, come, I believe not—'Tis delicate in you to be upon the reserve.——

Miss Har. Indeed, Sir, this behaviour of yours is most extraordinary.

Young Clac. Come, come, my dear, don't carry this jest too far, *e troppo, mia carissima*.—What the devil, when e-
very

very thing is agreed upon, and uncles and guardians, and such folks have given their consent, why continue the hypocrisy?

Miss Har. They may have consented for you; but I am mistress of my affections, and will never dispose of 'em by proxy.

Young Clac. Upon my soul this is very droll:—what! has not your guardian been here this very moment, and express'd all imaginable pleasure at our intended union.

Miss Har. He is in an error, Sir,—and had I not been too much astonished at your behaviour, I had undeceiv'd him along before now.

Young Clac. (*Humming a tune.*) But, pray, miss, to return to business—What can be your intention in raising all this confusion in the family, and opposing your own inclinations?

Miss Har. Opposing my own inclinations, Sir?

Young Clac. Ay, opposing your own inclinations, madam,—do you know, child, if you carry on this farce any longer, I shall begin to be a little angry?

Miss Har. I would wish it, Sir,—for be assur'd, that I never in my life had the least thought about you.

Young Clac. Words, words, words——

Miss Har. 'Tis most sincerely and literally true.

Young Clac. Come, come, I know what I know——

Miss Har. Don't make yourself ridiculous, Mr Clackit.

Young Clac. Don't you make yourself miserable, miss Harriet.

Miss Har. I am only so, when you persist to torment me.

Young Clac. (*Smiling.*) And you really believe, that you don't love me?

Miss Har. Positively not.

Young Clac. (*conceitedly.*) And are you very sure now, that you hate me?

Miss Har. Oh! most cordially.

Young Clac. Poor young lady! I do pity you from my soul.

Miss Har. Then why won't you leave me?

Young Clac.—*'She never told her love,*

'But let concealment, like a worm 'i tb' bud,

'Feed on her damask cheek.'

Take warning, miss, when once you begin to pine in thought,

it's all over with you; and be assured, since you are obstinately bent to give yourself airs, that, if you once suffer me to leave this house, in a pet—Do you mind me?—Not all your sighing, whining, fits, vapours, and hysterics, shall ever move me to take the least compassion on you. *Coute qui coule.*

Enter HEARTLY and Sir CHARLES.

Sir Char. I am overjoy'd to hear it;—There they are the pretty doves! This is the age, neighbour *Heartly*, for happiness and pleasure.

Heart. I am willing, you see, to lose no time, which may convince you, *Sir Charles*, how proud I am of this alliance in our families.

Sir Char. The thought of it rejoices me—Gad, I will send for the fiddles, and take a dance myself, and a fig for the gout and rheumatism.—But hold, hold,—the lovers, methinks, are a little out of humour with each other.—What is the matter, *Jack*? Not pou'ing sure before your time.

Young Clac. A trifle, Sir,—the lady will tell you—

[Hums a tune.]

Heart. You seem to be troubled, *Harriet*.—What can this mean?

Miss Har. You have been in an error, Sir, about me;—I did not undeceive you, because I could not imagine, that the consequences could have been so serious and so sudden;—But I am now forced to tell you, that you have misunderstood me—that you have distressed me—

Heart. How, my dear?

Sir Char. What do you say, miss?

Young Clac. Mademoiselle is pleas'd to be out of humour, but I can't blame her, for upon my honour, I think a little coquetry becomes her.

Sir Char. Ay, ay, ay,—Oh, ho!—Is that all? These little squalls seldom upset the lover's boat, but drive it the faster to port—Ay, ay, ay—

Heart. Don't be uneasy, my dear, that you have declared your passion—Be consistent now, lest you should be thought capricious.

Young Clac. Talk to her a little, Mr. *Heartly*, she is a fine lady, and has many virtues, but she does not know the world.

Sir Char. Come, come, you must be friends again, my children.

Miss

Miss Har. I beg you will let me alone, Sir.

Heart. For heaven's sake, *Miss Harriet*, explain this riddle to me.

Miss Har. I cannot, Sir,—I have discovered the weakness of my heart—I have discovered it to you, sir;—but your unkind interpretations, and reproachful looks, convince me, that I have already said but too much. [Exit.

Sir Char. Well but hark'ye, nephew,—this is going a little too far,—what have you done to her? (Heartily mutes.)

Heart. I never saw her mov'd before!

Young Clac. Upon my soul, gentlemen, I am as much surprized at it as you can be;—The little *Bronillierie* between us; arose upon her persisting, that there was no passion, no *Penchant* between us.

Sir Char. I'll tell you what, *Jack*,—There is a certain kind of impudence about you, that I don't approve of; and were I a young girl, those coxconical airs of your's would surfeit me.

Young Clac. But as the young ladies are not quite so squeamish, as your uncle, I fancy they will chuse me as I am. Ha! ha!—But what can the lady object to? I have offered to marry her, is not that a proof sufficient that I like her? A young fellow must have some affection that will go some lengths to indulge it. Ha! ha!

Sir Char. Why really, friend *Heartly*, I don't see how a young man can do more, or a lady desire more,—what say you, neighbour?

Heart. Upon my word I am puzzled about it,—my thoughts upon the matter are so various, and so confused.—Every thing I see and hear is so contradictory—is so—she certainly cannot like any body else?

Young Clac. No, no, I'll answer for that—

Heart. Or she may be fearful then, that your passion for her is not sincere, or like other young men of the times, you may grow careless upon marriage, and neglect her.

Young Clac. Ha! egad, you have hit it; nothing but a little natural delicate sensibility.— [Hums a tune.]

Heart. If so, perhaps, the violence of her reproaches may proceed from the lukewarmness of your professions.

Young Clac. *Je vous demande pardon*—I have sworn to her a hundred and a hundred times, that she should be the happiest of her sex:—but there is nothing surprizing in all this

this, it is the misery of an overfond heart, to be always doubtful of its happiness.

Heart. And if she marries thee, I fear that she'll be kept in a state of doubt as long as she lives. [*Half aside.*]

Enter Lucy.

Lucy. Pray gentlemen, what is the matter among you? and which of you has affronted my mistress? She is in a most prodigious taking yonder, and she vows to return into the country again;—I can get nothing but sighs from her.

Young Clac. Poor thing!

Lucy. Poor thing? the devil take this love, I say, there's more rout about it than 'tis worth.

Young Clac. I beg your pardon for that, Mrs. *Abigail*.

Heart. I must enquire further in this; her behaviour too particular for me not to be disturbed at it.

Lucy. She desires, with the leave of these gentlemen, that when she has recover'd herself, she may talk with you alone, Sir. (*To Heartly.*)

Heart. I shall with pleasure attend her. [*Exit Lucy.*]

Young Clac. *Divin Bacchus*: la, la, la! [*Sings.*]

Sir Char. I wou'd give, old as I am, a leg or an arm to be belov'd by that sweet creature as you are, *Juck*?

Young Clac. And throw your gout and rheumatism into the bargain uncle?—Ha, ha! *Divin Bacchus.* La, la, la, etc. (*Sings*)

Sir Char. What the plague are you quavering at? thou hast no more feeling for thy happiness than my stick here.

Young Clac. I beg your pardon for that, my dear uncle.

[*Takes out a pocket looking glass.*]

Sir Char. I wonder what the devil is come to the young fellows of this age, neighbour *Heartly*—Why a fine woman has no effect upon 'em.—Is there no method to make 'em less fond of themselves, and more mindful of the ladies?

Heart. I know but one, Sir *Charles*.

Sir Char. Ay, what's that?

Heart. Why to break all the looking-glasses in the kingdom. [*Pointing to Young Clac.*]

Sir Char. Ay, ay there are such scraps so taken up with themselves!—Zounds, when I was young, and in love—

Young Clac. You were a prodigious fine sight, to be sure.

Heart.

Heart. Look'ye Mr Clackit, if miss Harriet's affections declare for you, she must not be treated with neglect or disdain:—nor cou'd I bear it, Sir.—Any man must be proud of her partiality to him, and he must be fashionably insensible indeed, who wou'd not make it his darling care to defend, from every inquietude, the most delicate and tender of her sex.

Sir Char. Most noble and warmly said, Mr Heartly.—Go to her nephew, directly,—throw yourself at her feet, and swear how much her beauty and virtue hath captivated you, and don't let her go till you have set her dear little heart at rest.

Young Clac. I must desire to be excus'd:—wou'd you have me say the same thing over and over again?—I can't do it positively;—it is my turn to be piqu'd now.

Sir Char. Damn your conceit, Jack, I can bear it no longer.

Heart. I am very sorry to find that any young lady, so near and dear to me shou'd bestow her heart, where there is so little prospect of its being valued as it ought. —How ever I shall not oppose my authority to her inclinations; and so—who waits there? (*Enter Servant.*) Let the young lady know that I shall attend her commands in the library. (*Exit Servant.*) Will you excuse me, gentlemen?

Sir Char. Ay, ay,—We'll leave you to yourselves, and pray convince her, that I and my nephew are most sincerely her very humble servants.

Young Clac. O, yes, you may depend upon me.

Heart. A very slender dependance truly.

[*Aside.*

[*Exit.*

Young Clac. We'll be with you again to know what your *tete a tete* produces, and in the mean time, I am her's,—and your's,—adieu. Come, uncle,—fal, la, la, la!

Sir Char. I cou'd knock him down with pleasure. [*Aside.*

[*Exeunt Sir Charles and Young Clackit.*

ACT

A C T II.

S C E N E, a LIBRARY.

HEARTLY (*speaking to a Servant.*)

TELL miss *Harriet*, that I am here.—If she is indisposed, I will wait upon her in her own room.—

[*Exit Servant.*]

However mysterious her conduct appears to me, yet still it is to be decyphered—This young gentleman has certainly touch'd her—There are some objections to him, and among so many young men of fashion that fall in her way, she certainly might have made a better choice: she has an understanding to be sensible of this; and, if I am not mistaken, it is a struggle between her reason and her passion, that occasions all this confusion.—But here she is.

Enter Miss HARRIET.

Miss Har. I hope you are not angry, Sir, that I left you so abruptly, without making an apology?

Heart. I am not angry that you think an apology necessary.—The matter we were upon was of of such a delicate nature, that I was more pleased with your confusion, than I should have been with your excuses.—You'll pardon me, my dear.—

Miss Har. I have reflected, that the person for whom I have conceiv'd a most tender regard, may, from the wisest motives, doubt of my passion; and therefore I would endeavour to answer all the objections, and convince him how deserving he is of my highest esteem.

Heart. I have not yet apprehended what kind of dispute could arise between you and Mr *Clackit*:—I would advise you both to come to reconciliation as soon as possible.—The law of nature is an imperious one, and cannot, like those of our country, be easily evaded; and though reason may suggest some disagreeable reflections, yet when the stroke is to be given, we must submit to it.

Miss Har. He still continues in his error, and I cannot undeceive him. (*Aside*)

Heart. Shall I take the liberty of telling you, my dear.

Taking

(*Taking her band.*)—You tremble, *Harriet!*—what is the matter with you?

Miss Har. Nothing, Sir.— Pray go on. ———

Heart. I guess whence proceeds all your uneasiness.—You fear that the world will not be so readily convinced of this young gentleman's merit as you are: and, indeed, I could wish him more deserving of you; but your regard for him gives him a merit he otherwise would have wanted, and almost makes me blind to his failings.

Miss Har. And would you advise me, Sir, to make choice of this gentleman?

Heart. I would advise you, as I always have done, to consult your own heart upon such an occasion.

Miss Har. If that is your advice, I will most religiously follow it; and, for the last time, I am resolved to discover my real sentiments: but as a confession of this kind will not become me. I have been thinking of some innocent stratagem to spare my blushes, and in part to relieve me from the shame of a declaration. Might I be permitted to write to him?—

Heart. I think you may, my dear, without the least offence to your delicacy: and indeed you ought to explain yourself: your late misunderstanding makes it absolutely necessary.

Miss Har. Will you be kind enough to assist me:—will you write it for me, Sir?

Heart. Oh, most willingly!—and as I am made a party, it will remove all objections,

Miss Har. I will dictate to you in the best manner I am able. (*Sighing.*)

Heart. And here is pen, ink, and paper, to obey your commands. (*Draws the table.*)

Miss Har. Lord, how my heart beats! I fear I cannot go thro' it. (*Aside.*)

Heart. Now, my dear, I am ready.—Don't be disturb'd—He is certainly a man of family, and tho' he has some little faults, time and your virtues will correct them

—Come what will I write? (*Preparing to write*)

Miss Har. Pray give me a moment's thought;—'tis a terrible task Mr *Heartly*.

Heart. I know it is.—Don't hurry yourself: I will wait with patience.—Come, miss *Harriet*.

Miss

Miss Har. (*Dictating.*) "It is in vain for me to conceal, from one of your understanding, the secrets of my heart."

Heart. The secrets of my heart.—(*Writing.*)

Miss Har. "Tho' your humility and modesty will not suffer you to perceive it.—"

Heartly. Do you think, my dear, that he is much troubled with these qualities?

Miss Har. Pray indulge me, Sir.

Heart. I beg your pardon.—Your humility and modesty will not suffer you to perceive it.—(*Writes*) So.

Miss Har. "Every thing tells, that it is you that I love."

Heart. Very well. (*Writes.*)

Miss Har. Yes:—You that I love;—do you understand me?

Heart. O! yes, yes; I understand you.—that it is You that I love.—This is very plain, my dear.

Miss Har. I would have it so.—"And tho' I am already bound in gratitude to you.—"

Heart. In gratitude to Mr Clackit?

Miss Har. Pray write, Sir.

Heart. Well,—In gratitude to you; (*writes.*)—I must write what she should have me. (*Aside.*)

Miss Har. "Yet my passion is a most disinterested one.—"

Heart. Most disinterested one. (*Writes*)

Miss Har. "And to convince you, that you owe much more to my affections.—"

Heart. And then?

Miss Har. "I could wish that I had not experienced—"

Heart. Stay,—stay:—bad not experienced.—(*Writes.*)

Miss Har. "Your tender care of me in my infancy.—"

Heart. (*Disturbed*) What did you say?—Did I hear right, or am I in a dream! (*Aside.*)

Heart. Harriet!

Miss Har. Sir!

Heart. To whom do you write this letter?

Miss Har. I o—to—Mr Clackit,—is it not?

Heart. You must not mention then the care of your infancy; it would be ridiculous.

Miss Har. It would indeed;—I own it; it is improper.—

Heart. What, did it escape you in your confusion?

Miss Har. It did indeed.

Heart. What must I put in its place?

Vol. II.

1

Miss

Miss Har. Indeed I don't know—I have said more than enough to make myself understood.

Heart. Then I'll only finish your letter with the usual compliments, and send it away.

Miss Har. Yes,—Send it away,—if you think I ought to send it.

Heart. (*Troubled.*) Ought to send it!—Who's there?
—(*Enter a servant.*) Carry this letter.

(*An action escapes from Harriet, as if to hinder the sending the letter.*)

—Is it not for Mr Clackit?

Miss Har. (*Peevishly.*) Who can it be for?

Heart. Here take this letter to Mr Clackit. (*Gives the letter.*) [*Exit Servant.*]

Miss Har. What a terrible situation! (*Aside.*)

Heart. I am thunderstruck! (*Aside.*)

Miss Har. I cannot speak another word. (*Aside.*)

Heart. My prudence fails me! (*Aside.*)

Miss Har. He disapproves my passion, and I shall die with confusion. (*Aside.*)

Enter Lucy.

Lucy. The conversation is over, and I may appear. (*Aside.*)—Sir Charles is without, Sir, and is impatient to know your determination,—may he be permitted to see you?

Heart. (*Aside*) I must retire to conceal my weakness. [*Exit.*]

Lucy. Upon my word this is very whimsical.—What is the reason, miss, that your guardian is gone away without giving me an answer?

Miss Har. What a contempt he must have for me, to behave in this manner! [*Exit.*]

Lucy. Extremely well, this, and equally foolish on both sides!—But what can be the meaning of it?—Ho, ho,—I think I have a glimmering at last. Suppose she should not like young shatter-brains after all; and indeed she has never absolutely said she did; who knows but she has at last opened her mind to my good master, and he, finding her taste, (like that of other girls at her age) most particularly ridiculous, has not been so complaisant as he used to be. What a shame it is that I don't know more of this matter, a wench of spirit, as I am, a favourite of my mistress, and as inquisitive as I ought to be? it is an affront to my character

racter, and I must have satisfaction immediately.—(*Going.*) I will go directly to my young mistress, teize her to death, till I am at the bottom of this; and if threatening, soothing, scolding, whispering, crying, and lying will not prevail, I will 'en give her warning,—and go upon the stage. [*Exit.*]

Enter HEARTLY.

Heart. The more I reflect upon what has pass'd, the more I am convinc'd that she did not intend writing to this young fellow.—What am I to think of it then?—Let a man be ever so much upon his guard against the approaches of vanity, yet he will find himself weak in that quarter.—Had not my reason made a little stand against my presumption, I might have interpreted some of *Harriet's* words in my own favour; but—I may well blush, tho' alone, at my extravagant folly! Can it be possible that so young a creature shou'd even cast a thought of that kind upon me?—Upon me! presumptuous vanity!—No, no;—I will do her and myself the justice to acknowledge that, for a very few slight appearances, there are a thousand reasons that destroy so ridiculous a supposition.

Enter Sir CHARLES.

Sir Cbar. Well, Mr *Heartly*, what are we to hope for?

Heart. Upon my word, Sir, I am still in the dark; we puzzle about, indeed, but we don't get forward.

Sir Cbar. What the devil is the meaning of all this? There never sure were lovers so difficult to bring together. But have you not been a little too rough with the lady? For as I pass'd by her but now, she seem'd a little out of humour,—and, upon my faith, not the less beautiful for a little pouting.

Heart. Upon my word, Sir *Charles*, what I can collect from her behaviour is, that your nephew is not so much in her good graces, as he made you believe.

Sir Cbar. 'Egad, like enough;—But hold, hold,—this must be look'd a little into;—if it is so, I would be glad to know, why, and wherefore, I have been made so ridiculous.—Eh, master *Heartly*, does he take me for his fool, his beast, his merry Andrew? By the Lord, *Harry*—

Heart. In him a little vanity is excuseable.

Sir Cbar. I am his vanity's humble servant for that tho'.—

Heart. He is of an age, *Sir Charles*—

Sir Cbar. Ay, of an age to be very impertinent; but I shall desire him to be less free with his uncle for the future, I assure him.

Enter Lucy.

Lucy. I have it, I have it, gentleman! You need not puzzle any more about the matter.—I have got the secret.—I know the knight-errant that has wounded our distress'd lady.

Sir Cbar. Well, and who? And what, child?

Lucy. What, has not she told you, Sir? [*To Heartly.*

Heart. Not directly.

Lucy. So much the better.—What pleasure it is to discover a secret, and then tell it to all the world!—I press'd her so much, that she at last confess'd.

Sir Cbar. Well, what?

Lucy. That, in the first place, she did not like your nephew.

Sir Cbar. And I told the puppy so.

Lucy. That she had a most mortal antipathy for the young men of this age; and that she had settled her affections upon one of riper years, and riper understanding.

Sir Cbar. Indeed?

Lucy. And that she expected from a lover in his autumn more affection, more complaisance, more constancy, and more discretion of course.

Heart. That is very particular.

Sir Cbar. Ay, but it is very prudent for all that.

Lucy. In short, as she had openly declared against the nephew, I took upon me to speak of his uncle.

Sir Cbar. Of me, child?

Lucy. Yes, of you, Sir;—and she did not say me nay, —but cast such a look, and fetch'd such a sigh,—that if ever I look'd and sigh'd in my life, I know how it is with her.

Sir Cbar. What the devil!—why surely,—eh, *Lucy!* you joke for certain,—Mr *Heartly!*—eh!—

Lucy. Indeed I do not, Sir,—'Twas in vain for me to say that nothing could be more ridiculous as such a choice. —Nay, Sir, I went a little further, (you'll excuse me) and

and told her—Good God, madam, said I, why he is old and gouty, astmatic, rheumatic, sciatic, spleen-atic.—It signified nothing, she had determined.

Sir Char. But you need not have told her all that.

Heart. I am persuaded, *Sir Charles*, that a good heart and a good mind will prevail more with that young lady, than the more fashionable accomplishments.

Sir Char. I'll tell you what, neighbour, I have had my days, and have been well receiv'd among the ladies, I have—But in truth, I am rather in my winter than my autumn; she must mean somebody else. Now I think again—It can't be me,—No, no, it can't be me.

Lucy. But I tell you it is, Sir,—you are the man,—her stars have decreed it; and what they decree, tho' ever so ridiculous, must come to pass.

Sir Char. Say you so?—Why then, monsieur nephew I shall have a little laugh with you,—ha, ha, ha! The bit is not for you, my nice Sir.—Your betters must be serv'd before you.—But here he comes.—Not a word for your life—We'll laugh at him most triumphantly,—Ha, ha, but mum, mum.

Enter YOUNG CLACKET. (Music plays without.)

Young Clac. That will do most divinely well—Bravo! bravo! messieurs vocal and instrumental!—Stay in that chamber, and I will let you know the time for your appearance. (*To the musicians.*) Meeting by accident with some artists of the string, and my particular friends, I have brought 'em to celebrate miss *Harriet's* and my approaching happiness. [*To Heart.*]

Sir Char. Do you hear the puppy? (*To Lucy.*)

Heart. It is time to clear up all mistakes.

Sir Char. Now for it.

Heart. Miss *Harriet*, Sir, was not destin'd for you.

Young Clac. What do you say, Sir?

Heart. That the young lady has fix'd her affections upon another.

Young Clac. Upon another?

Sir Char. Yes, Sir, *another*.—That is English, Sir; and you may translate it into French, if you like it better.

Young Clac. *Vous etes bien drole mon oncle.*—Ha, ha!

Sir Char. Ay, ay, shew your teeth, you have nothing

else for it;—but she has fixed her heart upon *Another*, I tell you.

Young Clac. Very well, Sir, extremely well.

Sir Cbar. And that other, Sir, is one to whom you owe great respect.

Young Clac. I am his most respectful humble servant.

Sir Cbar. You are a fine youth, my sweet nephew, to tell me a story of a cock and a bull, of you and the young lady, when you have no more interest in her than the Czar of Muscovy.

Young Clac. (*Smiling.*) But my dear uncle, don't carry this jest too far,—I shall begin to be uneasy.

Sir Cbar. Ay, ay, I know your vanity: you think now that the women are all for you young fellows.—

Young Clac. Nine hundred and ninety nine in a thousand, I believe, uncle: ha, ha, ha!

Sir Cbar. You'll make a dam'd foolish figure, by and by, Jack.

Young Clac. Whoever my precious rival is, he must prepare himself for a little humility; for be he ever so mighty, my dear uncle, I have that in my pocket will lower his top-sails for him. (*Searching his pocket.*)

Sir Cbar. Well, what's that?

Young Clac. A fourteen pounder only, my good uncle,—a letter from the lady. (*Takes it out of his pocket.*)

Sir Cbar. What, to you?

Young Clac. To me, Sir,—This moment receiv'd, and overflowing with the tenderest sentiments.

Sir Cbar. To you?

Young Clac. Most undoubtedly.—She reproaches me with my excessive modesty—There can be no mistake.

Sir Cbar. What letter is this he chatters about? (*To Heartly.*)

Heart. One written by me, and dictated by the young lady.

Sir Cbar. What sent by her to him?

Heart. I believe so.

Sir Cbar. Well, but then,—how the devil,—Mrs Lucy—Eh,—What's become of your fine story?

Lucy. I don't understand it.

Sir Cbar. Nor I!

Heart. (*Hesitating.*) Nor—I—

Young Clac. But I do,—and so will you all presently.—

Well

Well, my dear uncle, what are you astonished, petrify'd, annihilated?

Sir Char. With your impudence, *Jack!*—But I'll see it out.

Enter Miss HARRIET.

Miss Har. Bless me, Mr *Heartly*, what is all this music for in the next room?

Young Clac. I brought the gentlemen of the string, mademoiselle, to convince you, that I feel, as I thought, the honour you have done me.—(*Shewing the letter.*) But for heaven's sake be sincere a little with these good folks: they tell me here that I am Nobody, and there is another happier than myself; and for the soul of me, I don't know how to believe 'em,—Ha, ha, ha!

Sir Char. Let us hear miss speak.

Miss Har. It is a most terrible task; but I am compell'd to it, and to hesitate any longer wou'd be injurious to my guardian, his friend, this young gentleman, and my own character.

Young Clac. Most judicious, upon my soul.

Sir Char. Hold your tongue, *Jack.*

Young Clac. I am dumb.

Miss Har. You have all been in an error.—My bashfulness may have deceiv'd you.—my heart never did.—

Young Clac. *C'est Vrai.*

Miss Har. Therefore, before I declare my sentiments, it is proper that I disavow my engagement: but at the same time must confess—

Young Clac. Ho,—ho!—

Miss Har. With fear and shame confess—

Young Clac. *Courage, mademoiselle!*

Miss Har. That another, not you, Sir, has gain'd a power over my heart.—(*To Young Clackit.*)

Sir Char. Another, not you; mind that, *Jack.* Ha! ha!

Miss Har. It is a power indeed which he despises—I cannot be deceived in his conduct.—Modesty may tie the tongue of our sex, but silence in him could proceed only from contempt.

Sir Char. How prettily she reproaches me!—But I'll soon make it up with her.

Miss Har. As to that letter, Sir: your error there is excusable; and I own myself in that particular a little

blameable.—But it was not my fault that it was sent to you; and the contents must have told you, that it could not possibly be meant for you. (*To Young Clackit.*)

Sir Cbar. Proof positive, *Jack*:—say no more.—Now is my time to begin.—Hem!—hem!—Sweet young lady,—hem!—whose charms are so mighty, so far transcending every thing that we read of, in history or fable, how could you possibly think that my silence proceeded from contempt? was it natural or prudent, think you, for a man of sixty-five, nay, just entering into his sixty-sixth year.—

Young Clac. O misericorde! what, is my uncle my rival! nay then, I shall burst, by *Jupiter*!—Ha! ha! ha!

Miss Har. Don't imagine, Sir, that to me at your age is any fault.

Sir Cbar. (*Powing.*) You are very obliging, madam.

Miss Har. Neither is it, Sir, a merit of that extraordinary nature, that I should sacrifice to it an inclination which I have conceived for another.

Sir Cbar. How is this?

Young Clac. Another! not you.—Mind that, uncle.

Lucy. What is the meaning of all this!

Young Clac. Proof positive, uncle—And very positive.

Sir Cbar. I have been led into a mistake, madam, which I hope you will excuse; and I have made myself very ridiculous, which I hope I shall forget:—and so, madam, I am your humble servant.—This young lady has something very extraordinary about her.

Heart. What I now see and the remembrance of what is past force me to break silence.

Young Clac. Ay, but now for it.—Hear him—hear him—

Heart. O my *Harriet*! I too must be disgrac'd in my turn.—Can you think I have seen and convers'd with you unmov'd?—Indeed I have not.—The more I was sensible of your merit, the stronger were my motives to stifle the ambition of my heart.—But now I can no longer resist the violence of my passion, which casts me at your feet, the most unworthy indeed of all your admirers, but of all the most affectionate.

Young Clac. So, so, the moon has changed, and the grown gentlemen begin to be frisky.

Lucy.

Lucy. What, my master in love too!—I'll never trust these tye wigs again. (*Aside.*)

Miss Har. I have refus'd my hand to sir *Charles* and this young gentleman:—the one accuses me of caprice, the other of singularity.—Should I refuse my hand a third time (*Smiling*) I might draw upon myself a more severe reproach,—and therefore I accept your favour, Sir, and will endeavour to deserve it.

Heart. And thus I seal my acknowledgements, and from henceforth devote my every thought, and all my services to the author of my happiness. (*Kisses her hand.*)

Lucy. Since matters are so well settled, give me leave, Sir, to congratulate you on your success,—and my young lady on her judgement.—You have my taste exactly, miss; ripe fruit for my money: when it is too green it sets one's teeth on edge, and when too mellow it has no flavour at all.

Sir Char. Hold your tongue, you baggage, (*To Lucy.*) Well, my dear discreet nephew, are you satisfied with the fool's part you have giv'n me, and play'd yourself in the farce?

Young Clac. What would you have me say, Sir? I am too much a philosopher to fret myself, because the wind, which was East this morning, is now West.—The poor girl in pique has kill'd herself, to be revenged on me; but hark'ye, Sir, I believe *Heartly* will be cursed mad to have me live in his neighbourhood.—A word to the wise.—

Sir Char. Thou hast a most incorrigible vanity, *Jack*; and nothing can cure thee.—Mr *Heartly*, I have sense enough, and friendship enough, not to be uneasy at your happiness.

Heart. I hope, Sir *Charles*, that we shall still continue to live as neighbours and friends. For you, my *Harriet*, words cannot express my wonder or my joy; my future conduct must tell you what sense I have of my happiness, and how much I shall endeavour to deserve it.

For ev'ry charm that ever yet bless'd youth,
Accept compliance, tenderness, and truth;
My friendly care shall change to grateful love,
And the fond husband still the GUARDIAN prove.

THE
ENCHANTER:
OR,
LOVE and MAGIC.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Moroc, the Enchanter, by	Zoreb, contracted to Zaida,
Mr Champnes.	by Mr Lowe.
Kaliel, attendant Spirit, by	Zaida, by Mrs Vincent.
Master Lioni.	Lyssa, by Miss Young.

Chorus, Attendants, Dancers, *etc*,

ADVERTISEMENT.

As the Recitative commonly appears the most tedious part of a Musical Entertainment, the writer of the following little piece has avoided it as much as possible; and has endeavoured to carry on what fable there is, chiefly by the songs,—The reader is desired to take notice, that the passages, distinguished by inverted commas, are omitted in the representation.

THE ENCHANTER:

OR,
Love and MAGIC.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Room in the Enchanter's Castle.

MOROC.

RECIT.

O Love, destroyer Love, this ravage cease.
Or give me conquest, or restore my peace.

AIR.

I burn ! I burn !
Where-e'er I turn
Each object feeds my flame ;
The hinds that whistle care away,
The birds that sing, the beasts that play,
Shew what a wretch I am !

' A wretch of reason and of power.

' Who in this trying hour

' Cannot conquer or retreat ;

' Passion all my pow'r disarms,

' Moroc yields to woman's charms,

' And trembles at her feet."

SCENE II.

MOROC, KALIEL.

MOROC.

RECIT.

O Kaliel : Kaliel ! Speak thou faithful slave,
What hope ?—Kill Zaida yield ? alas, I rave ?

KALIEL.

RECIT.

Torn from her lover's arm's—the mournful fair,
Rejects your vows, and cherishes despair;
Like a transplanted flower, the blooming spoil,
Droops in a foreign, tho' a richer soil.

AIR.

In vain I try'd
Each soothing art,
To swell her pride
Or melt her heart.

In vain your love,
Your pow'r display'd;
Nor pow'r could move
Nor love persuade.

With lifted eyes,
She Zoreb calls,
Then strikes her breast!
The sigh that rise,
The tear that falls,
Declare the rest.

MOROC.

Obdurate fair-one! what uncommon mould
Impress'd thy mind—that pleasure, power, nor gold
Can soften to allure it;—take this wand;—

[Gives a wand to Kaliel.

Again persuade,—implore,—at thy command
Joys shall attend—while I with other arms
My rival seek, and hell shall aid my charms.

AIR.

My slaves below
Prepare, Prepare!
Enchant the foe,
Deceive the fair:
Magic now with magic vies,
Moroc's art, with Zaida's eyes.

[Sinks
SCENE

SCENE III.

KALIEL

AIR.

Fly airy sprites,
 Around her fly:
 Soothe her with delights,
 Charm her ear, and eye.
 Fly swifter than the wind,
 Let your spells her fancy bind.
 Thro' her senses reach her mind. *[Exit,* }

SCENE IV.

A Garden belonging to the Enchanter.

ZAIDA.

AIR.

Intruder Sleep! in vain you try
 To hush my breast, and close my eye;
 The morning dews refresh the flow'r,
 That unmolested blows;
 But ineffectual falls the show'r
 Upon the canker'd rose.

SCENE V.

ZAIDA, KALIEL.

KALIEL.

RECIT.

O let not grief your bloom destroy,
 Youth's fairest blossoms spring from joy,
 And beauty's cheek with tints supply,
 Which nipt by sorrow fade and die.

AIR.

Sigh not your hours away,
 Youth should be ever gay;

Ever

THE ENCHANTER: OR

Ever should dance around
Pleasure's enchanted ground:
Reason invites you,
Passion excites you,
Raptures abound!

Spring shall her sweets display,
Nature shall vie with art;
No clouds shall shade the day,
Nor grief the heart.

Love shall his treasures bring,
Beauty shall sport and sing;
Free as the zephyr's wing,
Soft as his kiss,
 ' Changing
 ' and
 ' Ranging
 ' From bliss to bliss.'
Free as the zephyr's wing, *etc.*

Come then sweet liberty!
Let us be ever free,
What's *life* without *love*, what's *love* without *liberty*?

Z A I D A.

R E C I T. Accomp.

To Zaida's ears thy strains might sweetly flow,
Had Zoreb's air or face her bosom fir'd;
No transient passion caught her heart,—Oh, no!
Can passion die, that virtue has inspir'd?

A I R.

Whate'er you say, whate'er you do,
My heart shall still be fix'd and true;
The vicious bosom love deforms.
And rages there in gusts and storms;
But love with us a constant gale
Just swells the sea, and fills the sail;
Neither of winds or waves the sport,
We rule the helm, and gain the port.

KAL-

K A L I E L.

R E C I T.

Ye votaries of mirth and love,
 In all your various mazes move,
 Be frolick, changeable, and free,
 Charm her with sweet variety;
 The happiest union known on earth,
 Is mirth with love, and love with mirth.
 [Kaliel waves his wand.

S C E N E VI,

LYSSA enters with her Followers, as the Votaries of Mirth
 and Love.

L Y S S A.

A I R.

When youthful charms
 Fly pleasure's arms,
 Kind nature's gifts are vain;
 We should not save,
 What nature gave,
 But Kindly give again.

Tho' scorn and pride
 Our wishes hide,
 And tho' the tongue says, nay:
 The honest heart,
 Takes pleasure's part,
 Denying all we say.

The birds in spring,
 Will sport and sing,
 And revel thro' the grove;
 And shall not we,
 As blith and free,
 With them rejoice and love?

Let

THE ENCHANTER: OR,

Let love and joy,
 Our spring employ,
 Kind nature's law fulfil;
 Then sport and play
 Now whilst we may,
 We cannot when we will.

[A dance by the followers of Lyssa.]

L Y S S A.

RECIT.

'Tis thus we revel, dance and play,
 Life with us is holyday:
 Constancy would pall our joys,
 Varied passion never cloy.

DUETT.

L Y S S A.

Would you taste the sweets of love
 Ever change and ever rove,
 Fly at pleasure, and away.
 Love's the cup of bliss and woe,
 Nectar if you taste and go,
 Poison if you stay.

Z A I D A.

Would you taste the sweets of love,
 Never change and never rove,
 Fly from pleasures that betray,
 Love's the cup of bliss, and woe,
 Poison if you taste and go,
 Nectar if you stay.

[Exeunt severally.]

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

A GARDEN.

ZAIDA, LYSSA, and other female Spirits following.

Z A I D A.

R E C I T.

Shame of thy sex—begone—nor haunt me more.

L Y S S A.

R E C I T.

Will Zaida's bosom from a woman hide,
What to conceal from man, is art and pride?
Behold! power's sovereign charin to soften hate,
What melts us most!—variety and state!

[Waves her wand, and the whole scene and decorations change.]

A I R.

Turn and see what pleasures woo you,
Let not love in vain pursue you,
Seize his blessings whilst you may,
Love has wings and will not stay.

C H O R U S.

Seize his blessings whilst you may,
Love has wings and will not stay.

Z A I D A.

R E C I T. Accomp

Deluders hence!—your spells are weak,
My Zoreb's stronger spells to break;
From him alone I draw my breath,
With him I could rejoice in death.

[It thunders, grows dark, and the garden shakes, all the women run off, but Zaida and Lyssa.]

LYSSA.

L Y S S A.

R E C I T.

'Tis past the softer passions take their flight,
Moroc comes arm'd in terrors and in night !
 Destruction in his eye, and in his hand,
 The scepter of his wrath—his *Ebon* wand.

S C E N E II.

M O R O C, Z A I D A, L Y S S A.

M O R O C.

R E C I T. Accomp.

No more I come with sighs and pray'rs
 A proud ungrateful fair to sue :
 Revenge a festival prepares,
 A festival for love and you !

T R I O.

L Y S S A.

O hear her sighs, believe her tears,
 The heart may change that pants with fears.

[To *Moroc*.

Z A I D A.

Hear not my sighs, nor trust my tears,
 My heart may pant, but not with fears :
 His treasure's lost, the miser mourns.

L Y S S A.

More treasure found, his joy returns.

M O R O C.

Hence jealousy and love-sick cares !
 Vengeance now my bosom tears !

LYSSA.

LYSSA.

'The joys of power will here attend thee!

Z A I D A.

'The joys of love with Zoreb send me!

LYSSA.

'With him your heart new woes would prove.

Z A I D A.

'I fear no woes with him I love.

M O R O C.

'Away with love and fond desires——

'Vengeance rage with all thy fires.'

R E C I T.

Lyssa, depart!—this is no hour for joy,
I come not now to pity; but to destroy——

[Exit Lyssa, etc.]

To Zaida's arms her lover I resign;
He's dead, and dying thought you mine,
From him alone you draw your breath,
With him you shall rejoice in death!

[Dead march.]

S C E N E III.

A Tomb rises from the ground, in which ZOREB lies KALIEL standing by him with his wand on his breast.

Z A I D A.

R E C I T. Accomp.

My Zoreb—dead!—then sorrow is no more:
Now let the lightning flash, the thunder rear!

A I R.

Back to your source weak, foolish, tears,
Away, fond love, and woman's fears;

A nobler

THE ENCHANTER: OR,

A nobler passion warms:
 The dove shall soar with eagle's wing,
 From earth I spring,
 And fly to heav'n, and Zoreb's arms.

[Offers to stab herself; Moroc runs to prevent her,
 and in his fright drops his Ebon wand, which
 Kaliel takes up:

MOROC.

Hold desperate fair— [Takes away the dagger.
 Nor more will I employ
 Loves softer arts, but seize, and force my joy.
 [Takes bold of her,

ZAIDA.

Help heav'nly pow'rs!

MOROC.

What power can Moroc fear?

KALIEL.

The pow'r of virtue—which I now revere!
 With thy own arms thy guilty reign I end,
 No longer Moroc's slave, but Zaidia's friend,
 Thus do I blast thee—As the thunder's stroke
 Blasts the proud cedar—All thy charms are broke.
 [Kaliel strikes Moroc with the wand, and he sinks.

SCENE IV.

ZAIDA.

How shall I thank the guardian of my fame?
 [Kneels to Kaliel.

KALIEL.

Rise, Zaida!—Peace!—more thanks shall Kaliel claim,
 Behold thy Zoreb dead to mortal view,
 The spells dissolv'd, shall wake to life, and you.

RECIT.

RECIT. Accomp.

This magic wand, in *Moroc's* hand
Did wound, oppress :
In *Kaliel's* hand this magic wand
Shall heal, and bless.

AIR.

O faithful youth,
To shake thy truth,
No more shall fiends combine :
Now gently move,
To meet that love,
That truth which equals thine.
[*While sympathy is playing, Zoreb rises gradually from the tomb.*]

ZOREB.

AIR.

'What angel's voice, what sweet enchanting breath
'Calls hapless *Zoreb* from the bed of death?
'In terror's gloom,
'Night's awful womb,
'My soul imprison'd lay,
'But now I wake to day,
'Too weak my power's to bear this flood of light,
'For all elyzium open's to my sight.'
[*Looks rapturously on Zaida.*]

ZAIDA.

O *Zoreb*!—O my lord!—My bosom guest!
Transport is mute! My eyes must speak the rest.

ZOREB.

And do I wake to bliss, as well as life!
'Tis more than bliss!—'tis *Zaida*—'tis my wife.

KALIEL.

In fate's mysterious web his knot was wove :
Thus heaven rewards your constancy and love.

[*Joins their bands.*]

DUETT.

THE ENCHANTER: Or,

DUETT.

ZOREB, ZAIDA.

No power could divide us, no terror dismay ;
 No treasures could bribe us, no falshood betray :
 No demons could tempt us, no pleasure could move ;
 No magic could bind us, but the magic of love.

ZOREB.

The spell round my heart was the image of you ;
 Then how could I fail to be constant and true ?

ZAIDA.

The spell round my heart was the image of you ;
 Then how could I fail to be constant and true ?

KALIEL.

RECIT.

Hence ye wicked sprites away !
 Passion yields to reason's sway :
 Purer beings of the air
 Hover round and guard this pair :
 Love and innocence appear !
 Love and virtue triumph here. [*Waves his wand.*]

SCENE V.

Enter Shepherds, Shepherdesses, etc.

KALIEL.

AIR.

Ye sons of simplicity,
 Love and felicity,
 Ye shepherds who pipe on the plain ;
 Leave your lambs and your sheep,
 Our revels to keep,
 Which Zoreb and Zaida ordain.

Your smiles of tranquility,
 Hearts of humility,

Each

Each fiend of the bosom destroy !
 For virtue and mirth
 To blessing give birth,
 Which Zoreb and Zaida enjoy.

CHORUS.

How happy the hour,
 When passion and pow'r
 No longer united, no longer oppress :
 When beauty and youth
 With love and with truth !
 For ever united, for ever shall bless.

A dance of Shepherds, Shepherdesses etc. etc.



C Y M B E L I N E.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CYMBELINE , <i>King of Britain.</i> Mr Davies.	Iachimo , <i>Friend to Philario.</i> Mr Holland.
Cloten , <i>Son to the Queen by a former Husband.</i> Mr King.	Caius Lucius , <i>Ambassador from Rome.</i> Mr Bransby.
Leonatus Posthumus , <i>a Gentleman in Love with the Princess, and privately married to her.</i> Mr Garrick.	Psanio , <i>Servant to Posthumus.</i> Mr Packer.
Guiderius , <i>Arviragus, Disguised under the Names of Polidore and Cadwal, supposed Sons to Bellarius.</i>	<i>A French Gentleman, Friend to Philario.</i> Mr Scrase.
Mr Obrian. Mr Palmer.	Corneilius , <i>a doctor, Servant to the Queen.</i> Mr Burton.
Bellarius <i>a banish'd Lord disguis'd under the Name of Morgan.</i> Mr Havard.	<i>Two Gentlemen.</i> Mr Ackman, Mr Fox.
Philario , <i>an Italian, Friend to Posthumus.</i> Mr Kennedy.	Queen , <i>wife to Cymbeline.</i> Mrs Bennet.
	Imogen , <i>Daughter to Cymbeline by a former Queen.</i> Miss Bride.
	Helen <i>Woman to Imogen.</i> Miss Hippley.

Lords, Ladies, Roman Senators, Tribunes, Captains, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

S C E N E, A Palace.

Enter PISANIO and a GENTLEMAN.

PISANIO.

YOU do not mean a man but frowns. Our Looks
No more obey the hearts than our countiers;
But seem, as does the king's.

Gent. But what's the matter?

Pis. Are you so fresh a stranger to ask that

His

His daughter, and the heir of's kingdom (whom
 He propos'd to his wife's sole son, a widow
 That late he married) hath referri'd himself
 Unto a poor, but worthy gentleman. She's wedded.
 Her husband banish'd. — She imprison'd, all
 Is outward sorrow, though I think the king
 Be touch'd at very heart.

Gent. None but the king?

Pis. There is not a courtier,
 Although they wear their faces to the bent
 Of the king's looks, hath a heart, that is not
 Glad at the thing he scowl at.

Gent. And why so?

Pis. He that hath miss'd the princess, is a thing
 Too bad, for bad report : and he that hath her,
 (I mean that marry'd her,) is a creature, such
 As to seek through the regions of the earth
 For one, his like ; there would be something failing
 In him that should compare

Gent. His name and birth?

Pis. That I can well inform you, having liv'd
 A faithful servant in the family.
 His father was Sicilius, who serv'd
 Against the Romans, with Cassibelan,
 And gain'd the sur-addition Leonatus.
 He had, besides this gentleman in question,
 Two other sons, who in the wars o' th' time
 Dy'd with their swords in hand. For which their father,
 Then old, and fond of issue, took such sorrow
 That he quit being, and this gentle lady
 Big of this gentleman, our theam, deceas'd,
 As he was born. The king, he takes the babe
 To his protection, calls him Posthumus :
 Breeds him, and makes him of his bed-chamber,
 Puts to him all the learnings that his time
 Could make him the receiver of, which he took
 As we do air, fast as 'twas ministered,
 His spring became Harvest ; he liv'd in court,
 Which rare it is to do, most prais'd, most lov'd,
 A sample to the youngest ; to th' more mature,
 A glass that featur'd them ; and to the graver,
 A child that guided dotards.

Gent. I honour him, even out of your report.

VOL, II,

K

But

But to my mistress, is she the sole child to the king?

Pis. His only child.

He had two sons (if this be worth your hearing,
Mark it) the eldest of them, at three years old,
I' th' swathing clothes the other, from their nursery
Were stol'n, and to this hour, no guess in knowledge
Which way they went.

Gent. How long is this ago?

Pis. Some twenty years.

Gent. That a king's children should be so convey'd!
So slackly guarded, and the search so slow
That could not trace them——

Pis. Howso'er 'tis strange,
Or that the negligence may be well laugh'd at,
Yet is it true, Sir.

Gent. I do well believe you.

Pis. Here comes my lord,
The queen, and princess, you must forbear.

Enter the QUEEN, POSTHUMUS, IMOGEN, and Attendants.

Queen. No, be assur'd you shall not find me daughter,
After the slander of most step-mothers,
Ill-ey'd unto you: you're my prisoner, but
Your goaler shall deliver you the keys,
That lock up your restraint. For you, good Posthumous,
So soon as I can win th' offended king,
I will be known your advocate: marry yet
The fire of rage is in him, and 'twere good
You lean'd unto his sentence, with what patience
Your wisdom may inform you,

Post. Please your highness,
I will from hence to-day.

Queen. You know the peril:
I'll fetch a turn about the garden, pitying
The pangs of barr'd affections, through the king
Hath charg'd you should not speak together.

[*Exit.*

Imo. Dissembling curtesy! how fine this tyrant
Can tickle where she wounds! my dearest husband,
You must be gone;
And I shall here abide the hourly shot
Of angry eyes; not comforted to live,
But that there is this jewel in the world,
That I may see again.

Post.

Post. My queen ! my mistress !
 O lady, weep no more, lest I give cause
 To be suspected of more tenderness
 Than both become a man, I will remain
 The loyall'st husband, that did ere plight troth :
 My residence in Rome, at one Philario's,
 Who to my father was a friend, to me
 Known but by letter : thither write, my love.
 And with mine eyes I'll drink the words you send,
 Though ink be made of gall.

Enter QUEEN.

Queen. Be brief, I pray you ;
 If the king come, I shall incur I know not
 How much of his displeasure—yet I'll move him [*Aside.*
 To walk this way ; I never do him wrong,
 But he does buy my injuries, to be friends,
 Pays dear for my offences. [*Exit.*

Post. Should we be taking leave,
 As long a term as yet we have to live,
 The lothness to depart would grow. Adieu.

Imo. Nay, stay a little.
 Were you but riding forth to air yourself
 Such parting were too petty. Look here, my love,
 This diamond was my mothers : take it, Heart,
 But keep 'it till you woo another wife,
 When Imogen is dead. *Post.* How, how ? Another !
 You gentle Gods, give me but this I have,
 And sear up my remembrances from a next
 With bonds of death. Remain, remain thou here
 [*Putting on the ring.*

While sense can keep thee on : And sweetest, fairest,
 As I, my poor self, did exchange for you
 To your so infinite loss : so in your trifles
 I still win of you. For my sake wear this,
 It is a manacle of love ; I'll place it
 [*Putting a bracelet on her arm.*

Upon this fairest prisoner.

Imo. O the Gods !
 When shall we meet again ?

Enter CYMBELINE, and Lords.

Post. Alack, the king !

K 2

Cym.

Cym. Thou basest thing, avoid, hence, from my sight:
If after this command thou fraught the court
With my unworthiness, thou dy'st. Away!
Thou'rt poison to my blood.

Post. The Gods protect you,
And bless the good remainders of the court:
I am gone.

[Exit.

Imo. There cannot be a pinch in death
More sharp than this is.

Pisanio, go see your lord on board. [Exit *Pisanio*.

Cym. O disloyal thing,
That should'st repair my youth, thou heap'st
A year's age on me. *Imo.* I beseech you, Sir,
Harm not yourself with your vexation,
I am senless of your wrath; a touch more rare
Subdues all pangs, all fears.

Cym. That might have had the sole son of my queen.

Imo. O, blest, that I might not!

Cym. Thou took'st a beggar, would'st have made my
A seat for baseness. [throne.

Imo. No, I rather added
A lustre to it.

Cym. O thou vile one! *Imo*, Sir,
It is your fault that I have loved *Posthumus*:
You bred him as my play-fellow, and he is
A man, worth any woman; over-buys me
Almost the sum he pays.

Cym. What? art thou mad?

Imo. Almost, Sir; heav'n restore me: would I were
A neat-herds daughter, and my *Posthumus*
Our neighbour-shepherd's son.

Enter QUEEN.

Cym. Thou foolish thing;
They were again together, you have done
Not after our command. Away with her
And pen her up.

Queen. Beseech your patience; peace,
Dear lady daughter, peace. Sweet sovereign,
Make yourself some comfort
Out of your best advice.

Cym. Nay let her languish
A drop of blood a day, and being aged

Die

Die of this folly.

[Exit.

Queen. Fy, fy, you must give way—here is Pisanio.

Enter PISANIO.

Your faithful servant, and I dare lay mine honour
He will remain so.

Pis. I humbly thank your highness. [Exit Queen.

Imo. Well, good Pisanio.

Thou saw'st thy lord on board; what was the last
That he spake to thee.

Pis. 'Twas his lovely princess.

Imo. Then wav'd his hankerchief?

Pis. And kiss'd it, madam.

Imo. Senseless linen, happier therein than I:
And that was all?

Pis. No, madam: for so long
As he could make me with this eye or ear,
Distinguish him from others, he did keep
The deck, with glove, or hat, or handkerchief;
Still waving, as the fit and stirs of's mind
Could best express how slow his soul fail'd on,
How swift his ship.

Imo. Thou should'st have made him
As little as a crow, or less, ere left
To after-eye him. Pis. Madam, so I did.

Imo. I would have broke mine eye strings;
Crack'd them but to look upon him; till the diminution
Of space had pointed him as sharp as my needle;
Nay, followed him, 'till he had melted from
The smallness of a gnat, to air; and then
Then turn'd mine eye, and wept. But, good Pisanio,
When shall we hear from him?

Pis. Be assur'd, madam,
With his next 'van'age.

Imo. I did not take my leave of him, but had
Most pretty things to say; ere I could tell him
How I would think on him at certain hours,
Such thoughts, and such; or I could make him swear,
The she's of Italy shall not betray
Mine interest, in his honour; or have charg'd him
At the sixth hour of morn, at noon, or at midnight,
T' encounter me with oraisons, (for then
I am in heav'n for him;) or ere I could

Give him that parting kiss, which I had set
Betwixt two charming words, comes in my father,
And, like the tyrannous breathing of the north,
Shakes all our buds from growing. See the queen.
Those things I bid you do, get them dispatch'd. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter QUEEN and CORNELIUS, with a Pbial.

Queen. Now master doctor, have you brought these drugs?

Cor. Pleaseth your highness, ay;
But I beseech your grace, without offence
My conscience bids me ask, wherefore you have
Commanded of me these most poisonous compounds?

Queen. I wonder, doctor,
Thou ask'st me such a question: have I not been
Thy pupil long? I will but try the force
And vigour of thy compounds, and apply
Allayments to their act; and by them gather
Their virtues and effects.

Enter PISANIO.

Here comes a flatt'ring rascal; upon him
Will I first work: He's for his master's sake
An enemy to my son. A sly and constant knave,
Not to be shak'd; the agent for his master,
And the remembrance of her, to hold
The hand fast to her lord. How now, Pisanio?
Doctor, your service for this time is ended. [*Aside.*]

Cor. I do suspect you, madam. [*Aside.*]
But you shall do no harm.

Queen. Hark thee a word. [*To Pisanio.*]

Cor. I will not trust one of her malice, with
A drug of such damn'd nature. Those she has
Will stupify and dull the sense a while,
But there is no danger in that shew of death,
More than the locking up the spirits a time,
To be more fresh, reviving. She is fool'd
With a most false effect; and I the truer,
So to be false with her. [*Exit.*]

Queen. Weeps she still, say'st thou! dost thou think in
She will not quench, and let instructions enter [*time,*]
Where folly now possesses? do you work;
When thou shalt bring me word she loves my son.

I'll

I'll tell thee on the instant, thou art then
 As great as is thy master; greater; for
 His fortunes all lie speechless, and his name
 Is at last gasp; and what shalt thou expect
 To be depender on a thing that leans?
 Who cannot be new-built, and has no friends
 So much, as but to prompt him? thou takest up

[Pisanio looking on the phial.]

Thou know'st not what; but take it for thy labour.

It is a thing I make, which hath the king
 Five times redeem'd from death; I do not know
 What is more cordial. Nay, I pry'thee take it,
 It is an earnest of farther good

That I mean to thee. Tell thy mistress how
 The case stands with her; do't as from thyself;
 I'll move the king,

To any shape of thy preferment, such
 As thou'lt desire: think on my words.—

I have given him that,

[Aside.]

Which, if he take, shall quite unpeople her
 Of leigers for her sweet; and which she after,
 Except she bend her humour, shall be assur'd
 Go taste of too. Fare thee well, Pisanio.

Think on my words.

[Exit Queen.]

Pis. And shall do;

But when to my good lord, I prove untrue,
 I'll choak myself; there's all I'll do for you.
 By this is he at Rome, and good Philario,
 With open arms, and grateful heart, receives
 His friend's reflected image in his son,
 Old Leonatus in young Posthumus:
 Sweet Imogen, what thou endur'st the while,
 Betwixt thy father by thy step-dame govern'd;
 A mother hourly coining plots; a wooer;
 More hateful than the foul expulsion is
 Of thy dear husband—heaven keep unshaken
 That temple, thy fair mind, that thou may'st stand
 To enjoy thy banish'd lord, and this great land.

[Exit.]

SCENE II.

PHILARIO's House in Rome.

PHILARIO, IACHIMO, and a FRENCHMAN, at a banquet.

Iach. Believe it, Sir, I have seen him in Britain; and he was then but crescent, not expressed to prove so worthy, as since he has been allowed the name of. But I could then have look'd on him, without the help of admiration, though the catalogue of his endowments have been tabled by his side, and I peruse him by Items.

Phil. You speak of him when he has less furnish'd than now he is.

French. I have seen him in France; we had very many there could behold the sun, with as firm eyes as he.

Iach. This matter of marrying his kings daughter, wherein he must be weighed rather by her value, than his own, words him, I doubt not, a great deal from the matter.

French. And then his banishment.

Iach. Ay, and the approbation of those, that weep this lamentable divorce under her colours, are wonderfully to extend him; be it but to fortify her judgement, which else an easy battery might lay flat, for taking a beggar without more quality. But how comes it, he is to sojourn with you? how creeps acquaintance?

Phil. His father and I were soldiers together, to whom I have been often bound for no less than my life.

Enter POSTHUMUS.

Here comes the Britain. Let him be so entertain'd amongst you, as suits with gentlemen of your knowing, to a stranger of his quality. I beseech you all be better known to this gentleman, whom I commend to you, as a noble friend of mine. How worthy he is, I will leave to appear hereafter, rather than story him in his own hearing.

French. Sir, we have been known together in Orleans.

Post. Since when I have been debtor to you for courtesies, which I will be ever to pay, and yet pay still.

French. Sir, you o'er-rate my poor kindness; I was glad I did atone my countryman and you; it had been pity you should have been put together, with so mortal a purpose

pose as then each bore, upon importance of so slight and trivial a nature.

Post. By your pardon, Sir, I was then a young traveller; but upon my mended judgment, (if I offend not to say it is mended,) my quarrel was not altogether slight.

French. Faith yes, to be put to the arbitrement of swords.

Iach. Can we, with manners, ask what was the difference.

French. Safely, I think: 'twas a contention in public, which may, without contradiction, suffer the report. It was much like an argument that fell out last night, where each of us fell in praise of our country-mistresses. This gentleman at that time vouching (and upon warrant of bloody affirmation,) his to be more fair, virtuous, wise, chaste, constant, qualified, and less attemptible than any, the rarest of our ladies in France.

Iach. That lady is not now living; or this gentleman's opinion by this worn out.

Post. She holds her virtue still, and I my mind.

Iach. You must not so far prefer her, 'fore hours of Italy.

Post. Being so far provok'd as I was in France, I would abate her nothing, though I profess myself her adorer, not her friend.

Iach. As fair, and as good, a kind of hand in hand comparison, had been something too fair, and too good for any lady in Britain; if she went before others I have seen, as that diamond of yours outlusters many I have beheld, I could believe she excelled many; but I have not seen the most precious diamond that is, nor you the lady.

Post. I prais'd her, as I rated her; so do I my stone.

Iach. What do you esteem it at?

Post. More than the world enjoys.

Iach. Either your paragon'd mistress is dead, or she's out-priz'd by a trifle.

Post. You are mistaken; the one may be sold or given, if there were wealth enough for the purchase, or merit for the gift. The other is not a thing for sale, and only the gift of the Gods.

Iach. Which the Gods have given you?

Post. Which by their graces I will keep.

Iach. You may wear her in title yours; but you know, strange fowl light upon neighbouring ponds. Your ring may

may be stol'n too ; so of your brace of unpriseable estimations, the one is but frail, and the other casual. A cunning thief, or a, that way, accomplished courtier, would hazard the winning both of first and last.

Post. Your Italy contains none so accomplished a courtier to convince the honour of my mistress ; if in the holding or loss of that, you term her frail, I do nothing doubt you have store of thieves, notwithstanding I fear not my ring.

Phil. Let us leave here, gentlemen.

Post. Sir, with all my heart. This worthy Signior, I thank him, makes no stranger to me, we are familiar at first.

Iach. With five times so much conversation, I should get ground of your fair mistress ; make her go back, even to the yielding, had I admittance and opportunity to friend.

Post. No, no.

Iach. I dare thereupon pardon the moiety of my estate, to your ring, which in my opinion overvalues it something : but I make my wager rather against your confidence, than her reputation. And to bar your offence herein too, I durst atempt it against any lady in the world.

Post. You are a great deal abused in too bold a persuasion ; and I doubt not you'd sustain what you're worthy of, by your attempt.

Iach. What's that ?

Post. A repulse ; though your attempt, as you call it, deserves more : a punishment too. *[Angrily.]*

Phil. Gentlemen, enough of this : it came in too suddenly ; let it die as it was born, and I pray you be better acquainted,

Iach. Would I had put my estate, and my neighbours on the approbation of what I have spoke.

Post. What lady would you choose to assail ?

Iach. Yours, whom in constancy you think stands so safe. I will lay you ten thousand ducats to your ring, that commend me to the court where your lady is, with no more advantage than the opportunity of a second conference, and I will bring from thence that honour of hers, which you imagine so reserv'd.

Post. I will wage against your gold, gold to it ; my ring I hold dear as my finger, 'tis part of it.

Iach. You are afraid, and therein the wiser ; if you buy ladies flesh at a million a dram, you cannot preserve it from tainting ;

tainting; but I see you have some religion in you, that you fear.

Post. This is but a custom in your tongue; you bear a graver purpose, I hope.

Iach. I am the master of my speeches, and would undergo what's spoken, I swear.

Post. Will you? let there be covenants drawn between us. My mistress exceeds in goodness the hugeness of your unworthy thinkings. I dare you to this match; here's my ring.

Pbil. I will have it no lay.

Iach. By the Gods it is one; if I bring you not sufficient testimony that I have enjoy'd the dearest bodily part of your mistress; my ten thousand ducats are yours, so is your diamond too; if I come off, and leave her in such honour as you have trust in; she your jewel, this your jewel, and my gold, are yours, provided I have your commendation, for my more free entertainment.

Post. I embrace these conditions, let us have articles betwixt us; only thus far you shall answer: if you make your voyage upon her, and give me directly to understand, you have prevailed, I am no further your enemy, she is not worth our debate. If she remain uneduc'd, you not making it appear otherwise; for your ill opinion, and th' assault you have made to her chastity, you shall answer me with your sword.

Iach. Your hand, a covenant; we will have these things set down by lawful counsel, and I'll strait away for Britain, lest the bargain should catch cold, and starve; I will fetch my gold, and have our two wages recorded.

Post. Agreed. [*Exeunt. Posthumus and Iachimo.*]

French. Will this hold, think you?

Pbil. Signior Iachimo will not from it.

Pray let us follow 'em.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

A chamber in the Palace.

Enter IMOGEN alone.

Imo. **A** FATHER cruel, and a stepdame false
A foolish suitor to a wedded lady,

K 6

That

That hath her husband banish'd—O, that husband !
 My supreme crown of grief, and those repeated
 Vexations of it—had I been thief stol'n,
 As my two brothers, happy ; but most miserable
 Is the degree that's glorious. Blessed be those,
 How mean so-e'r that have their honest will's,
 Which season's comfort. Who may this be ?

Enter PISANIO and IACHIMO.

Pis. Madam, a noble gentleman of Rome,
 Comes from my lord with letters.

Iach. Change you, madam ?

The worthy Leonatus is in safety,
 And greets your highness dearly.

Imo. Thanks, good Sir,
 You're kindly welcome.

[*Reads aside.*

Iach. All of her that is out of door, most rich !
 If she be furnish'd with a mind so rare,
 She is alone th' Arabian bird ; and I
 Have lost the wager. Boldness be my friend ;
 Arm me, audacity, from head to foot ;

[*Aside.*

Imogen reads.

*He is one of the noblest note, to whose kindness I am most
 infinitely tyed. Reflect upon him accordingly, as you value
 your trust.*

[*Leonatus.*

So far I read aloud.

But even the very middle of my heart
 Is warm'd by th' rest, and takes it thankfully ———
 You are as welcome, worthy, Sir, as I
 Have words to bid you, and shall find it so.
 In all that I can do.

Iach. Thanks, fairest lady ;
 What, are men mad ? hath nature given them eyes
 To see this vaulted arch, and the rich crop
 Of sea and land, which can distinguish 'twixt
 The fiery orbs above, and the twin'd stones
 Upon the humble beach ? and can we not
 Portion make 'twixt fair and fowl ?

Imo. What makes your admiration ?

Iach. It cannot be i' th' eye ; for apes and monkeys,
 'Twixt two such she's, would chatter this way, and
 Contemn with moves the other. Nor i' th' judgment ;
 For idiots in this case of favour, would

Be

Be wisely definite. Nor in th' appetite——

Imo. What is the matter trow?

Iach. The cloyed will,
That satiate yet unsatisfy'd desire,
Rav'ning first the lamb,
Longs after for the garbage——

Imo. What, dear Sir,
Thus raps you? are you well?

Iach. Thanks, madam, well; beseech you, sir,
Desire my mans abode, where I did leave him;
He's strange and sheepish. *Pis.* I was going, Sir,
To give him welcome. [Exit Pisanio.]

Imo. Continues well my lord
His health, beseech you? *Iach.* Well, madam.

Imo. Is he dispos'd to mirth? I hope he is.

Iach. Exceeding pleasant: none a stranger there,
So merry, and so gamesome; he is call'd
The Britain reveller. *Imo.* When he was here
He did incline to sadness, and oft times
Not knowing why.

Iach. I never saw him sad.

There is a Frenchman his companion, one
An eminent monsieur, that it seems much loves
A Gallian-girl at home. He furnaces
The thick sigh's from him, while the jolly Britain,
(Your lord I mean.) laughs from's free lungs, cries, Oh!—
Can my sides hold, to think that man who knows
By history, report, or his own proof
What woman is, yea, what she cannot chuse
But must be, will his free hours languish out
For assur'd bondage? *Imo.* Will my lord say so?

Iach. Ay, madam, with his eyes in flood with laughter;
It is a recreation to be by
And hear him mock the Frenchman?
But he v'n knows some men are much to blame.

Imo. Not he, I hope.

Iach. Not he. But yet heav'ns bounty towards him might
Be us'd more thankfully. In himself 'tis much;
In you, whom I account his beyond all talents,
Whilst I am bound to wonder, I am bound
To pity too. *Imo.* What do you pity, Sir?

Iach. Two creatures heartily. *Imo.* Am I one, Sir?
You look on me? what wrack discern you in me

Deserve

Deserves your pity? *Iach.* Lamentable! what
To hide me from the radiant sun, and solace
I' th' dungeon by snuff? *Imo.* 'Pray you, Sir,
Deliver with more openness your answers
To my demands. Why do you pity me?

Iach. That other's do,

I was about to say, enjoy your—but

It is an office of the Gods to venge it,

Not mine to speak on't. *Imo.* You do seem to know

Something of me, or what concerns me; pray you.

(Since doubting things go ill, often hurts more

Than to be sure they do;) discover to me

What doth you spur and stop.

Iach. Had I this cheek

To bathe my lips upon; this hand, whose touch,

Whose very touch would force the feelers soul

To 'th oath of loyalty; this object which

Takes prisoner the wild motion of mine eye,

Fixing it only here; should I, (damn'd then),

Slaver with lips as common as the stairs

That mount the capital? Join gripes with hands

Made hard with hourly falshood, as with labour?

Then glad myself by peeping in an eye

Base and unlust'rous as the smoaky light

That's fed with stinking tallow? it were fit

That all the plagues of hell should at one time

Encounter such revolt, *Imo.* My lord, I fear,

Has forgot Britain. *Iach.* And himself; not I.

Inclin'd to this intelligence pronounce

'The beggary of his change; but 'tis your graces

That from my muteest conscience, to my tongue

Charm this report out. *Imo.* Let me hear no more.

Iach. O dearest soul! your case doth strike my heart

With pity, that doth make me seek. A lady

So fair, and fastened to an empery,

Would make the great'st king double; to be partner'd

With tomboys, hir'd with that self-exhibition

Which your own coffers yield! with diseas'd venturers

To play with all infirmities for gold,

Which rottenness lends nature be reveng'd,

Or she, that bore you was no queen, and you

Recoil from your great stock.

Imo. Reveng'd?

How should I be reveng'd if this be true?
 As I have such a heart, that both mine ears
 Must not in haste abuse; if it be true,
 How shall I be reveng'd?

Iach. Shou'd he make me

Live like Diana's priestess 'twixt cold sheets;
 Whiles he is vaulting variable ramps
 In your despight, upon your purse! revenge it.
 I dedicate myself to your sweet pleasure,
 More noble than that runagate to your bed,
 And will continue fast to your affection,
 Still close, as sure. *Imo.* What ho, Pisanio! —

Iach. Let me my service tender on your lips,

Imo. Away, I do condemn mine ears that have
 So long attended thee. If thou wert honourable,
 Thou wouldst have told this tale for virtue, not
 For such an end thou seek'st, as base, as strange;
 Thou wrong'st a gentleman, who is as far
 From thy report, as thou from honour; and
 Solicit'st here a lady, that disdains

Thee, and the devil alike. What ho, Pisanio! —

The king my father shall be made acquainted
 Of thy assault; if he shall think it fit,
 A saucy stranger in his court, to mart
 As in a Romish stew, and to expound
 His beastly mind to us; he hath a court
 He little cares for, and a daughter, whom
 He not respects at all. What ho, Pisanio! —

Iach. O happy Leonatus, I may say

The credit that thy lady hath of thee,
 Deserves thy trust, and thy most perfect goodness
 Her assur'd credit; blessed live you long,
 A lady to the worthiest Sir, that ever
 Country call'd his; and you his mistress, only
 For the most worthiest fit. Give me your pardon
 I have spoke this, to know if your affiance
 Were deeply rooted, and shall make your lord
 That which he is, new o'er; and he is one
 The truest manner'd; such a holy witch
 That he enchants societies unto him:
 Half all mens hearts are his.

Imo. You make amends.

Iach. He sit's 'mong'st men, like a descended God;

He

He hath a kind of honour sets him off,
 More than a mortal seeming. Be not angry,
 Most migh'y princess, that I have adventur'd
 To try your taking of a false report;
 The love I bear him.

Made me to fan you thus, but the Gods made you;
 Unlike all others, chaffless. Pray, your pardon.

Imo. All's well, Sir, take my power i' th' court for yours.

Iach. My humble thanks; I had almost forgot
 T' intreat your grace, but in a small request,
 And yet of moment too, for it concerns
 Your lord; myself, and other noble friends
 Are partners in the business. *Imo.* Pray what is't?

Iach. Some dozen Romans of us, and your lord
 (The best feather of our wing,) have mingled sums
 To buy a present for the emperor:

Which I, the factor for the rest, have done
 In France; 'tis plate of rare device, and jewels
 Of rich and exquisite form, their values great;
 And I am something curious, being strange,
 To have them in safe stowage: may it please you
 To have them in protection. *Imo.* Willingly;

And pain mine honour for their safety; since
 My lord hath interest in them, I will keep them
 In my chamber. *Iach.* They are in a coffer
 Attended by my men: I will make bold
 To send them to you, only for this night;
 I must abroad to-morrow. *Imo.* O no, no.

Iach. Yes, I beseech you: or I shall short my word
 By lenthening my return. From Gallia,
 I cross the seas on purpose, and on promise
 To see your grace. *Imo.* I thank you for your pains;
 But not away to morrow. *Iach.* O I must, madam.

Therefore I beseech you, if you please
 To greet your lord with writing, do't to-night;
 I have out-staid my time, which is material
 To th' tender of our present. *Imo.* I will write:
 Send your coffer to me, it shall be safe kept,
 And truly yielded you: your very welcome.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter CLOTEN, and two Lords.

Clot. Was there ever man had such luck ! when I kiss'd the jack upon an up-cast, to be hit away ! I had an hundred pound on't : and then a whorson Jack-an-apes must take me up for swearing, as if I had borrow'd mine oaths of him, and might not spend them at my pleasure.

1 Lord. What got he by that ? you have broke his pate with your bowl.

2 Lord. If his wit had been like him that broke it ; it would have run all out. [*Aside.*

Clot. When a gentleman is disposed to swear, it is not for any standers-by to curtail his oaths. Ha ?

2 Lord. No, my lord : nor crop the ears of them.

Clot. Whorson dog ! I give him satisfaction ? would he had been one of my rank ! Pox on't. I had rather not be so noble as I am ; they dare not fight with me, because of the queen my mother ; every Jack-slave ha'h his belly full of fighting, and I must go up and down like a cock, that no body can match.

2 Lord. It is not fit your lordship should undertake every companion, that you give offence to.

Clot. No : I know that ; but it is fit I should commit offence to my inferiors.

2 Lord. Ay, it is fit for your lordship only.

Clot. Why, so I say.

2 Lord. Here comes the king.

Enter CYMBELINE and QUEEN.

Clot. Good night to your majesty, and gracious mother.

Cymb. Attend you here the door of our stern daughter ? Will she not forth ?

Clot. She vouchsafes no notice ; but I will assail her before morning with mask and music.

Cymb. The exile of her minion is too new,
She hath not yet forgot him ; some more time
Must wear the print of his remembrance out,
And then she's yours.

Enter

Enter Messenger, and whispers the first Lord.

Queen. You are most bound to the king,
Who lets go by no 'vantages, that may
Prefer you to his daughter.

1 Lord. So like you Sir, ambassadors from Rome,
The one is Caius Lucius.

Cymb. A worthy fellow,
Albeit, he comes on angry purpose now;
But that's no fault of his; our dear son,
When you have given good morning to your mistress,
Attend the queen and us, we shall have need
T' employ you towards this Roman.
Betimes to-morrow we'll hear the embassy,
Come, our queen. *[Exit King and Queen.]*

1 Lord. Did you hear of another stranger that's come
to court to-night?

Clot. Another stranger, and I know not on't?

2 Lord. He's a strange fellow himself, and knows it not. *[Aside.]*

1 Lord. There's an Italian come, and tis thought one
of Leonatus's friends.

Clot. Leonatus! a banish'd rascal; and he's another,
wheresoever he be. Who told you of this stranger?

1 Lords One of your lordship's pages.

Clot. Is it fit I went to look upon him? is there no de-
rogation in't?

2 Lord. You cannot derogate, my lord.

Clot. Not easily, I think.

2 Lord. You are a fool granted; therefore cannot deroga-
te. *[Aside.]*

Clot. Come I'll go see this Italian; and if he'll play,
I'll game with him, and to-morrow with our
Father, we'll hear th' ambassador—Come let's go.

1 Lord. I'll attend your lordship.

[Exit Clot. and 1 Lord.]

2 Lord. That such a crafty devil as is his mother,
Should yield the world this ass; a woman that
Bears all down with her brain, and this her son
Cannot take two from twenty for his heart
And leave eighteen. Alas, poor princess,
Thou divine Imogen, what thou endurs't!

[Exit.]
SCENE

S C E N E III.

A magnificent Bed-Chamber, in one part of it a large Trunk.

IMOGEN, is discover'd reading in her Bed, a Lady attending.

Imo. **W**HO's there? my woman, Helen?

Lady. Please you, madam——

Imo. What hour is it?

Lady. Almost midnight, madam.

Imo. I have had three hours then, mine eyes are weak,
Fold down the leaf where I have left, to bed——

Take not away the taper, leave it burning:

And if thou can'st awake by four o' th' clock,

I pry'thee call me——Sleep hath seiz'd me wholly.

[Exit Lady.

From fairies and the tempers of the night,

Guard me, beseech ye,

To your protection I commend me, Gods.

[Sleeps.

[Iachimo rises from the Coffin.

Iach. The crickets sing, and man's o'erlabour'd sense
Repairs itself by rest: our Tarquin thus

Did softly press the rushes, ere he waken'd

The chastity he wounded. Cytheria,

How bravely thou becom'st thy bed! fresh lily,

And whiter than the sheets! that I might touch,

But kiss, one kiss—Rubies unparagon'd

How dearly they do't—'Tis her breathing

Perfumes the chamber thus; the flame o' th' taper

Bows towards her, and would under-peep her lids,

To see th' inclos'd lights now canopy'd

Under the windows, white and azure, lac'd

With blue of heavens own tinct—but my design's

To note the chamber—I will write all down

Such, and such pictures—there the window,—such

Th' adornment of her bed—the arras, figures——

Why such, and such—and the contents o' th' story——

Ah, but some natural notes about her body,

Above ten thousand meaner moveables

Would testify, 't enrich my inventory.

O sleep, thou ape of death, lie dull upon her,

And

And be her sense but as a monument,
Thus in a chapel lying. Come off, come off,——

[*Taking off her bracelet.*]

As slippery as the Gordian knot was hard.
'Tis mine, as this will witness outwardly,
As strongly as the conscience does within,
To th' madding of her lord. On her left breast
A mole cinque-spotted—Like the crimson drops
I' th' bottom of a cowslip. Here's a voucher,
Stronger than ever law can make; this secret
Will force him think I've pick'd the lock, and ta'en
The treasure of her honour. More—to what end?
Why should I write this down, that's rivetted,
Screw'd to my memory. She hath been reading late,
The tale of Tereus, here the leaf's turn'd down
Where Philomele gave up—I have enough,
To th' trunk again, and shut the spring of it.
Swift, swift, you dragons of the night, that dawning
May bear its raven's eye: I lodge in fear,
Though this a heav'nly angel, hell is here. [*Clock strikes.*
One, two, three: time, time.

[*He goes into the trunk, the scene closes*]

S C E N E.—IV.

Enter CLOTEN and Lords.

1 Lord. **Y**OUR lordship is the most patient man in lost,
the coldest that ever turn'd up ace,

Clot. It would make any man cold so to lose.

1 Lord. But not every man patient, after the noble temper of your lordship; you are most hot furious, when you win.

Clot. Winning will put any man into courage: if I could get this foolish Imogen, I should have gold enough: It's almost morning, is't not?

1 Lord. It is, my lord.

Clot. I would the maskers and musicians were come. I am advis'd to give her music a' morning's; they say it will penetrate.

[*A flourish.*]

1 Lord. Here they are, my lord.

Clot. Come let's join them.

[*Exeunt.*
SCENE

SCENE V.

An open Place in the Palace.

CLOTEN, Lords, Singers, and Maskers discover'd.

Clot. **C**OME on; tune, first, a very excellent good conceited thing, after a wonderful sweet air, with admirable sweet words to it, and then let her consider.

SONG.

*Hark, bark, the lark at heav'n's gate sings,
 And Phoebus 'gins arise,
 His steeds to water at those springs,
 On chalic'd flow'rs that lyes;
 And winking mary-buds begin to ope their golden eyes,
 With every thing that pretty is, my lady sweet arise.
 Arise, arise!*

So, get you gone—if this penetrate, I will consider your music the better: if it do not, it is a vice in her ears, which horse-hairs, and cats-guts, nor the voice of unpav'd eunuch to boot, can never amend. Come, now to our dancing, and if she is immoveable with this, she is an immoveable princess, and not worth my notice.

(A dance.)

[Knocks at her door.

Clot. Leave us to ourselves.

[Exeunt Lords, etc.

If she be up, I'll speak with her ' if not,
 Let her lie still, and dream; by your leave ho!
 I know her women are about her—what
 If I do line one of their hands—'Tis gold
 Which buys admittance, oft it doth, yea, and makes
 Diana's rangers false themselves, and yield up
 Their deer to th' stand o' th' stealer: and 'tis gold
 Which makes the true man kill'd; and saves the thief;
 Nay, sometimes hangs both thief and true man: what
 Can it not do, and undo? I will make
 One of her women lawyer to me, for
 I yet understand the case myself.
 By your leave

[Knocks.

Enter

Enter a Lady.

Lady. Who's there that knocks?

Clot. A gentleman.

Lady. No more?

Clot. Yes, and a gentlewoman's son.

Lady. That's more

Than those whose taylor's are as dear as yours,
Can justly boast of: what's your lordship's pleasure?

Clot. Your lady's person, is she ready?

Lady. Ay, to keep her chamber.

Clot. There is gold for you.

Sell me your good report.

Lady. How, my good name? or to report of you
What shall I think is good. The princess,

Enter IMOGEN.

Clot. Good-morrow fairest. Sister, your sweet hand.

Imo. Good-morrow, sir; you lay out too much pains
For purchasing but trouble.

Clot. Still I swear I love you.

Imo. If you'd but say so, 'twere as deep with me:
If you swear still, your recompence is still
That I regard it not. *Clot.* This is no answer.

Imo. But that you shall not say, I yield being silent,
I shall unfold equal discourtesy
To your best kindness: one of your great knowing
Should learn, being taught, forbearance.

Clot. To leave you in your madness, 'twere my sin
I will not.

Imo. Fools cure and not mad folks.

Clot. Do you call me fool?

Imo. As I am mad I do:

If you'll be patient, I'll no more be mad.
That cures us both. I am sorry, Sir,
You put me to forget a lady's manners,
But I who know my heart, do hear pronounce
By th' very truth of it, I care not for you.

Clot. The contract you pretend with that base wretch
(One, bred of alms, and foster'd with cold dishes,
With scraps o' th' court,) it is no contract, none.

Imo. Profane fellow:

Wert thou the son of Jupiter, and no more

But

But what thou art besides, thou wert too base
To be his groom.

Clot. The south-fog rot him.

Imo. He never can meet more mischance, than come
To be but nam'd of thee. His meanest garment
That ever hath but clipt his body, is dearer
In my respect, than all thou hast to boast of.
How now, Pisanio?

Missing her bracelet.

Enter PISANIO.

Clot. His garment? now the devil.

Imo. To Dorothy, my woman, hye thee presently.

Clot. His garment?

Imo. I am sprighted with a fool,
Fretted, and angred worse—Go bid my woman
Search for a jewel, that too casually
Hath left mine arm—it was thy master's. Shrew me
If I would loss it for a revenue
Of any kings in Europe. I do think,
I saw't this morning: confident I am.
Last night 'twas on my arm; I kiss'd it then——

Pis. 'Twill not be lost.

Imo. I hope so; go and search *[Exit Pisanio.]*

Clot. You have abus'd me—His meanest garment!
I will inform your father. *Imo.* Your mother too;
She's my good lady; and will conceive, I hope,
But the worst of me. So I leave you, Sir.
To th' worst of discontent.

Clot. I'll be reveng'd;
His meanest garment?——Well.

[Exit.]

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Chamber in Rome.

Enter POSTHUMUS and PHILARIO.

POSTHUMUS.

FEAR it not, Sir; I would I were too sure
To win the king, as I am bold, her honour
Will remain hers.

Phil. What means do you make to him?

Post. Not any, but abide the change of time,
Quake in the present winter's state, and wish

That

That warmer days would come, in these fear'd hopes,
I barely gratify your love; they failing
I must die much your debtor.

Pbil. Your very goodness, and your company,
O'ers pays all I can do. By this your king
Hath heard of great Augustus; Caius Lucius
Will do's his commission thoroughly. And I think
He'll grant the tribute; ere your countrymen,
Will look upon our Romans, whose remembrance
Is yet fresh in their grief. *Post.* I do believe.
Statist though I am none, nor like to be,
That this will prove a war, they'll send no tribute;
Our countrymen the Britons
Are men more order'd then when Julius Cæsar
Smil'd at their lack of skill, but found their courage
Worthy his frowning at. Their discipline,
Now mingled with their courage, will make known
To their approvers, they are people, such
As mend upon the world; and more than that,
They have a king, whose love and justice to them
May ask and have their treasures, and their blood.

Enter IACHIMO.

Pbil. See Iachimo.

Post. The swiftest harts have posted you by land;
And winds of all the corners kiss'd your sails,
To make your vessel nimble. *Pbil.* Welcome, Sir.

Post. I hope the briefness of your answer made
The speediness of your return. *Iach.* Your lady,
Is one of the fairest I look'd upon.

Post. And therewithal the best, or let her beauty
Look through a casement to allure false hearts,
And be false with them.

Iach. Here are letters for you.

Post. Their tenour good I trust.

Iach. 'Tis very like. [*Posthumus reads the letters.*]

Pbil. Was Caius Lucius in the British court,
When you were there?

Iach. He was expected then,
But not approach'd. *Post.* All is well yet.
Sparkless this stone as it was wont, or is't not
Too dull for your good wearing?

Iach. If I'd lost it,

I should

I should have lost the worth of it in gold ;
 I'll make a journey twice as far, t' enjoy
 A second night of such sweet shortness, as
 Was mine in Britain, for the ring is won.

Post. The stone's too hard to come by.

Iacb. Not a whit,
 Your lady being so easy. *Post.* Make not, Sir,
 Your loss, your sport ; I hope you know that we
 Must not continue friends.

Iacb. Good Sir, we must,
 If you keep covenant ; had I not brought
 The knowledge of your mistress home, I grant
 We were to question farther : but I now
 Profess myself the winner of her honour,
 Together with our ring ; and not the wronger
 Of her, or you, having proceeded but
 By both your wills.

Post. If you can make't apparent
 That you have tasted her in bed ; my hand,
 And ring is yours. If not, the foul opinion
 You had of her pure honour, gains, or loses
 Your sword or mine, or masterless leaves both
 To who shall find them.

Iacb. Sir, my circumstances
 Being so near the truth, as I will make them,
 Must first induce you to believe ; whose strength
 I will confirm with oath, which I doubt not
 You'll give me leave to spare, when you shall find
 They need it not. *Post.* Proceed.

Iacb. First, her bed-chamber,
 Where I confess I slept not, but profess
 Had that was well worth watching, it was hang'd
 With richest stuff, the colours blue and silver :
 A piece of work
 So bravely done, so rich, that it did strive
 In workmanship and value.

Post. This is true,
 And this you might have heard of here, by me,
 Or by some other. *Iacb.* More particulars
 Must justify my knowledge. *Post.* So they must
 Or do your honour injury. *Iacb.* The chimney
 Is south the chamber, and the chimney-piece
 Chaste Dian, bathing : never saw figures

So likely to report themselves; the painter,
Was as another nature dumb, out-went her.
Motion and breath left out.

Post. This is a thing,
Which you might from relation likewise reap,
Being, as it is, much spoke of.

Iacb. The roof o' the chamber
With golden cherubims is fretted.

Post. What's this t' her honour?
Let it be granted you have seen all this,
(Praise be to your remembrance,) the description
Of what is in her chamber, nothing saves
The wager you have laid.

Iacb. Then if you can [*Pulling out the bracelet.*
Be pale, I beg but leave to air this jewel: See! ———
And now 'tis up again: it must be married
To that your diamond. *Post.* Jove! ———
Once more let me behold it; is it that
Which I left with her?

Iacb. Sir, I thank her, that:
She stripp'd it from her arm, I see her yet,
Her pretty action doth out-sell her gift,
And yet enrich'd it too; she gave it me,
And said she priz'd it once.

Post. May be, she pluck'd it off to send it me.

Iacb. She writes so to you? doth she?

Post. O no, no, no, 'tis true. Here take this too,
It is a basilisk unto mine eye,
Kills me to look on't: Let there be no honour,
Where there is beauty; truth, where semblance; love,
Where there's another man. The vows of women
Of no more bondage be, to where they are made,
Than they are to their virtues, which is nothing;
O, above measure false!

Pbil. Have patience, Sir,
And take your ring again: 'tis not yet won.
It may be probable she lost it; or
Who knows, one of her women, being corrupted,
Hath stol'n it from her. *Post.* Very true,
And so I hope he came by't; back my ring,
Render me some corporal sign about her
More evident than this; for this was stole.

Iacb. By Jupiter, I had it from her arm.

Post.

Post. Hark you, he swears; By Jupiter he swears.
 'Tis true—nay, keep the ring—'tis true; I am sure
 She could not lose it; her attendants are
 All honourable; they induc'd to steal it!
 And by a stranger!—no, he hath enjoy'd her,
 The cognizance of her incontinency
 Is this; she hath bought the name of whore, thus dearly.
 There, take thy hire, and all the fiends of hell
 Divide themselves between you!

Pbil. Sir, be patient;
 This is not strong enough to be believ'd.
 Of one persuaded well of——

Post. Never talk on't;
 She hath been colted by him. *Iach.* If you seek
 For further satisfying; under her breast,
 Worthy the pressing, lies a mole, right proud
 Of that most delicate lodging. By my life
 I kist it, and it gave me present hunger
 To feed again, though full. You do remember
 This stain upon her? *Post.* Ay, and it doth confirm
 Another stain, as big as hell can hold,
 Were there no more but it.

Iach. Will you hear more?

Post. Spare your arithmetic.
 Ne'er count the turns: once and a million.

Iach. I'll be sworn——*Post.* No swearing:
 If you will swear you have not don't, you lye,
 And I will quit thee if thou dost deny
 Thou'st made her strumpet.

Iach. I'll deny nothing.

Post. O that I had her here, to tear her limb-meal;
 I will go there, and do't i' th' court before
 Her father——I'll do something——

Pbil. Quite besides
 The government of patience. You have won:
 Let's follow him, and pervert the present wrath
 He hath against himself.

Iach. With all my heart.

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE II.

A CHAMBER.

Enter POSTHUMUS.

Post. **I**S there no way for men to be, but women
 Must be half workers? we are bastards all,
 And that most venerable man, which I
 Did call my father, was, I know not where,
 When I was stamp't. Some coiner with his tools
 Made me a counterfeit, yet my mother seem'd
 The Dian of that time, so doth my wife
 The non-pareil of this—O vengeance! vengeance!
 Me of my lawful pleasure she restrain'd,
 And pray'd me oft forbearance: did it with
 A pudency so rosie, the sweet view on't
 Might well have warm'd old Saturn——
 That I thought her
 As chaste as unsun'd snow. Oh, all the devils!
 This yellow Iachimo in an hour—was't not?——
 Or less: at first? Perchance he spoke not, but
 Like a full accorn'd boar, a German one,——
 O! torture to my mind. Could I find out
 The woman's part in me, for there's no motion
 That tends to vice in man, but I affirm
 It is the woman's part; be it lying, note it,
 The woman's; flatt'ring, hers; deceiving, hers;
 Lust, and rank thoughts, her, hers; revenges hers;
 Ambitions, covetings, change of prides, disdain,
 Nice-longing, slanders, mutability:
 All faults that may be nam'd, nay, that hell knows,
 Why hers, in part, or all; or rather all. For even to vice
 They are not constant, but are changing still;
 One vice, but of a minute old, for one
 Not half so old as that. I'll write against them,
 Detest them, Curse them—vet 'tis greater skill
 In a true hate, to pray they have their will:
 The very devils cannot plague them better.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE

SCENE III.

A PALACE.

Enter in State, CYMBELINE, QUEEN, CLOTEN, and Lords at one door: and at another, CAIUS LUCIUS and Attendants.

Cym. **N**OW say, what would Augustus Cæsar with us?

Luc. When Julius Cæsar was in Britain, Cassibelan, thine uncle, did for him,

And his succession, grant to Rome a tribute, Yearly three thousand pounds; which by thee lately Is left untender'd. *Queen.* And to kill the marvel,

Shall so be ever. *Clot.* There be many Cæsars,

Ere such another Julius: Britain's a world

By itself, and we will nothing pay

For wearing our own noses.

Tribute? why should we pay tribute? If Cæsar can hide

The sun from us with a blanket, or put the moon into his pocket, we will pay him tribute for light; else, Sir, no more tribute. *Cym.* You must know,

'Till the injurious Romans did extort This tribute, we were free. Say then to Cæsar,

Our ancestor was that Mulmutius, which

Ordain'd our laws, whose use the sword of Cæsar,

Hath too much mangled; whose rapair and franchise,

Shall by the power we hold by our good deed,

Though Rome be therefore angry.

Luc. I am sorry,

That I am to pronounce Augustus Cæsar

Cymbeline's enemy. War and confusion

In Cæsar's name pronounce I 'gainst thee: look

For fury, not to be resisted. Thus defy'd,

I thank thee for myself.

Cym. Thou art welcome, Caius.

Clot. His majesty bids you welcome. Make pastime

with us a day, or two, or longer; if you seek us afterwards

in other terms, you shall find us in our salt water girdle;

if you beat us out of it, it is yours; if you fall in the adven-

ture, our crows shall fair the better for you; and there's an

end. *Luc.* So, Sir.

Cym. I know your master's pleasures, and he mine:

All the remain, is welcome.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE IV.

A CHAMBER.

Enter PISANIO reading a Letter.

Pis. **H**OW ? of adultery ? wherefore write you not
 What monsters have accused her ? Leonatus ?
 Oh master, what a strange infection
 Is fall'n into thy ear ! what false Italian,
 As poisonous tongu'd as handled, hath prevail'd
 On thy too ready hearing ? disloyal ! no,
 She's punish'd for her truth ; and undergoes
 More goddess like, than wife-like, such assaults
 As would take in some virtue. Oh, my master,
 Thy mind to her, is now as low, as were
 Thy fortunes. How that I should murder her,
 Upon the love, and truth, and vows, which I
 Have made to thy command !—I her ! her blood !
 If it be so, to do good service, never
 Let me be counted serviceable. How look I,
 That I should seem to lack humanity,
 So much as this fact comes to ? *Do't—*

[*the letter reading.*

*That I have sent her, by her own command.
 She gave all the opportunity. Damn'd paper !
 Sack as the ink that's on thee : lo there she comes.*

Enter IMOGEN.

I am ignorant in what I am commanded.

Imo. How now, Pisanio ?

Pis. Madam, here is a letter from my lord,

Imo. Who ? thy lord ! that is my Leonatus ?

Oh, learn'd indeed were that astronomer

That knew the stars, as I his characters ;

He'd lay the future open. You good Gods,

Let what is here contain'd, relish of love,

Of my lord's health, of his content.

Good wax, thy leave ; blest be

You bees that make these locks of counsel.

Good news, gods.

Reading

Reading.

Justice, and your father's wrath, should he take me in his dominion, could not be so cruel to me, as you, oh the dearest of creatures, would even renew me with your eyes. Take notice that I am in Cambria at Milford-Haven; what your own love will out of this advise you, follow. So he wishes you all happiness, that remains loyal to his vow, and your increasing in love.

Leonatus Posthumus.

Oh for a horse with wings! Hear'st thou, Pisanio!

He is at Milford-Haven. Read, and tell me

How far 'tis thither; if one of mean affairs

May plod it in a week, why may not I

Glide thither in a day? then, say Pisanio,

How far it is to this same blessed Milford?

How may we steal from hence: pr'ythee speak,

How many score of miles may we well ride

'Twixt hour and hour?

Pis. Onescore 'twixt sun and sun,

Madam's enough for you: and too much too.

Imo. Why, one that rode to's execution, man,

Could never go so slow: but this foolery.

Go, bid my woman feign a sickness say

She'll home to her father, and provide me present

A riding suit; no costlier than would fit

A Franklin's housewife.

Pis. Madam, you'd best consider.

Imo. I see before me, man! nor here, nor here,

Nor what insues, but have a fog on them,

That I cannot look thro'. Away, I pr'ythee,

Do as I bid thee! there's no more to say;

Accessible is none but Milford way.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE V.

A Forest with a Cave.

Enter BELLARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. **A** GOODLY day, not to keep house with such,
Whose roofs as low as ours; see, boys! this gate
Instructs you how t' adore the heav'ns; and bows you
To morning's holy office. Gates of monarchs
Are arch'd so high, that giants may get through

And keep their impious turbants on, without
Good-morrow to the sun. Hail, though fair heav'n!
We house i' th' rock, yet use thee not so hardly,
As prouder livers do.

Guid. Hail, heav'n!

Arv. Hail, heav'n!

Bel. Now for our mountain sport, up to yond hill,
Your legs are young; I'll tread these flats. Consider,
When you above perceive me like a crow,
That it is place which lessens and sets off;
And you may then revolve what tales I told you,
Of courts of princes, of the trick's in war;
That service is not service, so being done,
But being so allow'd. To apprehend thus,
Draws us a profit from all things we see;
And often to our comfort shall we find
The sharded beetle in a safer hold
Than is the full-wing'd eagle. Oh this life,
Is nobler than attending for a check;
Richer than doing nothing for a bauble;
Prouder than rushing in unpaid-for silk;
Such gain the cap of him, that makes him fine,
Yet keeps his book uncross'd; no life to ours.

Guid. Out of your proof you speak; we poor unfledg'd
Have never wing'd from view i' th' nest; nor know not
What air's from home. Hap'ly this life is best,
If life is best; sweeter to you
That have a harper known; well corresponding
With your stiff age; but unto us it is
A cell of ignorance; travelling a bed,
A prison for a debtor, that none dares
To stride a limit.

Arv. What should we spoke of
When we are old as you? when we shall hear
The rain and wind beat dark December? How,
In this our pinching cave, shall we discourse
The freezing hours away? we have seen nothing.

Bel. How you speak?
Did you but know the city's usuries,
And felt them knowingly; the art o' th' court,
As hard to leave, as keep, whose tomb to climb
Is certain falling, or so slipp'ry, that
The fear's as bad as falling. The toil o' th' war,

A pain,

A pain, that only seems to seek out danger
 I' th' name of Fame and Honour; which dies i' th' search,
 And hath as soft a sland'rous epitaph,
 As record of fair act; nay, many time,
 Doth ill deserve, by doing well: what's worse
 Must curt'sie at the censure. O boys, this story
 The world may read in me; my body's mark'd
 With Roman swords; and my report was once
 First with the best of note. Cymbeline lov'd me,
 And when a soldier was the theme, my name
 Was not far off: then was I as a tree
 Whose boughs did bend with fruit. But in one night,
 A storm or robbery, call it what you will,
 Shook down my mellow hanging, nay, my leaves,
 And left me bare to weather.

Guid. uncertain favour!

Bel. My fault being nothing, as I have told you oft,
 But that two villains, whose false oath prevail'd
 Before my perfect honour, swore to Cymbeline,
 I was confederate with the Romans; so
 Follow'd my banishment, and this twenty years,
 This rock, and these demesnes, have been my world
 Where I have liv'd at honest freedom, pay'd
 More pious debts to heav'n, than in all
 The fore-end of my time,—But, up to th' mountains,
 This is not hunter's language: he that strikes
 The venison first, shall be lord o' th' feast,
 To him the other two shall minister,
 And we shall fear no poison, which attends
 In place of greater state;
 I'll meet you in the valleys. [*Exeunt Guid, and Arv.*
 How hard it is to hide the sparks of nature?
 These boys know little they are sons o' th' king,
 And Cymbeline dreams not they are alive.
 They think they're mine, and tho' train'd up thus meanly
 I' th' cave there on the brow, their thoughts do hit
 The roofs of palaces, and nature prompts them
 In simple and low things, to prince it much
 Beyond the trick of others. This polidore,
 (The heir of Cymbeline and Britain, whom
 The king his father call'd Guiderius) Jove!
 When on thy three-foot stool I sit, and tell
 The warlike feats I've done, his spirits fly out

Into my story, say thus mine enemy fell,
 And thus I set my foot one's neck, even then
 The princely blood flows in his cheek, he sweats
 Strains his young nerves, and puts himself in posture
 That acts my words. The younger brother, Cadwal,
 (Once Arviragus) in as like a figure
 Strikes life into my speech, and shews much more
 His own conceiving. Hark, the game is rouz'd—
 O Cymbeline! heav'n and my conscience know
 Thou did'st unjustly banish me, whereon
 At three and two years old, I stole these babes,
 Thinking to bar thee of succession; as
 Thou ref'st me of my lands. Euriphile,
 Thou wast their nurse, they take thee for their mother,
 And every day do honour to her grave;
 Myself Belarius, that am Morgan call'd,
 They take for natural father. The game is up. [Exit.

SCENE VI.

The Palace.

Enter CYMBELINE, QUEEN, CLOTEN, LUCIUS, and Lords.

Cym. **T**HUS far, and so farewell.

Luc. Thanks, royal Sir;

I am right sorry, that I must report you
 My master's enemy. I desire of you
 A conduct over land, to Milford-Haven.

Cym. My lords, you are appointed for that office;
 The due of honour in no point omit;

So farewell, noble Lucius. *Luc.* Your hand, my lord.

Clot. Receive it friendly, but from this time forth

I wear it as your enemy. *Luc.* Sir, the event
 Is yet to name the winner. Fare you well.

[Exit Luc. etc.]

Queen. He goes hence frowning; but it honours us,
 That we have given him cause.

Clot. 'Tis all the better,

Your valiant Britons have their wishes in it.

Queen. 'Tis not sleepy business,

But it must be look'd to speedily, and strongly,

Cym. Our expectation that it should be thus
 Hath made us forward. But, my gentle queen,
 Where is our daughter; she has not appear'd

Before

Before the Roman, nor to us hath tender'd
The duty of the day. She looks as like
A thing more made of malice, than of duty,
We've noted it. Call her before us, for
We've been too light in sufferance. [Exit 1st Lord.

Queen. Royal Sir,
Since the exile of Posthumus, most retir'd
Hath her life been; the cure whereof, my lord,
'Tis time must do. Beseech your majesty
Forbear sharp speeches to her. She's a lady
So tender of rebukes, that words are strokes,
And strokes death to her.

Re-enter 1st Lord.

Cym. Where is she, Sir? how
Can her contempt be answered?

1 Lord. Please you, Sir,
Her chambers are all lock'd, and there's no answer
That will be given to the loudest noise we make.

Queen. My lord, when last I went to visit her,
She pray'd me to excuse her keeping close,
Whereto constrain'd by her infirmity,
She should that duty leave unpaid to you,
Which daily she was bound to profer; this
She wish'd me to make known; but our great court
Made me to blame in memory. Cym. Her doors lock'd?
Not seen of late? Grant, heav'n! that which I fear
Prove false. [Exit.

Queen. Son, I say; follow the king.

Clot. That man of hers, Pisanio, her old servant
I have not seen these two days. [Exit.

Queen. Go look after——

Pisanio, he that stand'st so for Posthumus!——
He has a drug of mine; I pray his absence
Proceed by swallowing that; for he believes
It is a thing most precious. But for her,
Where is she gone? haply despair hath seiz'd her;
Or wing'd with fervour of her love, she's flown
To her desired Posthumus; gone she is
To death, or to dishonour, and my end
Can make good use of either. She being down
I have the placing of the British crown. [Exeunt.

SCENE

SCENE VII.

A Wood.

Enter PISANIO and IMOGEN.

Imo. **T**HOU told'st me when we came from horse the place

Was near at hand; O where is Posthumus
Say, good Pisanio? what is thy mind
That makes thee stare thus? one but painted thus
Would be interpreted a thing perplex'd
Beyond self explication. What's the matter?
Why tender'st thou that paper to me!
If't be summer news,
Smile to't before; if winterly thou need'st
But keep that count'nance still. My husbands hand?
That drug-damn'd Italy hath out-crafted him,
And he's at some hard point. Speak, man; thy tongue
May take off some extremity, which to read
Would be even mortal to me,

Pis. Please you read,

And you shall find me, wretched man, a thing
The most disdain'd of fortune.

Imogen reads.

THY mistress, Pisanio, hath play'd the strumpet in my bed: the testimonies whereof lye bleeding in me. I speak not out of weak surmises, but from proof as strong as my grief, and as certain as I expect my revenge. That part, thou Pisanio, must act for me, if thy faith be not tainted with the breach of her; let thine own bands take away her life: I shall give thee opportunity at Milford-Haven. She hath my letter for the purpose; where, if thou fear to strike, and to make me certain it is done, thou art the pander to her dishonour and equally to me disloyal.

Pis. What shall I need to draw my sword? the paper Hath cut her throat already. No, 'tis slander, Whose edge is sharper than the sword, whose tongue Out-venoms all the worms of Nile, whose breath Rides on the posting winds, and doth belye All corners of the world: kings, queens, and states,

Maids,

Maids, matrons, nay, the secrets of the grave
This viperous slander enters. What cheer, madam?

Imo. False to his bed! what is it to be false?
To lie in watch there, and to think on him?
To weep 'twixt clock and clock? if sleep charge nature,
To break it with a funeral dream of him
And cry myself awake? that's false to's bed.

Pis. Alas, good lady!

Imo. I false? thy conscience witness, Iachimo,
Thou did'st accuse him of incontinency,
Thou then look'st like a villain; now, methinks,
Thy favours good enough. Some Jay of Italy,
Whose feathers were her painting hath betrayed him.
Poor I am stale, a garment of fashion;
I must be ript; to pièces with me: oh,
Mens vows are womens traitors. All good seeming
By thy revolt, oh, husband shall be thought
Put on for villany.

Pis. Good madam, hear me——

Imo. Come fellow, be thought honest,
Do thou thy master's bidding. When thou seest him,
A little witness my obedience. Look,
I draw the sword myself, take it, and hit
The innocent mansion of my love, my heart;
Fear not, 'tis empty of all things but grief;
Thy master is not there, who was indeed
The riches of it. Do his bidding, strike,
Thou may'st be valiant in a better cause:
But now thou seem'st a coward.

Pis. Hence, vile, instrument,
Thou shalt not damn my hand.

Imo. Why I must die.
And if I do not by thy hand, thou art
No servant of thy master's. Against self-slaughter
There is a prohibition so divine
'T hat cravens my weak hand: come, here's my heart——
Something's afor't—Soft, soft, we'll no defence;
What is here, [Opening her breast:
The scriptures of the loyal Leonatus;
All turn'd to heresy? Away, away,

[Pulling his letter out of her breast.
Corrupters of my faith, you shall no more
Be stomachers to my heart: pr'ythee dispatch,

The

The lamb intreats the butcher. Where's the knife?
 Thou art too slow to do thy master's bidding;
 When I desire it too. *Pis.* O gracious lady?
 Since I receiv'd command to do this business
 I have not slept one wink.

Imo. Do't, and to bed then.

Pis. I'll break mine eye-balls first.

Imo. Wherefore then, didst undertake it?
 Why hast thou gone so far
 To be unbent? when thou hast ta'en thy stand,
 Th' elected deer before thee? *Pis.* But to win time
 To lose so bad employment, in the which
 I have consider'd of a course: good lady,
 Hear me with patience.

Imo. Talk thy tongue weary, speak;
 I have heard I am a strumpet, and mine ear,
 Therein false struck, can take no greater wound,
 Nor tent, to bottom that. But speak.

Pis. It cannot be,
 But that my master is abus'd, some villain,
 Ay, and singular in his art, hath done you both
 This cursed injury. *Imo.* Some Roman courtezan?

Pis. No, on my life;
 I'll give him notice you are dead, and send him
 Some bloody sign of it. For 'tis commanded
 I should do so; you shall be miss'd at court,
 And that will well confirm it.

Imo. Why, good fellow;
 What shall I do the while? where bide? how live?
 Or in my life what comfort, when I am
 Dead to my husband? *Pis.* If you'll back to th' court.

Imo. No court, no father;

Pis. If not a court,
 Then not in Britain must you bide. Where then!

Imo. Hath Britain all the sun that shines?
 There's living out of Britain. *Pis.* I am most glad
 You think of other place: th' ambassador,
 Lucius the Roman, comes to Milford-Haven,
 To-morrow. Now, if you could wear a mien
 Dark as your fortune is, you should tread a course
 Pretty, and full of view; yea, happily, near
 The residence of Posthumus; so nigh, at least,
 That though his action were not visible, yet

Report should render him hourly to your ear,
As truly as he moves. *Imo.* Oh, for means,
Though peril to my modesty, not death on't,
I would adventure.

Pis. Well then, there's the point:
You must forget to be a woman, change
Command into obedience: fear and niceness,
The handmaids of all women, or more truly
Women is pretty self, into a waggish courage,
Ready in gybes, quick answer'd, saucy, and
As quarrellous as the weazel: nay, you must
Forget that rarest treasure of your cheek.
Exposing it (but oh the harder heart,
Alack, no remedy) to the greedy touch
Of common-kissing Titan; and forget
Your laboursome and dainty trims, wherein
You made great Juno angry. *Imo.* Nay, be brief:
I see into thy end, and am almost
A man already.

Pis. First, make yourself but like one,
Fore-thinking this, I have already fit,
('Tis in your clock-bag) doublet, hat, hose, all
That answer to them. Would you in your serving,
And with what imitation you can borrow
From youth of such a season, 'fore noble Lucius
Present yourself, desire his service, tell him
Wherein you're happy, which will make him so,
(If that his head have ear in music,) doubtless
With joy he will embrace you; for he's honourable;
And doubling that, most holy. For means abroad,
You have me rich, and I will never fail
Beginning, nor supply.

Imo. Thou art all the comfort
The Gods will diet me with. This attempt
I am soldier to, and will abide it with
A prince's courage. Away, I pry'thee.

Pis. Well, madam, we must take a short farewell,
Lest being miss'd, I be suspected of
Your carriage from the court. My noble mistress,
Here is a phial glass
What's in't is precious; if you are sick at sea,
Or stomach-qualm'd at land, a taste of this
Will drive away distemper. To some shade,

And

And sit you to your manhood; may the Gods
Direct you to the best.

[*Exeunt.*]

Imo. Amen, I thank thee.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A PALACE.

Enter CLOTEN.

Clot. LOVE and hate her; for she's fair and royal,
I love her, but
Disdaining me, and throwing favours on
The low Posthumus, slanders so her judgment,
I will conclude to hate her.

Enter PISANIO.

Who is here? ah you precious pandar, villain,
Where is thy lady? in a word, or else
Thou are straightway with the fiends.

Pis. Oh, good my lord.

Clot. Where is thy lady? or, by Jupiter,
I will not ask again. Close villain,
I'll have this secret from thy heart, or rip
Thy heart to find it. Is she with Posthumus?

Pis. Alas, my lord.

How can she be with him? when was she miss'd?

Clot. Where is she, Sir? satisfy me home,
What is become of her? *Pis.* Oh, my all worthy lord!

Clot. All-worthy villain?

Speak, or thy silence on the instant is
Thy condemnation and thy death. *Pis.* Then, Sir,
This paper is the history of my knowledge
Touching her flight.

Clot. Let's see't; I will pursue her
Even to Augustus' throne. *Pis.* Or this, or perish, } *Aside.*
She's far enough, and what he learns by this, }
May prove his trial, not her danger. *Clot.* Humph.

Pis. I'll write to my lord she is dead. Oh, Imogen,
Safe may'st thou wander, safe return again.

Clot. Sirrah, is this letter true?

Pis. Sir, as I think.

Clot.

Clot. It is Posthumus' hand, I know't. Sirrah, if thou would'st not be a villain, but to do me true service; that is, what villainy so'er I bid thee do, to perform it, directly and truly, I would think thee an honest man; thou should neither want my means for the relief; nor thy voice for thy preferment.

Pis. Well, my good lord.

Clot. Give me thy hand, here's my purse. Hast any of thy late master's garments in thy possession?

Pis. I have, my lord, one at my lodging, which he forgot to take with him, it was a favourite of my lady and mistress.

Clot. The first service thou dost me, fetch that suit hither.

Pis. I shall, my lord.

[*Exit.*

Clot. Meet thee at Milford-Haven? even there, thou villain, Posthumus, will I kill thee. She said upon a time, That she held the very garment of Posthumus, in more respect, than my noble and natural person; with that suit upon my back will I ravish her; and when my lust hath din'd, to the court, I'll foot her home again. My revenge is now at Milford-Haven, would I had wings to follow it.

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

The FOREST and CAVE.

Enter IMOGEN in Boy's Cloaths.

Imo. I SEE a man's life is a tedious one,
I've tir'd myself; and for two nights together
Have made the ground my bed. I should be sick,
But that my resolution helps me: Milford,
When from the mountain top Pisanio shew'd thee,
Thou hast withing a ken. Oh, Jove, I think
Foundations fly the wretched, such I mean,
Where they should be relieved. Two beggars told me,
I could not miss my way. Will poor folks lie
That have afflictions on them? yes, no wonder,
When rich ones scarce tell true. To lapse in fulness
Is sorer, than to lie for need; and falsehood
Is worse in kings, than beggars. My dear lord,
Thou art one o' th' false ones; now I think on thee,

My

My hunter's gone, but even before, I was
At point to sink for food. But what is this?

[Seeing the Cave.

Here is a path to't—'tis some savage hold;
It were best not call; I dare not call; yet famine,
Ere clean it o'erthrow nature, makes it valiant.
Plenty and peace breeds cowards; hardness ever
Of hardiness is mother. Ho! who's here?
If any thing that's civil, speak;
No answer? then I'll enter.
Best draw my sword; and if mine enemy
But fear the sword like me, he'll scarcely look on't.
Grant such a foe, good heaven's. [She goes into the cave,

Enter BELLARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. You, Paladour, have prov'd best woodman, and
Are master of the feast; Cadwell and I
Will play the cook and servant; come, our stomachs
Will make what's homely, favourly; weariness
Can snore upon the flint, when resty sloth
Finds the down pillow hard. Now peace be here,
Poor house, that keeps thyself.

Guid. There is cold meet i' th' cave, we'll brouze on
that.

Whilst what we have kill'd be cook'd.

Bel. Stay come not in—

[Looking in.

But that it eats our victuals, I should think
He were a fairy. Guid. What's the matter, Sir?

Bel. By Jupiter, an angel! or, if not,
An earthly paragon. Behold divineness
No elder than a boy.

Enter IMOGEN from a Cave.

Imo. Good masters, harm me not;
Before I enter'd here, I call'd and thought
To have begg'd, or bought, what I have took; good troth,
I have stol'n nought, nor would no, though I'd found
Gold strew'd i' th' floor: Here's money for my meat,
I would have left it on the board so soon
As I had my meal and parted thence
With prayers for the provider. Guid. Money, youth?

Arv. All gold and silver rather, turn 'o dirt,
As 'tis no better reckon'd, but of those

Who

Who worship dirty Gods. *Imo.* I see you're angry :
 Know, if you kill me for my fault, I should
 Have dy'd, had I not made it. *Bel.* Whither bound?

Imo. To Milford-Haven.

Bel. What's your name?

Imo. Fidele, Sir; I have a kinsman, who
 Is bound for Italy! he embark'd at Milford;
 To whom being gone, almost spent with hunger,
 I'm fall'n in his offence.

Bel. Pr'ythee, fair youth,
 Think us no churls; nor measure our good minds
 By this rude place we live in. Well-encounter'd,
 'Tis almost night, you shall have better cheer
 Ere you depart, and thanks to stay and eat it.
 Boys, bid him welcome.

Arv. I'll love him as my brother:
 And such a welcome as I'd give to him,
 After long absence, such is yours.

Guid. Most welcome:
 Be sprightly, for you are all 'mongst friends.

Imo. 'Mong'st friends?
 If brothers, would it had been so, that they
 Had been my father's sons, then had my prize
 Been less, and so more equal to thee my Posthumus. } *Aside.*

Bel. He wrings at some distress.

Guid. Would I could free it.

Arv. Or I, whate'er it be,
 What pain it cost, what danger.

Bel. Hark, boys. (*Whispering.*) *Imo.* Great men,
 That had a court no bigger than this cave,
 That did attend themselves, and had the virtue
 Which their own conscience seal'd them; laying by
 That nothing-gift of different multitudes
 Could not out-piece these twain. Pardon me, Gods,
 I'd change my sex to be companion with them,
 Since Posthumus is false. *Bel.* It shall be so:

Boys, we'll go dress our hunt. Fair youth, come in;
 Discourse is heavy, fasting; when we have supp'd,
 We'll mannerly demand thee of thy story,
 So far as thou wilt speak it. *Guid.* Pray draw near,

Arv. The night to th' owl,
 And morn to th' lark less welcome.

Imo. Thanks, Sir. *Arv.* I pray draw near. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

CYMBELINE.

SCENE III.

*The Forest.**Enter CLOTEN alone.*

Clot. I am near to the place where they should meet, if Pisanio have mapp'd it truly. How fit his garments serve me! Posthumus, thy head, which is now growing upon thy shoulders, shall within this hour be off; thy mistress enforc'd, thy garments cut to pieces, before her face, and all this done, spurn her home to her father, who may, happily, be a little angry for my so rough usage; but my mother having power of his testiness, shall turn all into my commendations. My horse is ty'd up safe, out sword; and to a sore purpose; fortune put them into my hand, this is the very description of their meeting place, and the fellow dares not receive me. *[Exit.]*

SCENE IV.

*A CAVE.**Enter BELLARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, and IMOGEN.*

Bel. YOU are not well: remain here in the cave,
We'll come to you after hunting.

Arv. Brother, stay here;

Are we not brothers?

Imo. So man and man should be,
But clay and clay differs in dignity,
Whose dust is both alike. I am very sick.

Guid. Go you to hunting, yet I am not well.

Imo. So sick I am not, yet I am not well.

So please you, leave me,
Stick to your journal course; the breach of custom,
Is breach of all. I am ill, but your being by me
Cannot amend me. Society is no comfort
To one not sociable: I am not very sick,
Since I can reason of it. Pray you trust me here!

Arv. Brother, farewell. *Imo.* I wish you sport.

Arv. You heal h— So please you, Sir.

Imo. These are kind creatures. Gods! what lies have I heard?

Our

Our courtiers say, all's savage, but at court :

I am sick still, heart-sick——Pisanio,

I'll now taste of thy drug. *[Drinks out of the phial,*

Guid. I cou'd not stir him ;

He said he was gentle, but unfortunate ;

Dishonestly afflicted, but yet honest.

Arv. Thus did he answer me ; yet said, hereafter

I might know more.

Bel. To th' field, to th' field :

We'll leave you for this time, go in, and rest.

Arv. We'll not be long away.

Bel. Pray be not sick,

For you must be our housewife.

Imo. Well orill, I am bound to you.

[Exit.

Bel. This youth, howe'er distress'd, appears t' have had
Good ancestors.

Arv. How angel-like he sings !

Nobly he yokes a smiling with a sigh.

Guid. Yet I do note,

That grief and patience, rooted in him both,

Mingle their spurs together.

Arv. Grow patience.

And let the stinking elder, grief, untwine

His perishing root, from the increasing vine.

Bel. It is great morning. Come away : who's there ?

Enter CLOTEN.

C'ot. I cannot find those runagates, that villain,
Hath mock'd me.

[Exit.

Bel. Those runagates !

Means he not us ? I partly know him ; 'tis

Cloten, the son o' th' queen ; I fear some ambush——

Guid. He is but one ; you and my brother search

What companies are near : pray you away,

Let me alone with him. *[Exeunt Bellarius and Arviragus.*

Re-enter CLOTEN.

Clot. Soft, what are you
That fly me thus ? Some villain-mountaneers——

I've heard of such. Thou art a robber,

A law-breaker, a villain ; yield thee, thief.

Guid. To whom ? to thee ? what art thou ? have not I

An

An arm as big as thine? a heart as big?
 Thy words I grant are bigger, for I wear not
 My dagger in my mouth. Say what thou art,
 Why I should yield to thee? *Clot.* Thou villain base
 Know'st me not by my clothes?

Guid. No, nor thy tailor, who made those clothes,
 Which, as it seems, make thee,

Clot. Thou injurious thief,
 Hear but my name, and tremble.

Guid. What's thy name?

Clot. Cloten, thou villain.

Guid. Cloten, then double villain, be thy name.
 I cannot tremble at it; were it toad, adder, spider,
 'Twould move me sooner. *Clot.* To thy further fear,
 Nay, to the mere confusion, thou shalt know.
 I am son to th' queen.

Guid. I am sorry for't; not seeming
 So worthy as thy birth. *Clot.* Art not afraid?

Guid. Those that I reverence, those I fear; the wise;
 At fools I laugh, not fear them. *Clot.* Die the death;
 When I have slain thee with my proper hand,
 I'll follow those that even now fled hence,
 And on the gates of Lud's town set your heads;
 Yield, rustic mountaneer. [*Fight and exeunt.*]

Enter BELLARIUS and ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. No company's abroad.

Arv. None in the world; you did mistake him sure.

Bel. No, time hath nothing blur'd those lines of favour.

Which then he wore; the snatches in his voice,
 And burst of speaking were are his; I am absolute
 'Twas very Cloten.

Arv. In this place we left them. But see my brother.

Enter GUIDERIS.

Guid. This Cloten was a fool. Not Hercules
 Could have knock'd out his brains, for he had none.

Bel. What hast thou done?

Guid. Cut off one Cloten's head,
 Son to the queen, after his own report.

Bel. We are all undone.

Guid. Why, worthy father, what have we to lose,

But

But that he swore to take our lives? the law
Protects not us, then why should we be tender,
To let an arrogant piete of flesh threat us;
Play judge, and executioner, all himself?
For we do fear no law. What company
Discover you abroad? *Bel.* No single soul
Can we set eye on; but in all safe reason
He must have some attendants.
It is not probable he'd come alone.

Arv. Let ord'nance

Come, as the Gods foresay it, howso'er
My brother hath done well. *Bel.* I had no mind
To hunt this day: the boy Fidele sickness
Did make my way long forth.

Guid. With his own sword.

Which he did wave against my throat, I have ta'en
His head from him: I'll throw't into the creek
Behind our rock, and let it to the sea,
And tell the fishes, he's the queen's son, Cloten,
That's all I care.

[*Exit.*

Bel. I fear it will be reveng'd:

Would Paladour, thou had'st not done't: though valour
Becomes thee well enough.

Arv. Would I had don't.

Bel. Well, 'tis done:

We'll hunt no more to-day, nor seek for danger
Where there's no profit. I pry thee to our rock,
You and Fidele play the cooks, I'll stay
Till hasty Paladour return, and bring him
To dinner presently. *Arv.* Poor sick Fidele!
I'll willingly to him; to gain his colour
I'd let a river of such Cloten's blood,
And praise myself for charity.

[*Exit.*

Bel. O thou Goddess,

Thou divine nature! how thyself thou blazon'st
In these two princely boys: they are as gentle
As zephirs blowing below the violet,
Not wagging his sweet head; and yet, as rough,
(Their royal blood enchas'd) as the rud'st wind
That by the top doth take the mountain pine,
And make him stoop to th' va'l. 'Tis wonderful
That an invisible instinct should frame them
To royalty unlearn'd, honour untaught,

Civility

Civility not seen from other; valour,
That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop
As if it had been sow'd: yet still 'tis strange
What Cloten's being here to us portends,
Or what his death will bring us.

Enter GUIDERIUS.

Guid. Where's my brother?
I have sent Clotten's clot-pole down the stream,
In embassy to his mother; his body's hostage
For his return.

[Solemn music.]

Bel. My ingenious instrument,
Hark, Paladour, it sounds: but what occasion
Hath Cadwal new to give it motion? hark!

Guid. Is he at home?

Bel. He went hence even now.

Guid. What does he mean?
Since death of my dear mother
It did not speak before. All solemn things
Should answer some solemn accidents.

Enter ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. Look, here he comes;
And brings the dire occasion in his looks,
Of what we blame him for.

Arv. The bird is dead
That we have made so much on. I had rather
Have skipt from sixteen years of age to sixty;
Than have seen this.

Guid. Oh sweetest, fairest liv!
And art thou gone, my poor Fidele.

Bel. What is he dead, how found you him?

Arv. Stark—smiling as some fly had tickled slumber,
Not as death's dart being laugh'd at; his right cheek
Reposing on a cushion. *Guid.* Where? *Arv.* O' th' floor:
His arms thus leagu'd, I thought he slept, and put
My clouted brogues from off my feet, whose rudeness
Answer'd my steps too loud.

Guid. If he be gone he'll make his grave a bed;
With female fairies will his tomb be haunted,
And worms will not come near him.

Arv. With fairest flow'rs,
Whilst summer lasts, and I leave here, Fidele

I'll sweeten thy sad grave :

Bel. Great griefs I see med'cine the less. For Cloten
Is quite forgot. He was a queen's son, boys,
And though he came our enemy, remember
He paid for that: our foe was princely.
And though you took his life, as being our foe,
Yet bury him, as a prince. Go, bring your lily.

[*Exeunt Guid. and Arv.*]

Oh! melancholy!
Who ever yet could sound thy bottom, find
The ooze, to shew what coast thy sluggish carrick
Migh easiliest harbour in? Thou blessed thing
Jove knows what man thou might'st have made, but oh!
Thou dy'dst, a most rare boy of melancholy.

Enter GIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS, with the body,
Come let us lay the bodies each by each,
And strew 'em o'er with flow'rs, and on the morrow
Shall the earth receive 'em. *Arv.* Sweet Fidele!
Fear no more th' heat o' th' sun,
Nor the furious winter's blast;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
And the dream of life is past.

Guid. Monarchs, sages, peasants must
Follow thee, and come to dust. [*Exeunt with the body.*]

SCENE IV.

The Palace.

Enter CYMBELINE, Lords and PISANIO.

Cym. **A** GAIN; and bring me word how 'tis with her;
A fever with the absence of her son:
Madness, of which her life's in danger; heav'ns!
How deeply you at once do touch me. Imogen,
The great part of my comfort, gone! my queen
Upon a desperate bed, and in a time
When fearful wars point at me! her son gone,
So needful for this present! it strikes me, past
The hope of comfort. But for thee, fellow,
Who needs must know of her departure, and
Dost seem so ignorant, we'll inforce it from thee

By a sharp torture.

Pis. Sir, my life is yours, set it at your will.

2 Lord. Good, my liege,

The day that she was missing, he was here:
I dare be bound he's true, and shall perform
All parts of his subjection loyally. For lord Cloten,
Their wants no diligence in seeking him,
He will no doubt be found.

Cym. The time is troublesome;
We'll slip you for a season, but our jealousy
Does yet depend.

2 Lord. So please your majesty,
The Roman legions all from Gallia drawn,
Are landed on your coast.

Cym. Now for the counsel of my son and queen:
I am amaz'd with matter, let's withdraw
And meet the time, as it seeks us; we fear not
What can from Italy annoy us, but
We grieve at chances here—Away.—

[*Exeunt.*]

Pis. I've had no letter from my master since
I wrote him Imogen was slain, 'tis strange!
Nor hear I from my mistress, who did promise
To yield me often tidings. Neither know I
What is betide to Cloten, but remain
Perplex'd in all. The heav'ns still must work;
Wherein I'm false I'm honest: not true, to be true,
These present wars shall find I love my country,
Ev'n to the note of th' king, or I'll fall in them;
All others doubts, by time, let 'em be clear'd,
Fortune brings in some boats, that are not steer'd. [Exit.]

SCENE V.

A FOREST.

IMOGEN and CLOTEN, on a Bank strew'd with Flowers.

IMOGEN awakes.

YES, Sir, to Milford-Haven, which is the way—
I thank you—by yond bush—pray how far thither?—
O'ds pittikins—can it be six mile yet?
I've gone all night—'faith, I'll lye down and sleep.

But

But soft; no bedfellow?— Oh Gods, and goddesses!—
[Seeing the Boy.]

The flow'rs are like the pleasures of the world;
 This bloody man the care on't. I hope I dream;
 For sure I thought I was a cave keeper,
 And cook to honest creatures.

I tremble still with fear; but if there be
 Yet left in heav'n as small a drop of pity
 As a wren's eye; oh, Gods! a part of it!
 The dream's here still; even when I wake, it is
 Without me, as within me; not imagin'd, felt.
 A headless man!—The garment of my Posthumus?
 I know them well, this is his hand——
 Murdered——Pisanio!——

'Twas thou conspiring with that devil Cloten,
 Hast here cut off my lord. Pisanio!——
 How should this be, Pisanio!——Tis he!
 The drug he gave me, which he said was precious
 And cordial to me, have I not found it
 Murd'rous to th' senses? that confirms it home:
 This is Pisanio's deed, and Cloten's deed,
 Oh, my lord! my lord! *[Lies down upon the body.]*

Enter LUCIUS, and Captains.

Luc. But what from Rome?

Cap. The senate hath stirr'd up the confiders.
 And gentlemen of Italy, most willing spirits,
 That promise noble service; and they come
 Under the conduct of bold Iachimo,
 Syenna's brother. *Luc.* When expect you them?

Cap. With the next benefit o' th' wind.

Luc. This forwardness
 Makes our hopes fair. Soft ho, what trunk is here?
 Without his top? the ruin speaks, that sometime
 It was a worthy building. How! a page!——
 Or dead or sleeping on him? but dead rather:
 For nature doth abhor to make his bed
 With the defunct, or sleep upon the dead.
 Let's see the boy's face.

Cap. He's alive, my lord.

Luc. He'll then instruct us of this body. Young one.
 Inform us of thy fortunes, for it seems
 They crave to be demanded; who is this

Thou mak'st thy bloody pillow? what art thou?

Imo. I am nothing; or if not,
Nothing to be, were better; this was my master,
A very valiant Briton, and a good,
That here by mountaineers lies slain: alas!
There are no more such masters;

Luc. 'Lack, good youth!

Thou mov'st no less with my complaining, than
Thy master in bleeding; say thy name, good friend.

Imo. Fidele, Sir.

Luc. Thy name well fits thy faith;
Wilt take thy chance with me? I will not say,
Thou shalt be so well master'd, but be sure
No less belov'd. Go with me.

Imo. I'll follow, Sir; but first, an't please the Gods,
I'll hide my master from the fowls as deep
As these poor pick-axes can dig; and when
With wild wood-leaves, and weeds, I ha' strew'd his grave,
(Such as I can) twice o'er, I'll weep and sigh,
And leaving so his service, follow you,
So please you entertain me. *Luc.* Ay, good youth,
And rather father thee, than master thee; my friends,
The boy hath taught us manly duties; let us
Find out the prettiest dazied-plot we can,
And make him, with our pikes and partizans,
A grave. Come, take him up; boy, he is preferr'd
By thee to us, and he shall be interr'd
As soldiers can. Be chearful, wipe thine eyes,
Some falls are means the happier to arise.
Bring him along.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Forest, a March at a Distance.

Enter BELLARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.

ARVIRAGUS.

THE noise is round about us.

Bel. Let us from it.

We'll higher to the mountains, there secure us.

To

To the king's party there's no going; newness
Of Cloten's death, we being not known, nor muster'd
Among the bands, may drive us to a render
Where we have liv'd: and so extort from's that
Which we have done, whose answer would be death
Drawn on with torture.

Guid. This is, Sir, a doubt
(In such a time) nothing becoming you,
Nor satisfying us.

Arv. It is not likely,
That when they hear the Roman horses neigh.
Behold their quarter'd fires, have both their eyes
And ears so cloy'd importantly as now,
That they will waste their time upon our note,
To know from whence we are.

Bel. Oh, I am known
Of many in the army; and besides the king
Hath not deserv'd my service, nor your loves.

Guid. Pray, Sir, to the army;
I and my brother are not known; yourself
So out of thought, and thereto so o'er-grown,
Cannot be question'd.

Arv. By this sun that shines
I'll thither; what thing is it that I never
Did see man die, scarce ever look'd on blood,
But that of coward hares, hot goats, and venison?
I am asham'd to look upon the holy sun, to have
The benefit of his blest beams, remaining
So long a poor unknown.——

Guid. By heav'ns I'll go;
If you will bless me Sir, and give me leave,
I'll take the better care, but if you will not,
The hazard therefore due fall on me, by
The hands of Romans.

Arv. So say I.

Bel. No reason I, since of your lives you set
So slight a valuation, should reserve
My crack'd one to more care. Have with you, boys.
If in your country wars you chance to die,
That is my bed too, lads, and there I'll lye.

M 3

[*Exeunt.*
SCENE

SCENE II.

A Field between the BIRTISH and ROMISH Camps.

Enter POSTHUMUS with a bloody handkerchief

Post. **Y**EA, bloody cloth, I'll keep thee; for I wish'd
Thou should'st be colour'd thus. You married
ones,

If each of you would take this course, how many
Must murder wives much better than yourselves,
For wrying but a little? Oh Pisanio!
Every good servant does not all commands——
No bond, but to do just ones. Gods! if you
Should have ta'en vengeance on my faults, I never
Had liv'd to put on this; so had you saved
The noble Imogen to repent, and strook
Me, wretch, more worth your vengeance. But alack,
You snatch some hence for little faults; (that's love)
To have them fall no more; you some permit
To second ills with ills, each worse than other,
And make them dreaded to the doer's thrift;
But Imogen is your own. Do your best wills,
And make me blest t' obey. I am brought hither
Amongst the Italian gentry, and to fight
Against my lady's kingdom; 'tis enough
That, Britain, I have kill'd my mistress: peace,
I'll give no wound to thee: therefore, good heav'ns,
Hear patiently my purpose. I'll disrobe me
Of these Italian weeds and suit myself
As does a Britain peasant; so I'll fight
Against the part I came with: so I'll die
For thee, O Imogen, for whom my life
Is, every breath, a death; and thus unknown,
Pitied, not hated, to the face of peril,
Myself I'll dedicate. Let me make men know
More valour in me, than my habit's show;
Gods, put the strength o' th' Leonati in me;
To shame the guise o' th' world, I will begin,
The fashion. I see without, and more within.

[Exit.
SCENE

SCENE III.

A FIELD of BATTLE.

A grand Fight between the ROMANS and BRITONS; the ROMANS are drove off.

Enter POSTHUMUS and IACHIMO fighting.

IACHIMO drops his Sword

Post. **O**R yield thee, Roman, or thou dy'st.

Iach. Peasant, behold my breast.

Post. No, take thy life and mend it. [Exit Post.]

Iach. The heaviness and sin within my bosom
Takes off my manhood; I've bely'd a lady,
The princess of this country, and the air on't
Revengingly enfeebles me, or could this carle,
A very drudge of nature, have subdu'd me,
In my profession; knightships and honours borne
As I wear mine, are titles but of scorn;
With heav'n against me, what is sword or shield;
My guilt, my guilt, o'er-powers me, and I yield. [Exit.]

SCENE IV.

A WOOD.

Enter PISANIO and 1st Lord.

1 Lord. **T**HIS is a day turn'd strangely.
Cam'st thou from where they made the stand?

Pis. I did.

Though you it seems came from the fliers.

1 Lord. I did.

Pis. No blame to you, Sir, for all was lost,
But that the heavens fought; the king himself
Of his wings destitute, the army broken,
And but the backs of Britains seen; all flying
Through a strait Lane, the enemy full-hearted,
Lolling the tongue with slaught'ring, struck down
Some mortally, some slightly touch'd, some falling
Merely through fear, that the strait pass was damn'd

With dead men hurt behind, and cowards living
To die with lengthen'd shaine.

1 *Lord.* Where was this lane?

Pis. Close by the battle, dich'd and wall'd with turf,
Which gave advantage to an ancient soldier,
An honest one I warrant. Athwart the Lane?
He, with two stripping lads, more like to run
The country base, than to commit such slaughter,
Made good the passage, cried to the fliers, stand,
Or we are Romans, and will give you that
Like beasts, which you shun beastly, and may save
But to look back in frown; stand, stand.

1 *Lord.* Were there but three?

Pis. There was a fourth man, in a poor rustic habit,
That stood the front with them. These metalless four,
Accommodated by the place, gilded pale looks,
Part shame, part spirit renew'd, that some, turn'd cowards
But by example, 'gan to look
The way that they did, and to grin like lions
Upon the pikes o' th' hunter. Then began
A stop i' th' chaser, a retire; anon
A rout, confusion thick, and the event
A victory for us.

1 *Lord.* This was strange chance,
An old man, two boys, and a poor rustic.

Pis. Nay, do not wonder—but go with me, and
See these wonders, and join the general joy. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V.

A WOOD.

Enter POSTHUMUS.

Post. **T**O-day, how many would have given their honours

To've sav'd their carcasses! took heel to do't,
And yet died too. I, in mine own woe charm'd,
Could not find death, where I did hear him groan,
Nor feel him where he struck. This ugly monster,
'Tis strange he hides him in fresh cups, soft beds,
Sweet words; or hath more ministers than we
That draw his knife i' th' war. Well, I will find him;

No

No more a Britain, I have resum'd again,
 The part I come in. Fight, I will no more,
 But yield me to the veriest hinds, that shall
 Once touch my shoulder. Great the slaughter is
 On either side. For me, my ransom's death,
 I come to spend my breath;
 Which neither here I'll keep, nor bear again,
 But end it by some means for Imogen,

[Exit.]

SCENE VI.

CYMBELINE'S Tent.

*Enter CYMBELINE, BELLARIUS, GUIDERIUS,
 ARVIRAGUS, PISANIO, and Lords.*

Cym. **S**TAND by my side, you, whom the gods have
 made

Preservers of my throne: who is my heart,
 That the poor soldier that so richly fought,
 (Whose rags sham'd gilded arms, whose naked breast
 Step'd before shields of proof, cannot be found
 He shall be happy that can find him, if
 Our grace can make him so.

Bel. I never saw
 Such noble fury in so poor a thing.

Cym. No tidings of him?

Pis. He hath been search'd among the dead, and living,
 But no trace of him? *Cym.* To my grief, I am,
 The heir of his reward, which I will add
 To you, the liver, heart, and brain of Britain;

To Bel. Guid. and Arvirag.

By whom, I grant, she lives. 'Tis now the time
 To ask of whence you are. Report it. *Bel.* Sir,
 In Cambria are we born, and gentlemen:
 Further to boast, were neither true, nor modest,
 Unless I add, we are honest. *Cym.* Bow your knees;
 Arise, my knights o' th' battle, I create you,
 Companions to our person, and will fit you
 With dignities becoming your estates.

Enter CORNELIUS and Ladies.

There's business in these faces: why so sadly

M 5

Great

Greet you our victory? you look like Romans
And not o' th' court of Britain.

Cor. Hail, great king;
To sour our happiness, I must report
The queen is dead.

Cym. Dead, say'st thou! how ended she?

Cor. With horror, madly dying, like herself,
Who, being cruel to the world, concluded
Most cruel to herself. What she confest,
I will report, so please you. These her women
Can trip me, if I err: who with wet cheeks
Were present when she finish'd.

Cym. Pr'ythee say.

Cym. First she confess'd she never lov'd you; only
Affected greatness got by you;
Married your royalty, his wife to your place,
Abhor'd your person.

Cym. She alone knew this:
And but she spoke it dying, I would not
Believe her lips in opening it. Proceed.

Cor. Your daughter, whom she bore in hand to love
With such integrity, she did confess,
Was as a scorpion to her sight, whose life,
But that her flight prevented it, she had
Ta'en off by poison.

Cym. O most delicate fiend!
Who is't can read a woman? is there more?

Cor. More Sir, and worse. She did confess she had
For you a mortal mineral, which being took,
Should by the mixture feed on life, and ling'ring,
By inches waste you. In which time, she purpos'd
By watching, weeping, tendance, to o'ercome
You with her shew: yes, and in time, to work
Her son into th' adoption of the crown:
But failing of her end by his strange absence,
Grew shameless, desperate, open'd, in despite
Of heav'n and men, her purposes; repented
The ills she hatch'd, were not effected: so
Despairing, dy'd.

Cym. Heard you all this, her women?

Lady. We did, so please your highness.

Cym. Mine eyes
Were not in fault, for she was beautiful:

*Mine ears that heard her flattery, nor my heart,
That thought her like her seeming. It had been vicious
To have mistrusted her; yet, O my daughter!
That it was folly in me, thou may'st say,
And prove it in thy feeling. Heav'n mend all.*

*Enter LUCIUS, IACHIMO, and other Roman Prisoners,
LEONATUS behind, and IMOGEN.*

Thou com'st not, Caius, now for tribute; that
The Britains have ras'd out, though with the loss
Of many a bold one; whose kinsmen have made suit
That their good souls my be appeas'd, with slaughter
Of you their captives, which ourself have granted.
So think of your estate.

Luc. Consider, Sir, the chance of war; the day
Was yours by accident: had it gone with us,
We should not, when the blood was cool, have threat'ned
Our prisoners with the sword. But since the Gods
Will have it thus, that nothing but our lives
May be call'd ransom, let it come: sufficeth,
A Roman; with a Roman's heart can suffer;
Augustus lives to think on't; and so much
For my peculiar care. This one thing only
I will intreat, my boy, a Briton born,
Let him be ransom'd; never master had
A page so kind, so dutious, diligent,
So tender over his occasions,
He hath done no Briton harm.
Though he hath serv'd a Roman. Save him, Sir
And spare no blood beside.

Cym. I've surely seen him;
His favour is familiar to me; boy,
Thou hast look'd thyself into my grace,
I know not why, nor wherefore,
To say, live, boy: ne'er thank thy master, live;
And ask of Cymbeline what boon thou wilt
Fitting my bounty, and thy state I'll give it;
Know'st him thou look'st him? speak
Wilt have him live? is he thy kin? thy friend?

Imo. He is a Roman, no more kin of me,
Than I to your highness, who being born your vassal
Am something nearer.

Cym. Wherefore ey'st him so?

Imo. I'll tell you, Sir, in private, if you please
To give my hearing.

Cym. Ay, with all my heart,
And lend my best attention. What's thy name?

Imo. Fidele, Sir.

Cym. Thou'rt my good youth, my page,
I'll be thy master: walk with me, speak freely. [*Go aside.*]

Bel. Is not this boy reviv'd from death?

Arv. One said another

Not more resembles than he th' sweet rosy lad,
Who dy'd, and was Fidele; what think you?

Guid. The same dead thing alive.

Bel. Peace, peace, see further;

Pis. It is my mistress:

[*Aside.*]

Since she is living, let the time run on,
To good or bad.

Cym. Come, stand thou by our side,
Make thy demand aloud. Sir, step you forth, [*To Iach.*]
Give answer to this boy, and do it freely,
Or by your greatness and the grace of it
Which is our honour, bitter torture shall
Winnow the truth from falshood. On, speak to him.

Imo. My boon is, that this gentleman may tender
Of whom he had this ring.

Post. What's that to him!

[*Aside wondering.*]

Cym. That diamond upon your finger, say,
How came it yours?

Iach. Thoul't torture me to leave unspoken that
Which to be spoke would torture thee.

Cym. How! me?

Iach. I am glad to be constrain'd to utter what
Torments me to conceal. By villany
I got this ring; 'twas Leonatus' jewel, [*thee*]
Whom thou didst banish: (and which more may grieve
As it doth me) a nobler Sir ne'r liv'd
'Twix't sky and ground. Wilt thou hear more, my lord?

Cym. All that belongs to this.

Iach. That paragon, thy daughter,
For whom my heart drops blood, and my false spirits
Quail to remember. Give me leave, I faint— [*Swoons.*]

Cym. My daughter, what of her? Renew thy strength,
I had rather thou should'st live, while nature will,
Than die ere I hear more: strive, man, and speak.

Iach.

Iach. Upon a time, (unhappy was the clock
That struck the hour) it was in Rome, (accurs'd
The mansion where,) 'twas at a feast, oh would
Our viands had been poison'd! or at least
Those which I heav'd to head; the worthy Posthumus—

Cym. I stand on fire. Come to the matter.

Iach. Your daughter's chastity; there it begins:
He spake of her, as Dian had hot dreams,
And she alone were cold: whereat, I wretch
Made scruple of his praise, and wag'd with him
Pieces of gold, 'gainst this which then he wore
Upon his honour'd finger: to attain
In suit the place of's bed, and win this ring,
By her's and mine adultery. Away to Britain
Post I in this design: well may you, Sir,
Remember me at court, where I was taught,
By your chaste daughter, the wide difference
'Twixt amorous, and villainous.
Yet to be brief, my practice so prevail'd,
That I return'd with similar proof, enough
To make the noble Leonatus mad,
By wounding his belief in her renown,
With tokens thus, and thus; and he could not
But think her bound of chastity quite crack'd,
I having ta'en the forfeit: whereupon,
Methinks I see him now——

Post. Ay, so thou dost, [Coming forward.]
Italian fiend! ay me, most credulous fool,
Egregious murderer. Thief, any thing
That's due to all the villains past, in being,
To come—Oh give me cord, knife, or poison,
Some upright justicer. Thou king send out
For torturers ingenious; it is I
That all th' abhorred things o' th' earth amend,
By being worse than they. I am Posthumus,
That kill'd thy daughter: villain-like, I lye,
That caus'd a lesser villain than myself,
A sacrilegious thief to do't. The temple
Of virtue was she; yea, and she herself——
Spit, and throw stones, cast mire upon me, set
The dog's o' th' street to bait me; every villain
Be call'd Posthumus Leonatus, and
Be villainy less than 'twas. Oh Imogen!

My

My queen, my life, my wife ! oh Imogen,
Imogen, Imogen !

Imo. Peace, my lord, hear, hear —

Post. Away—thou scornful page, there is no peace for
me. [Striking her, she falls.]

Pis. O gentlemen, help

Mine and your mistress—Oh, my lord Posthumus !

You ne'er kill'd Imogen 'till now—help, help,

Mine honour'd lady —

Cym. Does the world go round ?

Post. How came these staggers on me ?

Pis. Wake, my mistress.

Cym. If this be so, the Gods do mean to strike me
To death with mortal joy.

Imo. Why did you throw your wedded lady from you ?
Think that you are upon a rock, and now,
Throw me again.

Post. Hang there like fruit, my soul,
'Till the tree die.

Cym. My child ! my child !
My dearest Imogen.

Imo. Your blessing, Sir.

[Kneeling.]

Bel. Tho' you did love this youth, I blame you not,
You had a motive for't.

Cym. My tears that fall
Prove holy water on thee ; Imogen,
Thy mother's dead.

Imo. I'm sorry for't, my lord.

Cym. Oh, she was naught ; and long of her it was
That we met here so strangely ; but her son
Is gone, we know not how, nor where.

Guid. Let me end the story ; 'twas I that slew him.

Cym. The Gods forefend.

I would not thy good deeds should from my lips
Pluck a hard sentence : pr'ythee, valiant youth,
Deny't again.

Guid. I have spoke it, and I did it.

Cym. He was a prince.

Guid. A most uncivil one. The wrongs he did me
Were nothing prince-like ; for he did provoke me
With language that would make me spurn the sea,
If it could so roar to me. I cut off's head,
And am right glad he is not standing here

To tell this tale of mine.

Cym. Bind the offender,
And take him from our presence.

Bel. Stay, Sir king,
This man is better than the man he slew,
As well descended as thyself, and hath
More of thee merited, than a band of Clotens
Had ever scar for. Let his arms alone,
They were not born for bondage.

Cym. Why, old soldier,
Wilt thou undo the worth thou art unpaid for,
By tasting of our wrath? how of descent
As good as we?

Bel. I am too blunt, and saucy; here's my knee;
Mighty Sir,
These two young gentlemen that call me father,
And think they are my sons, are none of mine;
They are the issue of your lions, my liege,
And blood of your begetting.

Cym. How? my issue?

Bel. So sure as you, your fathers: I, old Morgan,
Am that Bellarius, whom you sometime banish'd;
Your pleasure was at once my offence, my punishment
Itself, and all my treason. These gentle princes,
For such, and so they are, these twenty years
Have I train'd up; those arts they have, that I
Could put into them. But, gracious Sir,
Here are your sons again; and I must lose
Two of the sweet'st companions in the world.
The benediction of these covering heav'ns,
Fall on their heads like dew, for they are worthy
To in-lay heav'n with stars.

Cym. Thou weep'st, and speak'st:
The service that you three have done, is more
Unlike, than this thou tell'st. I lost my children —
If these be they, I know not how to wish
A pair of worthier sons. Guiderius had
Upon his neck a mole, a sanguine star.
It was a mark of wonder.

Bel. This is he!
Who hath upon him still that natural stamp;
It was wise nature's end, in the donation,

To

To be his evidence now.

Cym. Oh, what am I
A mother to the birth of three? ne'er mother,
Rejoic'd deliverance more; blest may you be,
That after this strange starting from your orbs,
You may reign in them now; oh Imogen,
Thou hast lost by this a kingdom.

Imo. No, my lord:
I have got two worlds by't. Oh my gentle brothers,
Have we thus met? Oh never say hereafter
But I am truest speaker. You call'd me brother
When I was but your sister; I your brother,
When ye were so indeed.

Cym. Did you e'er meet?

Arv. Ay, my good lord.

Guid. And at first meeting lov'd.

Cym. All o'er-joy'd
Save these in bonds, let them be joyful too,
For they shall taste our comfort.

Imo. My good master, I will yet do you service.

Luc. Happy Be you.

Cym. The forlorn soldier that so nobly fought,
He would have well become this place, and grac'd
The thankings of a king.

Post. I am, Sir,
The soldier that did company these three
In poor beseeming; 'twas a fitment for
The purpose I then follow'd. That I was he,
Speak, Iachimo, I had you down, and might
Have made your finish.

Iach. I am down again;
But now my heavy conscience sinks my knee,
As then your force did. But your ring first,
And here the bracelet of the truest princes
That ever swore her faith; now take that life
Beseech you, which I so often owe.

[Kneels.

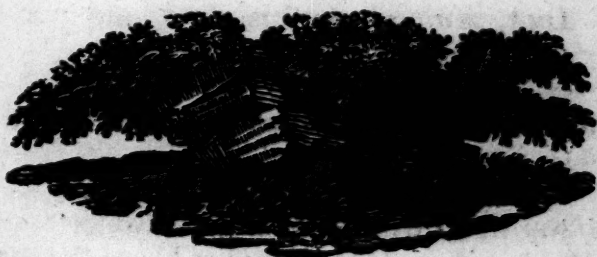
Post. Kneel not to me:
The power that I have on you, is to spare you:
The malice towards you, to forgive you. Live,
And deal with others better.

Cym. Nobly doom'd;

We'll

We'll learn our freeness of a son in-law :
Pardon's the word to all. Laud we the Gods ;
And let our crooked smoaks climb to their nostrils
From our blest altars. Publish we this peace
To all our subjects. Set we forward ; let
A Roman, and a british ensign wave
Friendly together ; so through Lud's town march ;
And in the temple of great Jupiter
Our piece we'll ratify. Seal it with feasts.
Set on there : never was a war did cease
Ere bloody hands were wash'd, with such a peace.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]



THE
FARMER'S RETURN
FROM
L O N D O N.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Farmer, Mr Garrick.
Wife, Mrs Bradshaw.

Children.
Sally, Miss Heath.
Dick, Master Pope.
Ralph, Master Capf.

S C E N E, The Farmer's Kitchen.

Enter WIFE (bastily.)

WHERE are you, my children?—Why Sally
Dick, Ralph!

Enter CHILDREN running.

Your father is come!—Heaven bless him! and safe.

Enter FARMER.

O John! my heart dances with joy thou art come.

Farm. And troth so does mine, for I love thee and whoam.

[Kisses.

Wife. Now kiss all your children—and now me agen.

[Kisses.

O bless thy sweet face!—for one kiss gi' me tea!

Farm. Keep some for anon, dame—you quoite stop my
breath:

You kill me wi' koindness—you buss me to death:

Enough, Love!—enough is as good as a feeast:

Let's ha' some refreshment for me and my beeast.

Dick get me a poipe. [*Exit D.*] Raapb, go to the mare;

Gi' poor wench some oats. [*Exit R.*] Dame, reach me a
chair!

Sal, draw me some aal, to wash the dirt down, [*Exit Sal.*]

And

And then I will tell you—of *London* fine town. [*Sits down.*]

Wife. O *John*! yo've been from me—the Lord knows how long!

You've been with the false ones,——and done me some wrong.

Farm. By the zooks but I han't,——so hold thy fool's tongue.

Some *Tittups* I saw, and they maade me to stare!

Trick'd notice out for saale, like our cattle at fair:

So tempting, so fine!—and i' cod very cheap—

But, *Bridget*, I know, as we sow we must reeap,

And a cunning old ram will avoid rotten sheep.

Enter DICK, with a pipe and candle, and SAL, with some ale.

Wife. But *London*, dear *John*!

Farm. Is a hugeous city!

Where the geese are all swans, and the fools are all witty.

Wife. Did you see only wits?

Farm. I look'd up and down,

But 'twas labour in vain—they are all well out of town.

I ask'd for the maaker's o' news, and such things!

Who knew all the secrets of kingdoms, and kings!

So busy were they, and such matters about,

That six days in the seven they never stir out.

Keind souls? with our freedom they maake such a fuss,

That they lose it themselves to bestow it on us.

Wife. But waste thou at court, *John*?——What there hast thou seen?

Farm. I saw em—heav'n bless 'em!—you know whom I mean.

I heard their healths pray'd for—agen and agen.

With proviso that one may be sick now and ten.

Some looks speak their hearts as it were with a tongue—

O dame!—I'll be damn'd, if they e're do us wrong:

Here's to 'em—bless 'em boath—do you take the jug;

Woud't do their hearts good—I'd swallow the mug.

[*Drinks.*]

Come pledge me, my boy. [*To Dick.*]—Hold, Lad,—hads nothing to say!

Dick. Here, daddy,—here'e to em! [*Drinks.*]

Farm. Well said, *Dick*, boy!

Dick. Hazza!

Wife. What more didst thou see, to beget admiration!

Farm.

THE FARMER'S RETURN

Farm. The city's fine show,—but first the crownation?
 'Twas thof all the world had been tkere with their spouses;
 There was street within street, and houses on houses!
 I thought from above, (when the folk fill'd the pleaces)
 The streets pav'd with heads, and the walls made of faces!
 Such justling and bustling!—'twas worth all the pother.
 —I hope, from my soul, I shall ne'er see another.

Sal. Dad, what did you see at the pleays and the shows?

Farm. What did I see at the pleays and the shows?
 Why bouncing aud grinning, and a pow'r of fine cloaths:
 From top to the bottom 'twas all 'chanted ground!
 Gold, painting, and music, and blaazing all round!
 Above 'twas like *Bedlam*, all roaring and rattling!
 Below, the fine folk were all curts'ying and prattling:
 Strange jumble together—*Turks, Cbristians, and Jews!*
 —At the temple of folly, all croud to the pews.
 Here two doizen'd out, were those seame freakish leadies,
 Who keep open market,—tho' smuggling their treade is.
 I saw a new play too—they call'd it the *School*—
 I thought it pure stuff—but I thought like a fool—
 'Twas *the school of*—pize on it!—my mem'ry is naught—
 The great ones dislik'd it—they heate to be taught;
 The *cratticks* too grumbled—I'll tell you for whoy,
 They wanted to laugh—and were ready to croy.

Wife. Pray what are your *cratticks*?

Farm. Like watch men in town,
 Lame, feeble, half-blind, yet they knock poets down.
 Like old justice *Wormwood*,—a cratticks a man,
 That can't sin himself,—and he heates those that can,
 I ne'er went to *opras!*—I thought it too grand,
 For poor folk to like what they don't understand
 The top joke of all, and what pleas'd me the moast,
 Some wise ones and I sat up with a ghoast.

Wife and children. A ghoast! [*Starting.*]

Farm. Yes, a ghoast!

Wife. I shall swoond away, Love!

Farm. Odzooks!—thou'rt as bad as thy betters above!
 With her nails, and her knuckles, she answer'd so noice!
 For yes she knock'd on e, and for no she knock'd *twoice*.
 I ask'd her *one* thing—

Wife. What thing?

Farm. If yo', dame, was true?

Wife. And the poor soul knock'd *one*.

Farm.

Farm. By the zounds, it was *two*.

Wife. I'll not be abus'd, *John*. [*Cries.*]

Farm. Come, prythee no croying,
The ghoast, among friends, was much giv'n to loying.

Wife. I'll tear out her eyes——

Farm. I thought, dame, of matching
Your neals against hers—for you're both good at *scratching*.
They may talk of the country, but, I say, in town,
Their throats are much woider, to swallow things down.
I'll uphold, in a week—by my troth I don't joke—
That our little *sal*—shall fright all the town folk.
Come, get me some supper—But first let me peep
At the rest of my children—my calves, and my sheep:

Wife. Ah! *John*!

Farm. Nay, chear up—let not ghoasts trouble thee—
Bridget! look in thy glass—and *there* thou may'st see
I defie mortal man—to make cuckold o' me. *Exeunt.*





